# AUTHORS DIGEST

THE WORLD'S GREAT STORIES IN BRIEF, PREPARED
BY A STAFF OF LITERARY EXPERTS, WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

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# AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME XVI

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TO

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE

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He stole inaudibly to the drawing-room and suddenly threw open the door. (*The Kreutzer Sonata*, p. 467) . *Frontispiece*

Photogravure after a painting by C. Sacksen.

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Photogravure after a painting by G. F. Watts, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

# ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON

(Scotland, 1850–1894)

## TREASURE ISLAND (1883)

It is generally understood that Stevenson designed this story for juvenile readers, and there can be no question of the enthusiasm with which the book has been received by the younger element, but there is no doubt that their elders press them hard in the same spirit. It is a frank telling of an old tale in what the author regarded as an old way, or, as he puts it in his versified preface,

"... Buccaneers, and buried Gold
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way."

The special charm probably lies, however, in just that difference from the ancient that marks it as Stevenson's way of telling. The period of the action is the middle of the eighteenth century. It begins in England, but the greater part of the narrative is given to the adventures on the mysterious island somewhere on the Spanish Main where the pirate Captain Flint buried his hoard.

IN the last few months of my father's life he had as a guest at his inn the Admiral Benbow, a brown old seaman whose face and hands were dreadfully scarred, and whose manners became the terror of the neighborhood. We were ourselves so cowed by his profane blustering that we durst not ask him for a settlement of his account, and so he lived on, eating and drinking as much as he pleased—and it was a great deal in the way of drink—and sleeping in the room above-stairs where he kept his single piece of luggage, a sea-chest, and never paying so much as a farthing into the inn till.

Fearsome though he was, he seemed to be ever oppressed by fear. I learned later that he had good enough cause for it, but at that time I wondered, and was glad to earn the fourpence a month he paid me to "keep my weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he

appeared. The man with one leg never came to the Admiral Benbow; but two other men did, and what resulted from their visits made this story possible. The first was addressed by our strange guest as Black Dog. They had some private conversation, which ended in a terrible battle that began in our parlor and did much damage to our modest furniture, and then took its roaring way to the road along which our guest pursued Black Dog with drawn cutlass. The visitor was the fleeter, and escaped. When the Captain, as we called our guest, returned, he called for spirits and fell in a fit before I could serve him. Then came Dr. Livesey on a visit to my father, who was then in his last illness. The doctor revived the Captain, helped him to his bed, and solemnly ordered him to forswear rum thenceforth, on pain of speedy death.

My father died soon after this, and hardly had he been laid to rest when the Captain had his second visitor. This was a blind man, and the result of the excitement attending his talk with the Captain, added to the fact that the doctor's orders with regard to rum had been liberally disregarded, was a second fit from which recovery was impossible. So there we were in the inn, my mother and I, with this dead man who had been such a fear and burden to us. The blind man had given him a paper on which was a black spot and words the purport of which was unmistakable. They meant that he was allowed six hours, that is to say until ten o'clock that evening, in which to do something his enemies wanted, or, refusing, to be killed. The inn was in a lonely place, apart from the hamlet, and my mother and I dared not remain there alone. We ran to the hamlet for help, but nobody dared come back with us. Then my mother announced that she meant to be paid for the Captain's board and lodging. She made no doubt that he had money enough in his chest, and she would not be satisfied without getting from it what was our due.

Back to the inn we went, and opened the chest, which we emptied clean of its contents, for what we sought was at the very bottom. There we found a bag filled with gold coins and a packet of what looked like papers done up in oilskin. My mother insisted on getting her exact due, not a penny less or more; and by the time she had counted out what she wanted

we heard the tap-tapping of the blind man's crutch, and knew that the Captain's enemies were at hand. Luckily we had bolted the door, and when there was an imperative knocking we paid no attention to it. Apparently the blind man had come alone, in advance of such party as was in league with him, for presently he went tap-tapping away. Then we hastened, mother carrying the money and I the oilskin packet. Why I took it I hardly know. It was a sudden impulse, and I obeyed it.

We were almost too late. From out the shadows, just after we departed, came a gang of villainous fellows who burst in our door, and we heard them go shouting and cursing through the house. Then my mother fainted and I had to hide her under a bridge, whence I heard all the tow-row in the inn. It appeared that the villains had gone straight to the Captain's chest, and that they were enraged to find that somebody had been there before them. They found the remainder of the buccaneer's gold, but that was not what they wanted. It was clear from their cries that they sought the packet I had taken, and they proceeded to wreck our rooms in their search for it. They were not done when the coast-guard arrived and scattered them. No prisoners were taken, but the blind man was accidentally killed in the confusion.

As soon thereafter as possible I took my packet to Dr. Livesey, finding him at Squire Trelawney's house. We examined the contents of the packet together. There was an account-book with entries of receipts extending over many years, and this we interpreted as representing the share belonging to the Captain from marauding expeditions. But of greater interest than this was a map of an island, with a key showing just where the treasure accumulated by the notorious Captain Flint was buried. The latitude and longitude of the island were given precisely; its mountains and rivers were indicated, as well as minor landmarks, like tall trees, and the site of a stockade a little way inland that the pirate had built for defense. It must not be understood that Flint was the Captain who had lived at the Admiral Benbow. Flint was dead. Of that we were certain, and our Captain was Billy Bones, one of Flint's companions. Manifestly he had obtained possession of the chart

with a view to seeking the treasure, and others of the piratical crews that had sailed with him had been seeking to wrest it from him.

And now the chart was ours, as well as the treasure to which it was the key. For Squire Trelawney immediately proposed to provide a ship and crew to sail in search of it, and he was for having Dr. Livesey and me accompany the expedition as partners in the enterprise and its prospective profits. We agreed heartily to his proposal, and the Squire proceeded forthwith to Bristol on this business. Dr. Livesey cautioned him earnestly to keep the purpose of the voyage a profound secret, for the Squire was notoriously a gossip, and he promised faithfully to be mum; but when, some weeks later, we were aboard the *Hispaniola*, the beautiful schooner that he had chartered, we discovered that all the crew knew what we were about. Our Captain, Mr. Smollett, was much disgruntled, for he had been engaged to sail under sealed orders, and he liked it not to discover that we were treasure-hunters, and, worse still, to discover it by overhearing remarks of the crew. He told us bluntly that he distrusted many in the crew—there were twenty altogether—but he could bring no direct accusation against anyone, and after some frank discussion, matters were allowed to rest as they were. Squire Trelawney was as sure of the crew as Mr. Smollett was distrustful. The men had been brought together mainly by the work of the cook, Long John Silver, as he was called, a veteran sailor who had lost a leg, he said, in battle for his country. I could not help thinking of the seafaring man with one leg who had been an unseen terror of Captain Billy Bones; but Silver was so good-humored and industrious that I speedily became fond of him, and as confident of his loyalty as was the Squire himself.

The outward voyage was without incident, save that the mate was lost overboard; but no sooner had we sighted Treasure Island than adventures began in grim earnest. It was the generous Squire's humor to stand a barrel of apples in the waist of the schooner, from which anybody was welcome to help himself. On this evening, when the eagerly sought land was in sight, I went to the barrel, and, as it was all but empty, I crept into it bodily to hunt for an apple. The moment I was inside

I heard Silver's voice, and what he said made me sit still and hold my breath. He had brought the youngest man in the crew to the waist as a convenient place for a private conversation, and there they stood while the one-legged cook told that he had sailed with Captain Flint, and painted the glories of buccaneering in the rosiest colors, so as to tempt the sailor to join with the portion of the crew that, it appeared, was ready to mutiny, murder the owners, and get possession of the chart, and so of the gold.

It appeared further that Silver was the leader of the would-be mutineers, and that even now he had to exercise his authority to prevent a premature uprising. Hands, the coxswain, came to the barrel, and grumbled exceedingly that he must continue for as much as one day more to endure the tyrannous discipline of Captain Smollett. Long John showed him that Smollett was necessary to their nefarious enterprise, for he was the only man aboard who could lay a course, and the long and short of it was that the scoundrels were content to abide present conditions and wait until the cook should give the word for action; and it was evident that Silver feared that matters would go amiss because of the unruly haste of his companions.

As soon as they returned to the deck I scrambled from the barrel and contrived a speedy opportunity to lay my information before Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and Captain Smollett. That they were thunderstruck, and that the Squire manfully apologized to the Captain and agreed thenceforth to follow his lead unhesitatingly may go without saying. So we may pass over the uneasiness of the crew while we were slowly making our way into the anchorage. Now that we knew what was in their minds, it was only too clear that they were impatient to be turned loose on us, and that Silver was having a difficult time of it to hold his hounds in the leash. Meantime we had canvassed the situation to such purpose that we were assured that of the twenty-six men aboard, counting ourselves, there were nineteen who were probably disloyal. As I was a mere boy, this meant that we were six grown men to nineteen as bloodthirsty and reckless pirates as ever sailed the sea.

We did not come to anchor until noon of the day following the sighting of the island. By that time the atmosphere was so

tense with impending mutiny that Captain Smollett resorted to the ruse of giving the men a half-holiday. He announced that as many as chose to do so might spend the afternoon on land, and after a deal of disputing, thirteen were told off to go ashore. Then I committed the first of several follies of which I was guilty while at the island, by jumping into one of the small boats just as it was about to leave the schooner's side. My presence was noticed, of course, by Silver, who commanded one of the boats, and by all the others, but nothing unpleasant was said of it while we were making toward the land. Nevertheless, such a terror of them came upon me during this brief trip that, the moment my boat touched the shore, I leaped out and dashed into the forest at full speed.

I heard Silver calling to me, but that made me run the faster, and I halted only when I was out of breath, and hid myself under a tree whose branches came close to the ground. Presently I heard voices and, peering forth, beheld Silver and another in earnest conversation. It appeared that this man was, unknown to Captain Smollett, a loyal sailor, and that Silver was trying to persuade him to join the mutineers. The man was not to be persuaded, and while they talked we were all startled by a piercing scream.

"That," said Silver significantly, "was probably Alan," naming another loyal sailor.

Upon that the man whom Silver sought to persuade revolted utterly, not from us, but from the mutineers. "You've killed Alan, have you?" said he. "Kill me, too, if you can; but I defies you."

He turned away to go back to the boats. Long John laid hold of a tree, balanced himself thus on his one leg, and hurled his crutch at the sailor. The missile struck him fair in the neck and felled him. The cook hopped after him and buried a knife twice up to the hilt in his defenseless body. Then he whistled as a signal for the other men to come up, and I bolted inland as fast as my legs could take me.

I did not observe which way I went, but when I came to a pause I found myself confronted by a strangely dressed and more strangely acting man. At first he was shy of me, but presently we fell into conversation, and I learned that his name

was Ben Gunn, and that he had been marooned on the island three years before. Little else could I learn, save that he knew Flint's treasure was buried on the island, for he was distrustful, not to say crack-brained, and I could not induce him to try to go with me to the *Hispaniola*, although he did tell me of the whereabouts of a boat that he had made. While we were still talking, a cannon roared, and I made certain that fighting had begun. Ben Gunn told me where to find the stockade, and off I set with no more than a vague idea that it would afford me shelter. There was small difficulty in finding it, for the cannon-balls fired from the long nine on board the schooner were aimed at it; but while they served well as guides, they also deterred me from venturing to climb the fence, for now and again they dropped inside it.

The British flag was flying from the top of the blockhouse inside the stockade, by which I knew that my friends had come ashore and taken possession, and that the bombardment was conducted by the mutineers, who had now run up the black Jolly Roger on the *Hispaniola*. It proved, when I understood the facts, that my desertion, while interpreted truly as a foolish boy's escapade, had determined Dr. Livesey and the others to go ashore also while there was opportunity. They had made several trips in the one small boat left with the schooner, carrying arms, ammunition, and provisions, and had made the stockade before Silver's party discovered them, although the long nine had been so well aimed as to sink their boat on the last trip and with it the best part of the food they had taken.

The bombardment ceased about sunset, and then I climbed over the fence and told my friends what had befallen me. One of our men had been killed in the course of the bombardment, but his place was filled by another whom Captain Smollett had won over from those who did not go ashore with Silver. Next morning came Silver with a flag of truce, by virtue of which he was permitted to climb over the palisade and have parley with us. He offered terms that were fair enough on their face, but Captain Smollett was not one to surrender to a pirate. His reply was to the effect that the only terms he would consider would be the unconditional surrender of the mutineers on his guaranty that they should have a fair trial when we reached

England. As that meant hanging for every man-Jack of them, Silver was not inclined to accept, and he hobbled away. The attack came almost at once, and it was a fierce conflict that narrowly missed making an end of us. We were well armed with muskets, and fired from port-holes in the blockhouse, but they were equally well armed and far outnumbered us. Several of them actually climbed over the palisade in the face of our fire and got as far as the house, but they were driven off; and when we took account of the situation at the end of the battle, we found that five of the mutineers had been killed, and one on our side. But the Captain and one other were severely wounded, so that our effective fighting force was reduced to four. The enemy still counted nine, as we understood, though at a later time we learned that one had been mortally wounded by the Squire, who shot at those left on the schooner while he was in the small boat making the last trip to land.

There was no more fighting that day. Early the next morning Dr. Livesey, after a consultation with the Captain and the Squire, quietly left the stockade and disappeared in the forest. I knew not what to make of this strange procedure, and, by the time the hot afternoon was drawing to a close, it led me to commit another act of folly. If the doctor could go away, why should not I? It was inexpressibly foolish, but, boy that I was, I watched my opportunity, and slipped unseen away. I had no definite purpose at first, but presently thought it would be well to see whether Ben Gunn had really made a boat; and I went by a roundabout way to the spot where he said he had hidden it. There it was, the rudest craft imaginable, but it would float, as I found by trying it, and then it occurred to me that I would paddle to the schooner and cut her adrift. It was after nightfall, but I knew the *Hispaniola's* position by a light in her cabin window, by which I inferred that at least one man was aboard. I was no sooner launched than I discovered that by no manner of skill could I guide the coracle, this being the only name by which I can classify Ben Gunn's strange craft; and had not the tide borne me straight to the schooner I might have floated upon the sea for an indefinite period. But luck, if I may say so, was with me. I drifted to the schooner and laid hold of her hawser. Two men were aboard, as I knew from their voices, and they

were quarreling savagely. One of them was Coxswain Hands. I cut the hawser through, and tried to regain the shore. Despite my most patient and hardest efforts, the coracle persisted in turning around and around, and all the progress I made was such as was caused by the tide, which was on the ebb. At last, despairing and worn out, I lay down in my craft and fell asleep.

When I awoke it was day, and not half a mile distant was the *Hispaniola*, with some of her sails partly up, yawing and dipping in a way that showed she was unguided. We were now on the side of the island opposite to the anchorage, and high hills lay between. I was possessed with the utmost desire to gain the schooner, but I was as powerless as before to propel the coracle. I did find, however, how to guide it a bit, and, as wind and tide again favored me, I succeeded in making the *Hispaniola* after some hours of drifting. I found Hands and his companion lying motionless on deck, silent witnesses of the ferocity of their quarrel; but Hands was not dead, and I revived him with brandy. The other man was cold.

Hands proposed a truce, to the terms of which I felt bound to agree, for I was helpless without him, and he could do nothing without my assistance. I bound up his wounds and brought him refreshments, and he directed me how to sail the schooner. It was agreed that we should beach her in a handy place, and we found one before sunset. By that time Mr. Hands had recovered remarkably, and I perceived that he meant to break our truce at the first convenient opportunity. So I was on the watch for him, and was in time to leap, just before we grounded, when I saw him making at me with a dirk in his hand. I let go the tiller suddenly. It swung around and knocked him flat, but in a moment he was up and after me. I tried to shoot him, but the priming of my pistols had been dampened during my voyage in the coracle, and, bemoaning my stupidity in not having reprimed them long before this emergency arose, I made for the shrouds and climbed to the cross-trees. Thence I looked down at him where he stood glaring up at me.

But, wounded though he was, Mr. Hands was not yet defeated. He began laboriously to climb after me. I reprimed the pistols then, and warned him of what would happen; but still he came on. The vessel had grounded and now lay heeled

over, so that water was directly underneath us. He paused before he had come within reach, and affected to parley, confessing that we had come to an impossible situation with regard to each other; but, of a sudden, he drew his arm back to the shoulder and then thrust it swiftly forward. His dirk flew at me, caught me in the shoulder, and pinned me to the mast. At the same instant, whether it was done consciously I hardly know, my pistols went off, both of them, and both dropped from my hands into the sea. I had not aimed, of that I am sure, but my pistols were not the only things that dropped; for Mr. Hands fell from the rigging, the water splashed and foamed a bit, and when it had quieted I saw his body writhing in death on the sandy bottom.

I lost no time in freeing my shoulder, descending, leaving the schooner, and setting out overland to find the stockade. It was a long, toilsome tramp, and night was far spent when at last I came to it. All was quiet, and no sentry hailed me as I climbed the fence. Snores from within the blockhouse reassured me, and I made my way in, when I was greeted with a shrill cry, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and recognized the abominable voice of Silver's parrot, which accompanied him on all his journeyings. The sleepers were instantly aroused, and I found myself in the hands of the enemy. There were Silver and five others, all that were left alive of the buccaneers, but they were quite enough for me. And what had become of my friends? For not only was Silver in possession of the stockade, but he had also the chart showing the spot where the treasure was buried. I had little occasion for speculation, as the men were for killing me forthwith, but Silver saved me, speaking of me as a hostage. This was really his way of casting an anchor to windward, for he was in disfavor with his men, and it took all his capacity for command to keep himself in power.

That he did well for himself in sparing me was soon demonstrated. On the following morning, with chart and compass, which he had obtained in return for permitting my friends to leave the stockade unmolested, he directed the party in the search for the treasure. The spot was found about midday, but, behold, it was an empty trench. The buccaneers leaped crazily into it and pawed over the dirt, turning up thus one piece

of gold worth two guineas. Enraged beyond endurance, the five leaped out and made to slay both Silver and me, for they accused him of having played them false; but before they could fire, there were shots from the bushes near that tumbled two of them into the trench, dead. The others fled for their lives. Then came the doctor, Ben Gunn, and one of our men, each with a smoking musket. They had lain in ambush, anticipating just what happened, for the doctor had discovered that I had fallen into Silver's hands.

Dr. Livesey had left the stockade on the morning of my unwise desertion to find Ben Gunn. Succeeding, he had made Gunn an ally, and found that in the course of his three years' solitary residence on the island he had unearthed the treasure and conveyed it all to a cave far up on a mountainside. There it was now, with Squire Trelawney and the wounded Captain guarding it, coins of various realms to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds. My escapade was forgiven when I told my friends how I had beached the schooner in a safe place, and for many days our little party was busy in transferring the treasure to the vessel's hold. We spared Silver because he had spared me, and, moreover, none of us was for cold-blooded butchery; but we left the three live buccaneers marooned, with an abundance of ammunition, some food, and tobacco. Silver, however, did not go with us to England. As we were short-handed, we had to sail for the nearest port on the Spanish Main to pick up a crew. While we were there Silver stole a few hundred pounds' worth of our treasure and made off with it, and we made no effort to pursue him. We never heard of him afterward. Having arrived safely home, we divided the gold and disposed of it to our several uses, each in his own way.

## PRINCE OTTO (1885)

This novel was the forerunner of *The Prisoner of Zenda* school of novels of political adventure in imaginary kingdoms. It was dramatized soon after its publication, and the leading rôle was a favorite in the repertoire of the late Richard Mansfield up to the time of his death.

NCE on a time the map of Europe made space for the state of Grünewald, of which little principality Prince Otto was the unruling ruler.

Fonder of the hunt than of princely duties, he passed much time away from his young wife, the Princess Seraphina, who report said was much too fond of one Baron Gondremark, an adventurer from East Prussia.

At the close of a spring day Otto had contrived to elude his attendants, with whom he had been hunting, and to pass over the boundaries of Grünewald into the neighboring principality of Gerolstein, which nestled in the valley. A few moments passed and he found himself knocking at the door of a farmhouse and was shortly admitted by a very old man.

After the Prince's wants and those of his mare had been fully attended to, with rough but sincere hospitality, by the good Killian Gottesheim, who did not recognize his royal guest, the talk fell on politics, and for the first time in his butterfly existence Otto heard men's real opinion concerning him and his wife and the affairs of state and learned that his throne was trembling on the brink of a revolution, the old man's helper, Fritz, being in sympathy with Baron Gondremark, who plotted to overthrow Otto and be ruler himself.

Prince Otto, debonair, well-wishing to all men, and good at heart if hitherto irresponsible, heard all with burning ears and vainly attempted to combat in argument the dictums of his rustic host and the boorish Fritz, and was nothing loath to seek

the rustic bed the farmer offered him, where he tossed, unable to sleep even in that balsamic atmosphere, with a brook singing merrily near by and the calmness of the rural night enfolding him.

Very early in the morning he was up and out and fell in with Ottilia, Gottesheim's daughter, who, having suspected that he was of the royal blood, had shrewdly examined his stirrups and finding his crown upon them sought him out to beg his pardon for the frank remarks that had been made the night before.

Ottilia found it hard to take the Prince seriously, he seemed so boyish, so devoid of princely air; and several times she pulled herself up short for some familiarity of speech.

Her talk somewhat restored his equanimity, and when on rejoining her father he learned that the old man was dreading the sale of the farm and his consequent ejection after a lifetime spent on it, Prince Otto gave him to understand that he had "a friend" who would buy it and retain his services thereupon.

Otto the man left the farm, having won golden opinions from Killian and his daughter, although Fritz, who was in love with Ottilia and of a jealous disposition, thought him overly friendly in his attitude toward the charming girl.

The day was still young when Prince Otto took up his way toward home, and stopping at an inn in the course of his journey he fell in with a young student who interested him with his views concerning principalities in general and that of Grünewald in particular. According to this young man, a prince should be lively, courtly, not deficient in understanding, receptive, accommodating, seductive.

"In short, such a man as yourself," he concluded.

Otto replied that he must take the liberty of doubting his own ability to fill the rôle of prince; but the young stranger insisted that, with an able counselor—"like Herr Doctor Hohenstockwitz, the cousin of Prince Otto"—he would do very well. He wondered at his companion's merriment at this remark.

In academic, philosophic talk on rulers the hours fled away in the little inn, and when night fell Otto was sorry to leave his new acquaintance; but feeling that he must press on he took advantage of the convoy of a company of wood-merchants who were going to Mittwalden and who passed a part of their time

in singing a ribald song that concerned the Princess of Grünewald and Baron Gondremark.

Coming to a turning of the ways, Prince Otto was glad to escape the musical insult, and soon found himself in his castle, having gained his own rooms by a secret passage. But after he had thrown himself on his bed in fancy he could still hear the rousing chorus of the woodmen as they pursued their course along the highway.

Early the next morning Herr Doctor Hohenstockwitz, the librarian, was visited by Otto, who, advancing the idea that perhaps he had idled long enough and would better begin to govern himself and his people, was laughed at by his cousin, who told him that he liked him better in his native state, assuring him that the wisdom of a ruler would not become his youthful years.

"But the manliness of a husband!" said Otto. "Look at me—a cuckold, leaving to Gondremark to make what he will of the woman I married in love."

Gotthold reminded him that as an old celibate he could not personally advise him in his matrimonial affairs.

"No, but all this must stop. I will be a husband. I will be ruler."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by the Chancellor, who, surprised at seeing Otto abroad so early, would have withdrawn with the papers he had come to Gotthold to get. But Otto insisted on talking with him, in order to gain some knowledge of the events of the past few days while he had been absent.

The Chancellor seemed ill at ease; he was evidently hiding something, but at last Otto forced him to say that an English traveler, Sir John Crabtree, had been arrested the evening before.

"What! my guest arrested? On what pretense?"

The Chancellor stammered and would have evaded the question, but Otto insisted on an explanation; at last he learned that the old man held certain documents belonging to Sir John Crabtree, which documents turned out to be *Memoirs of a Visit to the Various Courts of Europe.*

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Prince; "this should make interesting

reading." And with a "By your leave" to his conscience, he proceeded to read the chapter that dealt with Crabtree's visit to Grünewald.

He found therein at greater length much the same story that he had gathered from the woodsmen's song and the talk of his friends of the day before; and his anger against Sir John was tremendously kindled.

"A pestilent and foul imagination and a cursed gift at exaggeration! Let me to him."

Prince Otto found Sir John at his toilet. The Englishman was imperturbable, and to Otto's question as to how he could eat his bread and make so scurvy a return for it Sir John replied that he felt honored in that Prince Otto had read his manuscript; that he should be pleased to say that the Prince, so far from being idle, took upon himself the duties of the police; that the burlesque incident of his arrest would make lightsome reading; and that as to the rest he had already communicated with his Ambassador at Vienna, and whether Otto willed it or no he should be at liberty in a few days.

"And now, if my turnkey will allow me the privileges of a prisoner, I will finish my toilet after you have withdrawn."

Otto, assuming a princely air, which nevertheless he felt was taken humorously by Sir John, affixed a seal to a passport; and having given Sir John his liberty he demanded the privilege of fighting a duel with him for having lied about his wife, the Princess Seraphina.

Sir John reminded him that he could not fight with a reigning prince, nor must his Highness expect grapes from a thistle; he said that he had but set down a cynical account of what he believed to be truth; that, compared to other European courts, the court of Grünewald was innocence itself; he concluded by saying that he realized he had been greatly mistaken in his conception of the character of Prince Otto, who he now perceived was a sovereign endowed with all manly virtues; and he begged for the honor of kissing the Prince's hand.

"But," said Sir John, at their amicable parting, "remember that to sprint is one thing, to run a long race is quite another; and you are what you were made."

Comforted by the morning's incidents, Otto bent his steps

toward the Princess's anteroom, and once among his courtiers he was quite in his element, going from group to group to utter graceful witticisms and gallant nothings. Here he knew he was popular, whatever his subjects at large might think of him.

Master and mistress, respectively, of verbal fencing, he and the Countess von Rosen—whose heart was said to belong to the all-conquering Baron Gondremark and who dwelt in a rustic cottage that he had given her—conversed with an animation that had behind it something of friendly feeling. But she, like all the others, soon verged on the unpleasant topic of the Princess Seraphina's supposed relations with Gondremark; even now the two were closeted in the Princess's apartments.

"And now," she concluded, "may I dismiss my sovereign? My bear is jealous!"

So the *exigéant* Gondremark was jealous! Ah! Somehow Otto never had realized before how lovely Madame von Rosen was!

Meanwhile in the Princess's apartments Gondremark and Seraphina were plotting against the Prince, not without some misgivings on the part of the Princess.

"Suppose the people, the abominable people, rebel? We should be the laughing-stock of Europe if I lost my throne while plotting the invasion of Gerolstein."

To this Gondremark made reply that with Gerolstein overcome the taxes in Grünewald would be remitted and a happy family would be the inevitable result.

"But let us not keep Otto waiting without," said he, and forthwith departed himself.

When Otto was admitted to his wife's boudoir he attempted to bring her to her senses and to recall the time of their love-making; but she was not in a sympathetic mood.

"What would you be at?" she said, her voice hardening.

"I would be at this: Seraphina, I am your husband after all, and I love you."

Warming as he spoke, he reminded her that he had left her free; that he had gone his own way and had not irked her with his society; but that she should be careful of her good name and see to it that scandal was not bred.

"Scandal! And about what?"

"You are too much with Gondremark, and your intimacy is the ground of scandal."

"It is you who bring me first news of it—my husband! Is this the return I get for governing your kingdom for you in your absence? Gondremark, indeed!"

"Then you refuse to be more circumspect?"

"Absolutely. After this interview I shall summon Herr Gondremark to visit me."

"I will ask you a last favor then."

And he led her to her bedroom, where he shot the bolt on the outside in token of her freedom.

"I have been much amused," laughed the Princess; and Otto knew that so far from appearing heroic he had merely made himself ridiculous in the eyes of his wife.

While pacing his own apartment in mingled anger and abasement, he received a hurriedly penciled scratch from Gotthold:

"The council is privately summoned at once.—G. v. H."

Ah! So he was feared, else they would not call a council without him. Well, they should be disappointed.

It was a council of tools that had assembled—with the exception of Gotthold, whose presence had not been looked for. A secretary brought a paper, and it would have been held as read and so signed by Seraphina had not Gotthold asked to have it read to him. It proved to be a declaration of war.

Gotthold immediately insisted that they send for the Prince, and while the consequent confusion was at its height Prince Otto came in. He made his visit to the council the occasion for several unwonted displays of authority. His request for four thousand crowns was denied on the ground that the exchequer was practically empty, many munitions of war having been purchased since the last accounting.

"One might think that we were going to war," said Otto.

"We are," said Seraphina.

It then came about that a flimsy pretext was to be used to pick a quarrel with Gerolstein, after which war would be declared.

"It appears that I came just in time," said the Prince; and,

asking the Chancellor to take his pen, he made known to the Grand Ducal Court of Gerolstein that the council were entirely at one with it.

Gondremark begged leave to say that the wish for war was popular, and that if the people were balked of it in one way they might have it in another.

In the opinion of the Prince, some honorable means of safety must be devised.

"Then sign the despatch," said Seraphina.

"I said *honorable*," Otto replied. "Why should Gerolstein bleed for Grünewald's misdoings? I will try to evolve some plan that shall get us out of our difficulty with credit; and should I fail I shall abdicate."

At this Seraphina flew into a rage and upbraided the idler for waiting until the eleventh hour before doing anything and then talking of abdication. Forgetting herself, she poured out her contempt for his lack of statesmanship.

"Gentlemen, the council is dissolved," said the Prince calmly.

Within an hour Gondremark and Seraphina were once more in consultation. He pointed out to her that she was born to command, he to obey. He told her that he had long admired her masculine grasp of statecraft, and suggested that now, with the fall of Gerolstein's capital, the throne of her empire might be founded.

"What, is not all ruined?"

"By no means."

By dexterous means he prepared her mind to receive and accept the idea of the enforced abdication of Prince Otto.

"Let him go hunting again—and stay there!"

The significance of this remark did not immediately dawn on her.

"But it is a crime," said she.

"He will not be harmed. He will be shut up in the Felsenberg."

While she hesitated a messenger brought a note from Otto to Gondremark:

"At the first council the Princess's right of signature is to be withdrawn."

"Enough," said she, and signified her intention of signing the order for Otto's removal to the Felsenberg.

"Good! To-morrow at midnight he shall leave," said the Baron.

Then in her own hand (at the Baron's suggestion) she wrote the order for Otto's removal and included in it his cousin Gotthold.

Unable to obtain money from the exchequer for the farm, Otto conceived the idea of breaking into the treasury and called on Madame von Rosen to aid him.

She consented at once when she learned his reasons for wishing the money and the inadequate reasons the council had given for refusing him the sum. As he said, it would be "fun," although not a dignified act. But when at the place appointed he met the lady he found that she had brought him money of her own—all that she could carry in a bag—and placed the full sum at his disposal. He was touched at this evidence of her loyalty. All she asked in return was—well, she would give something instead. She would give him leave to kiss her!

All was still supposed to be in jest, and yet when their lips met Otto was alarmed at the electric shock it gave him.

Suddenly the Countess said: "As for your wife—"

But Otto stopped her, saying that he would hear naught against Seraphina. "For," said he, "after all, I love her."

"And that is the reason why I mentioned her. I am not dying of love for you. What I have done was done in a friendly way—not for love. And now let me tell you another thing. Your wife is innocent of any offense against your honor. Good night!"

The next day at noon Otto met Killian, and before an attorney he signed the papers that transferred the farm to him, and great was old Killian's excitement when he beheld the signature and knew Otto for what he was. He called Heaven to witness that never in his long life had he met so generous a gentleman.

The Prince returned to the castle not ill pleased with himself; but half an hour's talk with his blunt cousin served to lessen his conceit. In Gotthold's opinion, Seraphina was the better man of the two and certainly the more capable of ruling.

On the following day Gondremark sent for his mistress,

Madame von Rosen, to tell her a bit of news—to inform her that he would soon be so situated that he could do without the help of the Princess Seraphina. One more move, and he would be at the head of the state. Then he told her that Otto was to be taken to the Felsenberg—and by the Princess's own orders.

"I will not believe it," said the Countess, and she asked to see the order. When the document was in her hands she accused Gondremark of being in love with Seraphina, which brought from him the entirely honest declaration that he loved the Countess next after himself.

"Very well, then. I will join your plot."

"Give me back the paper."

"No, I shall need it. His valets are devoted to him. It is I who must get him out of the palace. He is devoted to me. Let Colonel Gordon be on hand with a carriage, and the rest will be easy. But I need this paper in order to show my authority to Gordon."

And she was gone.

To seek out Otto and show him the paper was to have been expected of this woman, to whom honor and morality meant nothing. But when, by sending word that it was a matter of life and death, she had obtained an audience, and had told him of the conspiracy, he refused to do anything to escape from the net.

"No, I have too often been proved to be a bundle of weaknesses. I need a change. It is all a farce. I will go."

"But if your wife has conspired against your liberty she may conspire against your honor also."

"Even so. She shall be free. I have been found wanting."

"But reflect! I am the gainer by this, by Gondremark's victory."

At this Otto was reminded to give to her the title-deeds to the farm.

"They will be of no use to me. Go, with my gratitude."

"Colonel Gordon," said the Prince, when that Scotchman came for him according to orders; "now is come that happy time of life when I have orders to receive but none to give."

And he entered the carriage without more ado.

"A philosopher!" quoth the Colonel.

The Prince gone, the Countess sought an audience with the

Princess, looking forward to it with gusto. As an emissary of the Baron she was admitted.

Once in the presence of the Princess she used all her eloquence to describe the grief of the Prince on hearing of his wife's order. "I left poor, pretty Prince Charming crying out his eyes for a wooden doll," she said.

The Princess made no reply. "I offered him his liberty," the Countess continued, "showing him your order, and he refused it, saying that he would go if it pleased you. He could have changed the parts, but he went to prison in your place."

The Princess was not unmoved by this and signified that what she had done had been for "reasons of state."

"What is the state compared to a man's love?"

"Madame, I have learned in a hard school that my own feelings must everywhere come last."

The Countess looked at her in amusement. "Is it possible that you do not know of the intrigue in which you move? See! Read this letter, which Gondremark wrote me yesterday and which I have not yet opened."

The Princess read, with a sickening shock, these words:

"DEAREST ANNA:

"Come at once. Seraphina has signed the paper sending her husband to prison. This puts the minx in my power and she will now dance to my piping or I'll know why. Come!—HEINRICH."

"I will give you the order for his release at once," said the Princess, all aghast at the revelation of these words; "but it must not be used until I have seen the Baron."

"I promise. And Madame, the Prince left a letter for you that you should read."

"I thank you. And now please leave me."

The self-sacrifice in the letter that Otto had left so moved his wife that she saw herself in a true light for the first time. She had been cruel and false. She would be the laughing-stock of Europe. But no! She snatched a dagger, and with a wordless prayer she pressed it to her bosom; yet with the prick her desire to take her own life passed away and new courage came instead.

Soon the Baron came, and when she asked him to look into

his heart and tell her the true state of his feelings, he misread her words and poured forth a sickening torrent of passionate protestations until the Princess cut him short with a reference to the Countess that showed him how foolish had been his action. Then anger filled her heart and taking the same dagger she plunged it into his breast, and he fell heavily to the floor just as a mob beset the palace. The revolution had begun, and Seraphina, leaving the body where it had fallen, fled for her life.

All night she wandered in the woods while the palace burned; and in the morning she came on Sir John, who, taking her to his chaise which stood in the road, gave her wine to drink and something to eat and also a picture of her husband as he had seen him last, which caused her to ask him whether he believed in the scandals he had heard. On his vehemently denying such a belief she told him that she was as true a wife as ever lived. Sir John then drew for her such a picture of her selfishness as caused her to demand that he let her out of the carriage as she desired to continue her journey to the Felsenberg on foot.

It was a merry party that had ridden to the Felsenberg when Prince Otto and Colonel Gordon and Gotthold set out, for the Colonel had provided wine, and he was a man of parts, with an engaging philosophy that struck a responsive chord in the breast of the royal prisoner.

At last the Felsenberg came into view against the starry sky.

"See, Gotthold, our destination."

Gotthold, who had been pondering, awoke from his trance.

"If there is danger, why did you come of your own free will? You should be there to help her in case of an insurrection."

Prince Otto's cheeks paled.

Next morning a beautiful lady in a riding-habit drew rein at the gate of the Felsenberg. She had passed the night in her own bower and knew nothing of the insurrection.

The Colonel hoped that she had not come after his prisoners, for they were enjoying themselves too much. "Come and join us," he added.

She laughed. "I have come to see the Prince."

"Ah, Madame," said Otto, when the Countess had fallen on

his neck, full of sympathy for his position; "what would I not give if I had resisted. Oh, that I had my freedom."

"And what would you give?" she asked archly.

"I have nothing to give; I can only plead."

When the Countess had enjoyed the situation long enough she tore her dress open and threw the order on the floor.

"There! I am at your mercy," said she; "I forced it from her."

In a moment Otto was calling down blessings on his wife.

The Colonel was forced to admit that the order was genuine; and in a few minutes the Prince, having bade a gracious farewell to his hospitable jailer, set off with the Countess.

On the way they met Sir John, who told them of the revolution; of the declaration of a republic; the burning of the palace; the flight of the Princess and the stabbing of Gondremark.

In an instant the Countess was off at a mad gallop.

"Who would have thought she cared for him?" said Sir John.

"And my wife? What of her?"

"Down the road."

A moment later the Prince dashed off in search of his wife.

When Seraphina saw her husband approaching she ran to him with a little cry and began to abase herself, in which she was followed by Otto, who told her that it was his duty to be beside her, whether she loved him or not. Now they were mere man and woman, poor as Job, and could begin life anew.

"I said we were as poor as Job, but I have a little house in the valley below that is all mine own. Thither I will conduct you; and if the attentions of a husband are distasteful I will be your brother. You used to say you liked me in every capacity save those of prince and of husband. Let us begin life again."

Down the hill they walked; then at last he ventured to look into her face, and saw shining in her eyes the light of love.

"Seraphina?" The single word asked all.

"Here in this glade is where we meet for the first time," said she. "The leaves are coming out on the young trees and the flowers are beginning to blossom."

And there was a deep thrill in her speech.

## THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1886)

Stevenson's first great success was *Treasure Island*, and although his next book, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, was of a totally different character, it went over the world with amazing rapidity. The ethical problem involved in the abnormal and gruesome situation he invented may have had nothing to do with the popularity of the work, but it won for it the unusual distinction of being recommended from many pulpits. Shortly after its appearance it was dramatized by Mr. Thomas R. Sullivan, of Boston, for the late Richard Mansfield, with whom the dual rôle was a favorite impersonation as long as he lived. Another dramatic version was in the repertory of Daniel Bandmann, the German tragedian who toured this country in English plays during the latter years of the nineteenth century.

ABRIEL UTTERSON, the lawyer, and his friend, Mr. Enfield, were strolling along one of London's minor thoroughfares when Mr. Enfield called attention to a shabby building that stood at the corner of an alley leading to a court. Its one door gave upon the street, but there were no windows on that side, or on the ground floor anywhere, but three windows opened on the court. Mr. Enfield alluded to this building as "Blackmail House," explaining the designation by recounting an incident he had witnessed some months previously. Returning home at a very late hour, he had seen a child hurry from a side street and around a corner into the thoroughfare just in time to come into collision with a man who knocked her down and then trampled on her with the utmost ferocity. The child's parents and others were attracted to the spot by her screams, and the man might have been mauled to death if it had not been for the restraint exercised by Enfield and a surgeon who was summoned. Enfield was conscious on his own part of extreme loathing for the brutal man, and it was evident that he inspired the same feeling in all who looked upon him. He was undersized, well dressed, and apparently ill shapen, although it was impossible to recall

a single specific deformity; and the expression of his face could be described only as fiendish.

The little girl was not much hurt, but Enfield led in putting pressure on the man to compel him to pay exemplary damages for his brutal conduct. He was threatened with exposure and scandal that would make his name notorious throughout London unless he forthwith handed one hundred pounds to the child's parents. Mr. Hyde, for such was the brute's name, had not so much money about him, but he grudgingly agreed to get it, and he led Enfield and several other men to the "Blackmail House," which he entered alone. When he came forth he had a matter of ten pounds or so in coin, and he tendered in payment of the balance a check signed by the name of a man of eminent respectability. Doubting the genuineness of the check, Enfield compelled Mr. Hyde to stay by him until the banks were open, when the check was presented and honored without question. It was a sorry inference, but, in Mr. Enfield's opinion, none other was thinkable, and he concluded, therefore, that the estimable gentleman who signed the check must be under some shameful obligation to the repulsive Hyde. Hence the name he had given to the building into which the creature went.

Lawyer Utterson heard this story with little comment, but he was deeply impressed by it and greatly worried. For he knew that the building which his friend called "Blackmail House" was formerly an anatomical theater and now the chemical laboratory of his very good friend and client, Dr. Henry Jekyll, whose residence, fronting on a neighboring square, was connected with it by a passage through the back yards. He did not ask the name of the gentleman who signed the check. There was no need, for Mr. Utterson had in his keeping the will of Dr. Jekyll, by which the bulk of the doctor's property was bequeathed to Edward Hyde. From the lawyer's point of view, this was a deplorable testament, for it had a proviso to the effect that if Dr. Jekyll should disappear for as long as three months, Mr. Hyde was to take possession of his estate without question. Now that Mr. Utterson knew something about this mysterious Mr. Hyde, he was in grave alarm for his old friend, Dr. Jekyll.

It was a matter that demanded investigation, and for many nights Mr. Utterson lingered in the vicinity of the laboratory

until he had the doubtful satisfaction of meeting and speaking to Mr. Hyde. The lawyer experienced the feeling Enfield had described, unutterable disgust and hatred of the fellow. Their conversation amounted to little, for Hyde was surly and evasive, but he did give Mr. Utterson his address, a house in Soho, and one of his incidental remarks strengthened the lawyer's fear that, having knowledge of the strange will, Mr. Hyde would some day put Dr. Jekyll out of the way.

Soon after this episode the lawyer called on his friend to remonstrate once more against the terms of the will. Dr. Jekyll, a large, good-looking man, refused to be influenced to make any change. "I assure you," he said, "I have every reason to be kind to that young man. I am deeply interested in him. Our relations are not at all what you seem to suspect, but what they actually are I cannot reveal." And Dr. Jekyll positively refused to discuss the matter further.

Nothing else happened to draw Mr. Utterson's attention specifically to this matter for some months. Then the town was shocked by the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, and especially by the brutal circumstances attending the crime. Sir Danvers, walking at night in a quiet lane, had some unknown occasion to speak to a man whom he met. It was manifestly an entirely pacific request, or observation, but the man, without the slightest apparent provocation, assaulted the aged nobleman with a stick, felled him, and belabored the prostrate body so hard that the cudgel was broken in two. The one witness of this savage deed recognized the assailant as Mr. Hyde.

The victim's body was not identified by anybody in the neighborhood; but on it was found a sealed and stamped letter addressed to Mr. Utterson, who was promptly informed. The lawyer not only established the identity of the victim but took an eager hand in the search for the murderer. That it was the hateful Mr. Hyde whom he had once seen he was sure from the fact that the broken stick left on the scene of the crime was a heavy cane that he himself had once presented to Dr. Jekyll. Mr. Utterson led the police to Hyde's lodgings in Soho. The man was not there, and there was every evidence that he had taken hasty flight. His papers had been burned in the grate, but one fragment was left which dispelled any doubts that might

have existed. This was a portion of the cover of a check-book. Inquiry at the bank proved that the book belonged to Edward Hyde, and that he had an account of several thousand pounds. It was supposed that he would be captured speedily, for he would have to come to the bank for money; but he did not come, and the most exacting search failed to give any clue.

Mr. Utterson hastened to Dr. Jekyll after the visit to Hyde's lodgings. The doctor had heard the tragic news and was infinitely cast down by it. "It is enough," he told his lawyer mournfully. "I have done with that dreadful man forever. Do not ask me about him, for I cannot talk of him. Be assured I never will have anything more to do with him." This was so far satisfactory, and Dr. Jekyll's conduct for several succeeding months was more so. He had been reserved and given to solitude of late years, but now he resumed his old-time social activities and plunged with great zest into various forms of philanthropic enterprise. Then came a change. Mr. Utterson, who had been in the habit of visiting him frequently, was denied admission to the house. Dr. Jekyll was ill, and would see nobody. Such was the message given by his man servant day after day.

A week or more had passed, and again Utterson and Enfield chanced to stroll by the laboratory. Mr. Enfield remarked that he had learned that this building belonged to Dr. Henry Jekyll and was indeed a part of his premises. The lawyer explained how Dr. Jekyll, who had bought the place from a surgeon, had adapted the anatomical theater to the purposes of chemical experiments; and, to make his explanation clearer, he drew his friend into the court. There they saw Dr. Jekyll seated at one of the second-story windows, which was raised. His countenance was overcast with gloom, and he looked indeed like the sick man he had reported himself to be. But he welcomed the sight of his friends and conversed with them a moment, frankly saying, however, that circumstances forbade him from inviting them in. Of a sudden, in the midst of the talk, Dr. Jekyll's face contorted into an expression of indescribable horror. He shut the window hastily and withdrew. Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield turned, the one to the other, aghast. They left the court and traversed several streets in silence. "God forgive us!" ex-

claimed Mr. Utterson at length; but Mr. Enfield had been so shaken by what he had seen that he could make no response.

One evening Dr. Jekyll's butler, Poole, called on Mr. Utterson, begging him to go to the doctor's house at once. The situation there was terrifying and mysterious. Dr. Jekyll, some days previously, had shut himself in the laboratory and since then he had not been seen. But there was *somebody* in the laboratory! Somebody who took in the food that was left at the door, who left written orders on the stairs, who paced to and fro uneasily, with a step very unlike the doctor's, who moaned pitifully at all hours, whose voice, when he spoke from behind the laboratory door, was not like Dr. Jekyll's. Once, when Poole entered the anatomical theater unexpectedly he was sure he had seen that miserable wretch, Hyde, pottering among the chemicals stored there, and go scurrying up the stairs to the laboratory the instant he perceived that he was discovered. All the servants were in dreadful alarm, and Poole was almost beside himself with anxiety. Every day he had found written orders on the laboratory stairs, bidding him go to one wholesale chemist after another to get some drug the doctor apparently needed, but with the utmost urgency; it appeared that no chemist had it.

Mr. Utterson, having heard all Poole could tell him, and inclined to share the butler's suspicion that Hyde had returned and made away with Dr. Jekyll, sent two servants around to the door that gave from the theater on the street. They were to intercept and hold Hyde if by any chance the man should succeed in getting out. Then, armed with a heavy poker, Poole carrying an ax, the lawyer and the butler crossed the back yards, entered the theater and mounted the laboratory stairs. There Mr. Utterson announced himself. "I demand to see you, Henry," he said. "Admit us, or we shall force our way in." From behind the door came a trembling voice: "For God's sake, Utterson, have mercy!"

"That is not Jekyll's voice," the lawyer declared. "Poole, break down the door!"

At the first blow the well-made door shuddered, but held, and a dismal screech from within shocked the night air. It took five blows to shatter the lock, and then the door fell inward. Utterson entered with his weapon raised for attack, but there

was no need. A shrunken figure, in clothes outlandishly too large for it, lay dead before the fireplace. It was Hyde.

The building was searched for Dr. Jekyll's body, but no trace of him was found until Poole pointed to some papers on the table. There was a letter addressed to Mr. Utterson in the doctor's hand. "Poole," said the lawyer, terribly disturbed, "he has been here but recently, for this letter is dated to-day!"

He glanced at the letter, which was enclosed with a document marked "Henry Jekyll's Confession." There was also a will, signed by the doctor, in the same terms as the will of which Mr. Utterson never had approved, but instead of Hyde's name as beneficiary appeared that of Gabriel Utterson. It seemed incredible, for here in the room where the new will was written lay the man who was deprived of benefiting under it, and this man had been alive until the lawyer came! Mr. Utterson withdrew to his home and there gave his attention to the confession.

It recalled the well-known fact of Dr. Jekyll's deep interest in chemical research, and then outlined the writer's theories concerning the nature of human individuality. He had long been impressed with the duality of man's existence. It was probable that some keener analyst might some day demonstrate that man was more than dual, a compound, rather, of many individualities; but, for his own part, he distinguished in each of us two distinct beings—in plain terms, a good man and a bad man. Studying his own nature, he perceived a constant conflict between these two. The good was dominant in himself only at the expense of consciously subordinating the bad, and to preserve the dominance of the good he was put to frequent sacrifice of bad inclinations. These bad inclinations he recognized as legitimately a part of himself, not as something foreign. They lured him to pleasures which the other—that is to say, the better—part of him abhorred; and yet there was a sacrifice involved in resisting the tendencies to evil.

It occurred to him that if there were a way to separate the two identities, in order that the identity disposed to evil would be free to enjoy all the pleasures from which the other identity debarred it, there would then be no restraint, and no iota of responsibility would attach to the well-disposed, compound man for what the evil-disposed, individualized identity might do.

With this idea in mind, Dr. Jekyll had bent his studies in chemistry to discover the formula for resolving man's dual nature into its component parts. For a long time he had been theoretically certain of his success before he ventured to put it to the test. He had prepared a drug which lacked but one ingredient to assure its effectiveness for the purpose, and he knew what that ingredient was. At last he obtained a quantity of it and completed his resolvent. Then, in the spirit of a true scientist, as well as in hope of releasing his own evil nature from bondage, he tried the drug upon himself.

The first sensation was one of acute pain. It seemed that he must be in the agony of death, but presently the spasm passed and he glowed with a new delight. He felt an incomparable sense of freedom. He found that he was younger than he had been, which he accounted for by the fact that the evil side of his nature, having been under considerable repression, had been stunted, so to speak, in its development. So, too, he found himself physically smaller than before. More than this, and here the real triumph lay, his whole being was inclined to evil, and he could give way to the inclination without the slightest disturbance of conscience or subsequent remorse.

Dr. Jekyll did not stoop to relate the vile immoralities he had practised in his formerly subordinated but now released identity, but he told with all necessary detail the measures he had taken to protect himself: how he had taken the name of Hyde for his baser part, and provided himself with clothes to fit it; how he had rented separate lodgings in Soho, and drawn a will so that Hyde should benefit if at any time accident should prevent him from reassuming the form and individuality of Jekyll; how, after the episode narrated by Mr. Enfield, he had established a bank-account in the name of Hyde, with other details. The confession made frank allusion to the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, and the memory of this dwelt with overwhelming horror with Dr. Jekyll when he returned to his natural form. It convinced him that the idea of the complete separation of the identities was an error; that man should not so far yield to evil propensities, but should ever struggle to subordinate and utterly repress that dwarfed nature which, unrestrained, was capable of such excess of mischief.

Accordingly, as Mr. Utterson well remembered, there was a season when Dr. Jekyll was wholly like his familiar self. He had said he would have no more to do with Hyde, and he meant it. He had locked the street door of the theater and broken the key; he had destroyed Hyde's smaller garments. But one morning, when he awaked in his own bed, Dr. Jekyll was startled to observe that his hand looked unlike his own. He hastened to a mirror and confronted not the image of Jekyll but the vile Hyde. The transformation had wrought itself in his sleep!

Appalled, the doctor hastened to the laboratory and drank the concoction that theretofore had been essential to the change of identities. To his unspeakable relief, it was still efficient and he was again Jekyll. But now a constant terror dwelt with him lest the change should come at inopportune moments, and he dared not, therefore, leave his laboratory. His apprehensions proved only too well grounded. Hyde, battened by indulgence, had grown so strong that he asserted himself at more and more frequent intervals. Meantime the supply of that final all-important ingredient was diminishing, and the unhappy scientist foresaw the time when he would not have the power to banish Hyde for so much as a brief hour; for his servant returned from every errand to the wholesale chemists with powders that were ineffective, or with none at all. It required double, and eventually treble doses, to induce the return of Jekyll; the transformations were effected with less and less pain, and at every awakening there was a sense of hellish fury which it seemed must lead Hyde at any moment to break loose upon the world and wreak evil to the full, regardless of consequences. There was the one ameliorating circumstance that Hyde in his worst moments was endued with extraordinary cunning. His malevolence did not utterly blind his reason, and he perceived the dangers of unrestrained liberty, the vital necessity of maintaining at least a semblance of partnership, so to speak, with Jekyll; and Jekyll, writing the confession when in his proper person, was tormented with a fearful apprehension that when the inevitable moment of exposure was at hand, the vile Hyde would not have the wisdom and the courage to drink immediately the deadly instant poison that had been prepared, and that stood to hand for immediate use when the occasion should arise.

# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE: A WINTER'S TALE (1889)

In January, 1870, Robert Louis Stevenson, while on a tramp through Carrick and Galloway, spent a night at Ballantrae. Striking names always had a fascination for him, and the flowing, mellifluous sound of *The Master of Ballantrae* seemed to him specially fitted to convey the impression of elegance and smooth duplicity suggesting the character he meant to portray. For years the name lay dormant in his mind, but though the earlier portion of the story was planned in August, 1881, it was not until the winter of 1887, when the author was at Saranac in the Adirondacks, that the inspiration seized him to work seriously on *The Master*. It subsequently appeared as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1888, though the book was not actually finished until May, 1889. The writer began the story, continued it, and concluded it among distant and diverse scenes. The story is consequently one of many climes and countries, of sea and land, of savagery and civilization.

THE world has long waited for the true story of the Master, and as I was intimately acquainted with the last few years of his life and with the history of his house, I feel well fitted to narrate the facts faithfully. I knew the many secret steps of my Master's career; I sailed with him on his last voyage almost alone; and I was present at the man's death. As for my late Lord Durrisdeer, I served him and loved him near twenty years, and thought more of him the more I knew of him.

The Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae were a strong family in the southwest from the days of David First. The house of Durrisdeer, near St. Bride's on the Solway shore, had been the chief stronghold of their race since the Reformation. In the year 1745 the house was occupied by my old lord, eighth of the name, suffering prematurely from the disabilities of age, with few words for any man and wry words for none. He was reputed in the county to be more cunning than he seemed. This same policy in the father became black dissimulation in his son James, the Master of Ballantrae. Mr. Henry, his brother (my

late Lord Durrisdeer), was an honest, solid sort of lad, his chief occupation being the management of the estate. This thankless task won for him the reputation of a tyrant and a miser.

The fourth person in the house was Miss Alison Graeme, a near kinswoman, an orphan, and heiress to a considerable fortune. This money was loudly called for by my lord's necessities, and Miss Alison was designed accordingly to be the Master's wife, gladly enough on her side, but reluctantly on his. She was a comely girl, and in those days very spirited and self-willed, growing up as she might and doing as she pleased.

To these four came the news one day of Prince Charlie's landing; and the family decided to steer a middle course. One son should go forth and strike a blow for King James, my lord and the others staying at home to keep in favor with King George. The question now arose as to which son should go forth for King James, and the decision was made by the toss of a guinea.

"Heads, I go; shield, I stay," said Mr. Henry. The coin was spun, and it fell shield.

"We shall live to repent of this," said Mr. Henry, and flung out of the hall.

As for Miss Alison, she caught up that piece of gold which sent James, her lover, to the wars, and sent it clean through the family shield in the great painted window.

"If you loved me as well as I love you, you would have stayed!" she cried.

"'I could not love you, dear, so well, loved I not honor more,'" sang the Master.

"You are heartless," she answered, "and I hope you may be killed!" And she ran from the room in tears.

It seems the Master then turned to my lord and said: "This looks like the devil of a wife!"

"I think you are the devil of a son to me," retorted his father; "you that have always been the favorite, to my shame be it spoken."

Altogether it was in pretty ill blood with his family that the Master rode forth to the north, making their grief all the more poignant when the venture ended in defeat at Culloden, and a report of the Master's death.

"I have still one son," says my lord. "And, Henry, I will do you this justice, it is the kinder that is left."

Miss Alison bitterly resented this speech, considering it an implied reproach to the Master, and called him the flower of the flock.

Mr. Henry angrily exclaimed: "I know you loved him."

"The world knows that!" said she. "There is none but me to know one thing—that you were a traitor to him in your heart."

Even the country folk began to murmur, and deplore the loss of their Master, comparing him with his brother who was accused of spending his time persecuting poor tenants. They even went so far as to throw stones at him, until Miss Alison took compassion on him. After the Master's death had been announced, my lord had set his heart on her marrying Mr. Henry, but she had refused. Now she decided to accept him, saying to my lord:

"If Henry still wants me, he can have me now." To himself she had a different speech: "I bring you no love, Henry, but God knows all the pity in the world."

They were married on the first day of June, 1748, and that same year I went to Durrisdeer. I shall now give the history of events as they befell under my own observation. Mr. Henry, with whom I worked, soon won my affection and sympathy. The fault of most of his unhappiness lay with Mrs. Henry, who felt herself a martyr because she had married him and made a merit of her constancy to the dead. Mr. Henry bore this all with infinite patience, loving her with all his heart.

Just after Miss Katharine was born befell the first of that series of events which were to break so many hearts and lose so many lives. On the seventh day of April, 1749, Colonel Francis Burke, one of the Prince's Irishmen, came to Durrisdeer with strange news. He announced that the Master had escaped from Culloden and was at that moment in Paris. He then related a wonderful story of their adventures together on a pirate ship and afterward in the icy wilderness of Canada, concluding his recital with a request for much needed funds for the Master.

The enormous sum named was given ungrudgingly by Mr.

Henry, and for seven years the Master continued to drain the family exchequer, making rigid economy at Durrisdeer a necessity. When the usual yearly trip to Edinburgh was postponed, Mrs. Henry upbraided her husband for being a miser; but when I explained the facts of the case she forgave him and said she was in the wrong.

Things went more smoothly now in the family, until a letter containing a further request for money was unavoidably delayed a week, and caused a sudden return of the Master himself to Durrisdeer. He was received with a hearty welcome by my lord and by Mrs. Henry, but it went hard with poor Mr. Henry. The Master was an adept at the art of placing his brother in an unenviable light.

"Henry, will you ride with me?" he asked one day, and Mr. Henry, who had been goaded to madness by the man, raps out sharply: "I will not!"

"Sometimes I wish you would be kinder," said the Master with a wistful air.

One evening the Master dilated on the song of an exile's sweetheart, and the rustic words set forth a poor girl's aspirations for an exiled lover. He sang it well even as a song, but did better yet as a performer. When it came to the end, we all sat silent for a time. He had chosen the dusk of the afternoon, so that none could see his neighbor's face; but it seemed as if we held our breath, and only my lord cleared his throat.

When the lights were brought in, methought Mrs. Henry's face was a shade pale, and she withdrew almost at once. Thus he ventured to lay siege to her heart, though so deftly she was hardly aware of it herself.

The Master seemed to take a fiendish delight in thus aggravating his brother, even making up to little Miss Katharine, so that they played together like children. Like all his diabolical acts, this cut in several ways. It was the last stroke to Mr. Henry, making him harsh with the poor innocent and bringing him a peg lower in his wife's estimation. She naturally turned to the Master for sympathy, and methought she breathed of some quiet, melancholy happiness.

To look on at this was a torment to Mr. Henry, and the climax came one evening at a game of cards, after my lord and

Mrs. Henry had retired for the evening. The instant they went the Master turned to his brother, saying in his mocking way:

"With all the solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me, nor, I think —who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards deliberately. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the Master on the mouth.

The Master sprang to his feet like one transfigured. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to hear us?"

The Master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and said, still addressing his brother:

"Do you know what this means?"

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," Mr. Henry replied.

"I must have blood—I must have blood for this!" said the Master.

"Please God, it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords. These he presented to the Master by the points. "Mackellar shall see that we play fair," he continued; "I think it very needful."

"No more of your insults," said the Master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

Then, for fear of disturbing my lord and Mrs. Henry, the brothers went to fight in the long shrubbery, while I carried a pair of candles to light the way.

"Here is the place," said the Master; "set down the candles." I did as I was bid.

Then began the clashing of swords, Mr. Henry crowding in upon the Master until the latter, in an agony of fear, attempted a foul stroke. He caught the blade of his brother's sword with his left hand, but Mr. Henry saved himself by leaping to one side. The Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream and ran forward, but the body had already fallen to the ground. It writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry. "Is it cut on the inside?"

"It is," I replied.

"I thought so," he said, and turned away. I felt the Master's heart, and it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he asked, a little stupidly. "Dead? dead?" Then suddenly he cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be calm, sir."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar," said he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, what must we do?"

Again he looked at me with that stupid stare; then his eyes fell on the body and he cried out: "Oh!" Turning from me, he made off toward the house at a strange stumbling run.

I was compelled to awaken my lord, and tell him what had happened; but when we went to the shrubbery to recover the body it had disappeared! Before dawn we made our way down to the landing-place, finding stains of blood where the body must have been set down to rest the bearers. We concluded that the free-traders, seeing the candles which I had left burning, had gone to the shrubbery, found the body of the Master, and taken it away. A report was given out, to allay suspicion, that the Master had disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

From that day Mr. Henry was a changed man, and gave every indication of an unsound mind. He never referred to the duel, until one day when he asked where we had buried the Master. When I told him what had happened, and that probably his brother was alive, he turned to me, saying in a kind of screaming whisper: "Mackellar, nothing will kill that man! He is not mortal. He is bound upon my back for all eternity. Wherever I am there will he be."

This thought seemed to prey on his mind, and I was now convinced that he did but lament his failure to kill the Master.

His wife found the sentiment quite natural, and having learned from me the cause of the duel, loved her husband the more. We were all three of the same mind, that no news could reach Durrisdeer more welcome than tidings of the Master's death.

About this time my old lord sickened and died, broken-hearted at the conduct of his sons. Mr. Henry was not troubled with remorse, talking of the dead with regretful cheerfulness, and apparently finding a solid gratification in his own accession to the title. His cup of happiness was filled at the birth of the present lord, Alexander, in 1757. As soon as the child could walk the two would share in all sorts of boyish entertainments, with the same childish delight.

One day I found them in the shrubbery, Mr. Henry, or rather, my lord, standing with Alexander in the open space where the duel was fought. My lord had his hand on the boy's shoulder, and was speaking with much gravity. When he saw me he said:

"Ah, here comes the good Mackellar. I have just been telling Sandie the story of this place, and how there was a man whom the devil tried to kill, and how near he came to kill the devil instead."

I had thought it strange enough he should bring the child into that scene, but that he should actually tell him about it passed my comprehension. But the worst was yet to come, when he added, turning to his son: "You can ask Mackellar. He was here and saw it."

"Is it true, Mr. Mackellar?" asked the child. "And did you really see the devil?"

"I have not heard the tale," I replied, "and I am in a press of business."

Another time I took my lord to task for his slavish devotion to his child, warning him that he was following his father's bad example:

"Beware, my lord, lest (when he grows up) your son should follow in the Master's footsteps."

I received no reply, for my lord rose to his feet in anger, and then fell heavily on the floor. When he came to himself he put his hand to his head, saying in a broken voice: "I have been ill, Mackellar. Something broke—or was going to break—and

then all swam away. I think I will go to Mrs. Henry." And he left me overcome with penitence.

Presently the door flew open, and my lady swept in with flashing eyes.

"What is all this?" she demanded. "What have you done to my husband?"

When I explained I could see her animosity fall.

"You meant well, indeed," she said. "But, dear God! can you not understand that he can bear no more. The cord is stretched to snapping. What matters the future, if he have one or two good days?"

"Amen!" said I. "I will meddle no more. I am pleased enough that you should recognize the kindness of my meaning."

No more incident of note occurred in the family until the return of that ill-starred man, the Master. He was accompanied this time by Secundra Dass, with whom he had become acquainted in India. They arrived at dawn, and that very night my lord and his family left the house secretly, taking the next ship to New York.

Three weeks later, the Master and Secundra Dass (who had learned my plans by eavesdropping and pretending he could not understand English) followed, and perforce I was obliged to accompany them. On landing in America I hastened to Mr. Henry and told him the news, which he received calmly. He had taken his precautions, and the Master found that his fangs were drawn.

The Master dissembled his true feelings and tried by every device to win sympathy for himself among all persons he met, but without avail. Then he changed his tactics, and played his game so skilfully that I fell into the trap. Knowing how much we desired his absence from town, he persuaded me to give him sufficient money to go in search of some treasure he had buried while in the Adirondacks with Colonel Burke.

Desirous to be rid of him, I lent him the desired amount, and had the satisfaction of seeing him embark with a Captain Harris, at that time engaged in the business of an Indian trader, and leader of a party of nine desperate miscreants. Secundra Dass went as the Master's faithful servant, and his apparent ignorance of English served him to good purpose.

During the journey into the Adirondack wilderness the Captain was apparently friendly with the Master, who shared the command with him, but the latter suspected treachery. Secundra Dass was on his guard. One day he overheard a conversation, which led him to infer that the life of his Master was in danger, and he warned him accordingly.

The Master made several attempts to escape but without avail, and finally simulated sickness and death. The wailing of Secundra one night announced that all was over, and before ten o'clock the Indian was toiling at the grave. Sunrise of next day beheld the Master's burial, all hands attending with great decency of demeanor. The body was laid in the earth wrapped in a fur robe with only the face uncovered. It was of a waxy whiteness, and had the nostrils plugged, according to some Oriental custom.

No sooner was the grave filled than the lamentations of the Indian once more struck concern to every heart. His distress seemed so genuine that it appealed to this rough gang of murderers, and they kindly endeavored to console him. As the Master had told the men the hidden treasure was near by, they concluded not to break camp, and spent the day in unavailing explorations of the woods. Secundra meanwhile lay stretched on the Master's grave.

That night no sentinel was placed on guard, and all lay together about the fire, woodman fashion, their heads outward like the spokes of a wheel. Morning found them in the same position, but during the night one of the men had been secretly scalped. The Indians were suspected, so the camp was moved the following night and a sentinel set on guard, but with the same result. The party kept on moving, but each night their number was lessened, until only a trader named Mountain and Secundra remained.

Mountain decided it was best to return to my lord and narrate what had happened, but what puzzled him greatly was the fact that Secundra declined to accompany him. On the contrary, he immediately retraced his footsteps along that pathway whose every stage was marked, as with a milestone, by a mutilated corpse.

When my lord heard the news of his brother's death he refused to believe it, even though the man was buried.

"This man has the name of my brother," he exclaimed, "but it's well understood he was never canny."

Then he whispered to me, looking around furtively: "He's not of this world, neither him nor the black de'il that serves him. I have struck my sword through him, and felt the hot blood spurt in my very face, time and time again, yet he was never dead for a' that. Why should I think he is dead now? No, I won't believe it till I see him rotting."

Then nothing would do but that my lord must follow the trail of the traders; and, guided by Mountain, we were shown the way to the Master's grave. It was a moonlight night when we arrived, and then we saw a sight which chilled the blood in our veins.

Secundra Dass stood ankle deep in the grave of his late master, his face contracted with anxiety and expectation, his blows resounding on the grave as thick sobs. I heard Mountain whisper: "Good God, it's the grave! He's digging him up!" It was what we had all guessed, yet the gruesome fact thrilled me when put in words.

Secundra leaped in the air when we spoke to him and started to run swift as an arrow to the woods, but the next instant, with a violent gesture of resolution, he retraced his steps.

"Well, then, you come, you help—" he was saying, when my lord went to the grave, then Secundra screamed harshly: "Him, my master's enemy!" Pointing to the grave, he continued: "The Sahib, he not dead. He bury, but he not dead."

My lord sighed, and moving nearer to the grave stared into it, saying not a word.

"Buried and not dead?" exclaimed Mountain. "What kind of rant is this, pray?"

"See, Sahib!" said Secundra. "The Sahib and I, alone with murderers, try all way to escape; no way good. Then try this way; good way in warm climate, good way in India; here in this cold place, who can tell? I tell you, pretty good hurry; you help, you light a fire, help rub. Now I go dig the Sahib up."

My lord stood rooted to the spot; I stood at his side, fearing I knew not what.

The frost was not very deep, and the Indian presently threw

aside his tool, and, scooping up the dirt by handfuls, came upon the buffalo-robe. A moment more and the moon shone on something white. Secundra crouched upon his knees, scraping with delicate fingers, breathing with puffed lips, and when he moved aside I beheld the face of the Master wholly uncovered.

Secundra continued his work, digging swift as a terrier in the loose earth, until the form of the Master could be seen at the bottom of the shallow grave. The sight filled us with horror, and I dared not look my lord in the face; but for as long as it lasted I never observed him to draw breath.

"Now," said Secundra, "you help me lift him out."

Of the flight of time I knew nothing, but it seemed hours while the Indian tried to reanimate his master's body. The moon was not yet set, although it had sunk low and now barred the plateau with long shadows. Suddenly Secundra gave a cry of joy, and, leaning forward, I saw myself that a change had come over that icy countenance of the disinterred. The next moment I beheld his eyelids flutter; the next they rose entirely, and the week-old corpse looked me for a moment in the face.

This is all I can vouch for, though others say he visibly strove to speak, and that his brow was contorted with an agony of pain and effort. At any rate, the shock was too great for my lord, for at the first opening of the dead man's eyes he fell to the ground, and when I raised him he was a corpse.

Day came, and Secundra was still trying to reanimate the dead body of his master, and not until noon was he convinced his efforts were useless. He realized the truth with unshaken quietude.

"Too cold," said he. "Good way in India; no good here."

Ravenously devouring some food placed before him, he then drew near the camp-fire and fell into a childlike slumber. Some hours afterward I had to arouse him to take his part as one of the mourners at the double funeral.

As for myself, I had a fitting inscription chiseled on a boulder, testifying to the memory of the two brothers, and with this I bring my narrative to a close:

J. D.,
Heir to a Scottish Title,
A Master of the Arts and Graces,
Admired in Europe, Asia, and America,
In War and Peace,
In the Tents of Savage Hunters and the
Citadels of Kings, After so Much
Acquired, Accomplished, and
Endured, Lies Here For-
gotten.

---

H. D.,
His Brother,
After a Life of Unmerited Distress,
Bravely Supported,
Died Almost in the Same Hour,
And Sleeps in the Same Grave
With His Fraternal Enemy.

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The Piety of His Wife and One Old Serv-
ant Raised this Stone
to Both.

## KIDNAPPED (1886)

This story was begun in March, 1885, while the author was living in his house called Skerryvore, at Bournemouth, Hants, England, but was soon laid aside and was not resumed till January, 1886. It was the earliest of Stevenson's historical romances, and, being intended for a boys' story, it made its first appearance in *Young Folks* from May to June, inclusive, 1886. It was suggested by a famous eighteenth-century historical incident, the Appin murder, and the whole work took him, as he said, "probably five months, one of these entirely over the last chapters, which had to be put together without inspiration, almost word for word, for I was nearly worked out." Stevenson thought the tale, as a whole, the best and most human piece of work he had yet done, and its success was immediate. Of it he has written: "In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their backs on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story." The scene of the book is in the Highlands, and the seas to the north and west of Scotland, and the period of action extends from early in June, 1751, till the 24th of August following.

HE story of my adventures begins with a morning in early June of 1751, when I, David Balfour, was leaving my father's house at Essendean for the last time. Mr. Campbell, the minister, who accompanied me as far as the ford, handed me a letter that my father had written and I was to deliver after his death. It was directed "To the hands of Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire, of Shaws; these will be delivered by my son, David Balfour." The good minister drew an imaginary picture of the great house I was going to, and after giving me much good advice parted from me in much sorrow, and my conscience smote me hard and fast, because I, for my part, was overjoyed to get away out of that quiet countryside and go to a great house among respected gentlefolk of my own name and blood.

In the afternoon of the second day of my long walk I began to make inquiries regarding the house of Shaws and its owner, but heard little good of Ebenezer Balfour. It was sunset when I reached the house, only to find it partly a ruin with few signs

of occupation about it. After pounding a long while at the door, I saw a man with a blunderbuss standing at one of the upper windows, but not till after some parleying, and my telling him that I was David Balfour, was I admitted. To my great astonishment, this repulsive old man presently acknowledged me as his nephew, but till then I had not known my father had a brother. The kitchen where we sat was a bare apartment, and all the supper he offered me was a small quantity of porridge. He next directed me to a dark chamber, where I passed the night in a damp bed. Our meals the next day consisted wholly of porridge and beer, and my uncle, after declaring from time to time his intention to do well by me, at last gave me thirty-seven guineas, which he said he was glad for his brother's son to have.

Presently he looked at me sidewise.

"And see here," he said, "tit for tat."

I told him I was ready to serve him, and thereupon he asked me to bring him a chest of papers from the top of the stair tower, but he would not allow me to have a light for the purpose. Accordingly I felt my way upward in pitch darkness, and as the tower was square a step of one great stone was made at every corner to turn the flights. At one of these stones my hand slipped upon an edge and found nothing beyond, for the stair went no higher and to set a stranger mounting it was to send him straight to his death. I now groped my way down and, reaching the kitchen unheard, I confronted my uncle, who promptly fainted at the sight of me. When he came to I asked why he had given me money and then tried to kill me, and he promised to tell me in the morning. I locked him in his room for the night, and on the morrow set him free, and while we sat at breakfast a letter was brought him from Captain Hoseason of the trading brig *Covenant*, with whom he said he had a venture. He then proposed that we should walk over to the brig, where he could transact some private business, and thence visit his lawyer, Mr. Rankeillor. Thinking that he could do me no harm at the ship, and that I could then force him to see the lawyer, I consented to go with him. From the cabin-boy who had brought the message I heard such tales of the *Covenant* that I told my uncle as we approached the inn at Queensferry

nothing would inveigle me aboard of her. But presently a landsman's curiosity to see the ship moved me to visit her, and soon I saw my uncle returning to the shore in the skiff. Almost at the same moment I was stunned by a blow upon my head.

The *Covenant* was bound for the Carolinas, and it was the intention of my miserly, murderous uncle to have me sold to labor in the plantations there. I came to myself in great pain, and my wound was dressed by Riach, the second mate, who seemed to be friendly disposed toward me and to whom I presently told my whole story. The brig sailed north till we passed between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and then turned south. One foggy night we ran down a boat, and all on board the small craft were drowned save one passenger who caught hold of the brig's bowsprit and came on board. The newcomer was one Alan Breck Stewart, a Highland gentleman banished after the Rebellion of 1745 and now occupied in smuggling rents from his clansmen to Ardshiel, their exiled chief in France. He had elegant manners, dressed handsomely, and was in possession of considerable rent-money. Captain Hoseason and his crew now determined to murder the Highlander for his gold; but overhearing the plot I informed Alan of what was intended and promised to assist him, hopeless as the case appeared, for there were fifteen against us. But Alan was a soldier of proven skill, and the brig's round house, where we then were, admitted of a stout defense. The attack soon came, and at the end of it the first mate, Shuan, and five more, were either killed or disabled. Captain Hoseason now knuckled under and a treaty was made by which it was agreed that Alan should be landed at such a place on the coast as would enable him to make good his way to his own region of Appin. This being settled, the Captain and Riach could then be happy again in their own way, the name of which was drink. By this time Alan and I were the best of friends, and he told me many things of himself. His faults were but on the surface and I now knew them all.

While the *Covenant* was passing alongside of the island of Mull she came to grief on the rocks. With the help of a spar I reached the land, only to find myself alone upon the uninhabited island of Earraid. I subsequently found it to be an island only at the will of the tide, and no seabred lad would have remained

there a day, but I was there four days subsisting on shellfish and in great misery. When the way of release was pointed out to me by some fishermen from their boat, I waded quickly through the shallow water to the isle of Mull and there received tidings of the brig's crew and of Alan, who had left word that I was to follow him to Torosay, on the Sound of Mull. After crossing the ferry from Mull to the mainland I continued on my way, overtaking on the journey a catechist named Henderland, and spending a night with him at his house near Kingairloch. The next day he found for me a man who would row me across Loch Linnhe into Appin, which was Alan's country. After he had set me on shore by the wood of Lettermore I sat for some time by a spring to think over my situation, and while I did so four travelers came in sight—the King's factor, Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure, called the Red Fox; a lawyer, a servant wearing the Campbell tartan, and a sheriff's officer. I asked the factor the way to Aucharn.

"And what seek ye in Aucharn?"

"The man that lives there," said I.

"James of the Glens," says Glenure musingly, and then to the lawyer: "Is he gathering his people, think ye?"

"If you are concerned for me," said I, "I am neither of his people nor yours, but an honest subject of King George."

"Well said," replies the factor. "But what does this honest man so far from his country, and why does he come seeking the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here, and have twelve files of soldiers at my back."

"I have heard," said I, "that you were a hard man to drive."

"Well," said he, "your tongue is bold, but I am no unfriend to plainness. If you had asked me the way to the door of James Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set ye right and bidden ye Godspeed!"

Just then came the shot of a firelock from the hill, and Glenure fell dead in the road. For a moment I stood in horror while the sheriff's officer ran back to hasten the soldiers forward, and then I began to climb the hill, crying out: "The murderer! the murderer!" As I reached the top I could see the man moving away and I cried, "Here, I see him," but he quickly disappeared.

I was now at the edge of the upper wood and could see them waving me to come back and soldiers beginning to appear singly out of the lower wood.

"Why should I come back?" I said. "Come you on!"

"Ten pounds if ye take that lad," said the lawyer. "He is an accomplice. He was posted here to hold us in talk."

Hearing this, I was overcome with terror and stood stupidly still till a voice close by said: "Come in here among the trees." I obeyed, and just then heard the musket-balls whistle among the birches. Within the shelter of the woods I found Alan Breck with a fishing-rod. He said only "Come," and for some time we ran through the woods till at last we could rest for a time in temporary safety. But I had seen murder done upon a man whom Alan hated, and I fancied him the murderer, whether he had fired the shot or only ordered it done. By my way of it, my only friend in that wild country was blood-guilty in the first degree, and I said to him that we must part. Thereupon he talked with me a long while and he looked so innocent and showed himself so ready to sacrifice himself for what he esteemed his duty that I could say no more. Alan's morals were all tail-foremost, but he was ready to give his life for them, such as they were, and I gave him my hand once more. He then said we must both flee that country—he because he was a deserter, and I because I was certainly involved in the murder. I asked him whither, and he answered, "To the Lowlands," and as we went along he told me how the *Covenant* was wrecked and how Hoseason and the sailors would have murdered him for his money after they had reached the shore but for the intervention of Riach, who bade him run while there was time.

Late that night we reached the house of James Stewart and found him in great concern over the death of his enemy, Colin Roy, for which, as it happened in Appin, he, Stewart, would in all likelihood be held responsible. To save himself he tried to persuade us that as a magistrate he would presently have to offer a reward for our apprehension; paper us, he called it, and but for the remonstrance of Mrs. Stewart this might have been. So when this was settled Alan and I set out once more. Day found us in a valley without grass or trees to shelter us and through which ran a foaming river. At great peril of our lives we at last

found a lodgment among some rocks in the river—a small spot where only three or four might lie concealed. While Alan watched I slept, but woke presently and as we cautiously peered over the edge of the rock we could see a soldiers' camp a half mile away and sentries stationed all through the valley that had been so solitary at dawn. All the morning the soldiers were stirring, sometimes coming close to our rock, upon which the sun beat down fiercely. By two o'clock, the sun being well in the west, there was a little shade on the east side of the rock, which was sheltered from the soldiers, and we then climbed down on that side. After resting in the shadow for a space, we crawled from rock to rock and through the heather till night came and we could walk upright.

We were now traversing the sides of mountains and ere dawn came to our destination, a mountain-cave among the clouds, where we spent five days, living the while on porridge and fishes from the burn below. On our first morning Alan said it would be long ere the soldiers would be seeking us there, and by means of a certain Gaelic signal he secured the service of an Appin tenant, who conveyed a message to James Stewart and in return brought us a little money from Mrs. Stewart and one of the proclamations or bills in which we, as fugitives, were described. This we looked upon with great curiosity, partly as a man may look in a mirror, partly as he might look into the barrel of an enemy's gun to judge whether it be truly aimed.

We now set off again and after hours of hard travel came to a stretch of desert land which must be crossed. A wearier-looking desert I never saw, but it was clear of soldiers, so far as we could see. We might be spied upon from the mountain-tops at any moment, however, and we moved with great care, crawling from one heather bush to another, as hunters do when they are hard upon the deer. At one time we saw a party of dragoons at a distance. They beat the ground thoroughly where they moved, but they did not discover us, and at nightfall they collected and camped about their fire. Seeing this, I entreated Alan that we might sleep for a while, but to this he would not consent, saying that when day came we must be far from here, and so we crawled and stumbled blindly on and at last fell into an ambush and the next moment were on our backs, each

with a dirk at his throat. Alan spoke in Gaelic to one of the party that had taken us, and we learned that these were outsentries of Cluny Macpherson, chief of the clan Vourich. We were to bide here till word could be sent to Cluny of our arrival. He slept till the messenger returned, but I was too tired for slumber, and when we set out for the chief's two of the gillies carried me forward, for I was too weak to go without their aid.

At the top of a cliff we found the retreat known as "Cluny's Cage," consisting of tree-trunks wattled across and strengthened with stakes, and it half hung, half stood in that steep hillside thicket, like a wasp's nest in a green hawthorn, and large enough to shelter five or six persons. Here we were made welcome, and after we had eaten food Cluny proposed that we should fall to playing cards. I, detesting such amusement, declined, and this annoyed our host; but the matter was smoothed over, and that day Alan won a great pile of gold. The next day he lost, and, borrowing my little store, lost this also at the cards. Then there was much talk between us, and Cluny with some ill grace gave up the money to me, since otherwise we had none left, and at night we set out on our journey once more, a gillie leading us to another hiding-place near Loch Rannoch.

But we went silently; I angry and proud at Alan's behavior, he ashamed that he had lost my money and angry because I had taken his action ill. At the end of the second day the gillie told us how best to go onward, and we followed his directions and for days wandered over mountain-tops drenched in mist, I still sore at heart against him and acting much like a sulky boy, which indeed I was. At last I had almost provoked him to fight, and then, thinking I had lost my friend, I cried out for pain and weariness:

"Alan, if ye canna help me, I must just die here. If I die, ye'll can forgive me, Alan? In my heart I liked ye fine—even when I was the angriest."

At this all his anger fled and he begged my forgiveness. Thus we were friends once more, and as we were now in the Braes of Balquhidder he knocked at the door of the first house we came to, where he was welcome for his name's sake, and where before a month I was able to take the road again. By day he

hid in the wood, and at night would visit me. Most folk in Balquhidder suspected who I was, but the secret was safe with these clansmen. Robin Dig, a son of Rob Roy, visited Balquhidder, and Alan, who played a match against him on the pipes, declared that the visitor was a grand piper.

August was more than half gone when Alan and I set out once more, this time making for Stirling Bridge. The moon was not up when we reached it and there appeared to be no guard on the bridge; but to make sure we hid ourselves till we heard a foot passenger challenged by the sentry and knew that this was no way for us. We kept on under the high line of the Ochil Mountains till we came to the hamlet of Limekilns, where we bought some bread and cheese from a lass at a small inn. From her, after the exercise of a good deal of diplomacy, Alan secured a promise to have us set over the Forth in a boat, and the next night, while her father the innkeeper, was asleep, she came to our assistance and set us on the Lothian shore near Carriden, having taken a neighbor's boat for the purpose.

It was agreed that Alan should fend for himself next day till nightfall, when he must visit the roadside fields near Newhalls and remain till he should hear me whistle a certain air. I was bound for the house of Mr. Rankeillor at Queensferry, but as I walked on I grew despondent, for I saw that I had no means of establishing my identity to the lawyer of the Shaws estate, and who would listen to such a tattered, travel-stained lad as I had now become?

As I chanced to stop before a handsome house a kindly, consequential man just at that moment stepped out and, seeing me, came straightforward and asked me what I did. I replied that I was in Queensferry on business and wished to see Mr. Rankeillor. He thereupon declared himself to be that person, and I then told him I was David Balfour. On this he led me into the house, where he asked me many questions and whether I had any papers to prove my identity. Mr. Campbell, the minister of Essendean, had such papers, I said, and I added that I did not think my uncle, Ebenezer Balfour, would deny me. I also told how I was kidnapped and afterward wrecked off the coast of Mull.

"The brig was lost on June the 27th," said he, "and we are

now at August the 24th. Here is a hiatus of near two months. I shall not be contented till it is set right."

He then related how Mr. Campbell had come to Queensferry to inquire for me; how my uncle declared he had given me large sums, on receiving which I had set out for the Continent. He believed I was in Leyden. Captain Hoseason had then appeared with the tale that I was drowned.

With the proviso that I committed a friend's life to his discretion, I now told the lawyer my whole story, only when I named Alan Breck he suggested that no unnecessary names be mentioned and that the person be hereafter spoken of as Thomson. To this I assented, for there were two parties in the state and quiet persons sought every cranny to avoid offense to either. He then invited me to dinner and showed me to a room where he laid out some clothes of his son's for my use, and at dinner he related the story of my father and my uncle. As lads they fell in love with the same lady, and Ebenezer, when he found himself rejected, made the whole country ring with his sorrow. My father, moved by this behavior, would have resigned the lady, an arrangement to which she objected; and it was finally arranged that my father should have the lady, and Ebenezer the estate. The lawyer declared the estate to be mine without a doubt, but that Ebenezer Balfour would assuredly contest the matter and in the course of the proceedings my relations with "Mr. Thomson" might come out. Since it might be difficult to prove the kidnapping, it were best to leave my uncle at Shaws and content myself meanwhile with a fair provision. But as the great matter was to bring home the kidnapping to Ebenezer Balfour, I concocted a plot to this end, and although this involved the lawyer's meeting with "Mr. Thomson" he at length consented to its trial. Late in the afternoon I went to meet Alan, who rose at once to my whistle and submitted, after my explanation, to be introduced to the lawyer as "Mr. Thomson." These two now moved on to Shaws, while Torrance, Mr. Rankeillor's clerk, followed them with me. It was dark when we reached the house, and Alan by pounding on the door soon brought my uncle to the window; but as the visitor would not tell his business, further than that it concerned me, the other was obliged to come out upon the doorstep. Alan then pretended that I was held

for a ransom in Mull, and that unless it was paid soon I should never be seen again. To this my uncle responded that I was not a good lad at the best, and he had no call to pay it. Alan represented that for very shame Mr. Balfour could not desert his nephew, and at last my uncle consented that I should be kept and not killed. As to the price of keeping, Alan said he must first know what had been paid Hoseason for the kidnapping in the first place, and after various denials of the circumstance my uncle admitted that it was twenty pounds, adding:

"But I'll be honest with ye: forby that he was to have the selling of the lad in Caroliny, whilk would be as muckle mair, but no from my pocket."

Then the lawyer, Torrance, and I, came forward and my uncle stared at us like a man turned to stone. Mr. Rankeillor now led him indoors, and at the end of an hour they had arrived at a formal agreement to the effect that my title to the estate was fully acknowledged and my uncle was to pay me two clear thirds of the income of Shaws.

So I had come to port at last, but Alan, to whom I was so greatly beholden, was still on my hands, and I felt also a heavy charge in the matter of James Stewart of the Glens. Mr. Rankeillor was clear that I must help my friend out of his danger at any risk, but regarding the other man he thought differently. However, he suggested a plan that involved my seeking the Lord Advocate, telling him my story and offering my testimony as to Stewart's innocence; and that matters should be made as easy for me as possible, he gave me a letter to the laird of Pilrig, whose name was also Balfour and who stood well with the Lord Advocate. Alan and I now turned to Edinburgh and presently parted, I having given him money for immediate necessities and arranged that he should have safe passage in a ship soon to sail. But as I went on my way alone I could have wept like anybody.

## THE BLACK ARROW (1888)

Early in life Stevenson wrote this story for a juvenile magazine, and it was well received. Later, in the height of his fame, he published it in book form. In the preface he wrote: "In the eyes of readers who thought less than nothing of *Treasure Island*, *The Black Arrow* was supposed to mark a clear advance. Those who read volumes and those who read story-papers belong to different worlds."

IR DANIEL BRACKLEY, of Tunstall Moat House, was the wickedest, most faithless man in England. By his evil practises in the lawless days when the country was distracted by the strife between the houses of Lancaster and York, he was able to add land to land by judicious changes of allegiance, and even by betrayal of the party with which he appeared to be connected. It was a favorite device with him to secure the guardianship of a minor heir, boy or girl, and, after enjoying the usufruct of the estate during the heir's minority, sell the marriage to whoever would pay the guardian most for the privilege. It was whispered that he had even created such an heirship by procuring the murder of the owner of the very estate on which he lived. This was Sir Harry Shelton, and it was Sir Harry's son Richard that Sir Daniel had taken into his house and reared as if he were his own son, with the expectation of marrying him to an orphaned heiress whose condition was similar to his own. Such a woman he had found at Kettley in the person of Joanna Sedley, and, at the opening of the story, was preparing to bring her to Moat House, a project which she was vainly resisting with tears and even feminine defiance.

Ignorant of the purpose of his guardian's errand at Kettley, Dick Shelton, who was a strapping young squire of nineteen, remained at Tunstall Moat House as one of its garrison of six men. Nick Appleyard, an old bowman who had seen service at Agincourt, grumbled at the weakness of the defense.

"There's not a man of you can back a horse or hold a bill," he said to Bennet Hatch, man-at-arms, and Dick Shelton; "and as for archery, Saint Michael! if old Harry the Fifth were back again, he would stand and let you shoot at him for a farthen. And not one of the archers at Agincourt but could bring down his man as far as from here to yon wood that my lord thinks is beyond range."

As the old man looked toward the forest, he appeared to catch sight of something unusual, for he shaded his eyes with his hand and peered intently.

"What is it, Appleyard?" asked Dick.

"Why, the birds; see them flocking out of the wood as if frightened by men coming through it. And it would be just the quarter for archers to skulk down upon to get the wind of us."

"Nonsense, old shrew," said Hatch, "there is no company short of our own at Kettley. Why, you and I have crushed every man for a score of miles around who dared lift his head against Sir Daniel."

"And therefore there are many of their fellows who would give his ears to have a shot at either of us. It would only be a question of which to take first."

"I'll wager it would be you, old shrew—"

"No, my surcoat to a leather belt it would be you," said the old archer. "Ye burned Grimstone, Bennet — they'll ne'er forgive you that. 'Tis true I killed—"

An arrow sang in the air like a huge hornet. It pierced old Appleyard between the shoulder-blades—clean through. He fell face forward. Hatch, stooping double, ran for cover. Dick dropped behind a clump of lilacs, and covered the point of forest with his cross-bow.

Seeing this protection, Hatch crept forward and pulled Appleyard back into safety. "Pluck out the shaft and let me pass," gasped the stricken archer. Hatch held the old man tight while Dick drew forth the arrow. A gush of blood followed, and with a sigh of relief the archer fell back dead.

Hatch wiped the sweat of terror from his own pale face. "My turn next," he said.

Dick looked at the arrow. It was long and black, and on it was written: *Appulyaird fro Jon Amend-All.*

Shelton and Hatch carried the body of the archer into the chapel, where they found Sir Oliver Oates, the parson, who, being a clerk, was an indispensable party to all of Sir Daniel's schemes for seizing estates under cover of law. Sir Oliver trembled when he saw the arrow and read the inscription.

"Black of hue, as for an omen. And John Amend-All! A right Lollardy word. Who of our many black ill-willers would dare so hardily outface us? How think ye, Bennet?"

"Would it be Ellis Duckworth? He is a good archer," returned Hatch.

"No; he is low born. No rising cometh ever from below, say the wise men. When Dick, Tom, and Harry take their bills, look to see what lord is profited thereby. Now Sir Daniel, having once again returned to the true allegiance, is in ill odor with the Yorkist lords. Thence I am convinced comes the blow."

That night there was pinned with a black arrow on the church door a message that threw Sir Oliver into an ague of fear:

"I had four blak arrows under my belt,
Four for the greefs that I have felt,
Four for the nomber of ill menne
That have oppressid me now and then.
One is gone; one is wele sped;
Old Apulyaird is ded.
One is for Maister Bennet Hatch,
That burned Grimstone, walls and thatch.
One for Sir Oliver Oates
That cut Sir Harry Shelton's throat.
Sir Daniel, ye shull have the fourt;
We shall think it fair sport.
Ye shull each have your own part,
A blak arrow in each blak heart.
Get ye to your knees for to pray:
Ye are ded theeves by yea and nay!

"JON AMEND-ALL
OF THE GREEN WOOD,
AND HIS JOLLY FELLAWSHIP."

Young Shelton was standing by, with the man-at-arms, Bennet Hatch, when the scroll was read. Fearing that Dick would believe the accusation that his father had been murdered by Sir Oliver's hand, that priest burst forth into protestations

of his innocence of the deed, of which, indeed, he had been only indirectly guilty.

"I swear on the cross of Holywood," he cried, "that I did not cut Sir Harry's throat. I was not even in the Moat House. Besides, his throat was not cut. He died by a—"

Here the priest paused, realizing that he was much too familiar with the manner of the assassination for an innocent man. But Dick said never a word, and kept his countenance unmoved. Until he knew beyond question who had procured his father's death he determined to remain quiet, doing his duty as he saw it to Sir Daniel Brackley, who had acted the part of a father toward him.

Although Sir Oliver now distrusted Dick, in the present dire need the boy was the only one that could be sent with safety to apprise Sir Daniel of the enemy that besieged Moat House, and would undoubtedly attack him on his return home. The archers of the Black Arrow were friends of Sir Harry Shelton, and would hardly shoot at his son, even when he was going upon a mission to their foe, although they would undoubtedly attempt to capture him. So Dick was chosen for the errand. While the garrison under Hatch made what in modern military parlance would be called a "demonstration" against the wood where the archers of the Black Arrow were concealed, young Shelton rode out from the other side of the house at full speed, bearing a letter to Sir Daniel from the priest. By a wide detour he reached Kettley and found Sir Daniel in the tavern, awaiting the result of an engagement hard by between the Lord of Risingham of the Lancastrian party and a body of Yorkists who had recently lifted head in that part of the country. The knight was greatly troubled by the message.

"Dick," said he, "ye've heard this penny rhyme?"

"Yes, Sir Daniel."

"And noted how the mad soul who wrote it lays the death of your father to the poor parson, who grows sick at the sight of blood, even of a beast?"

"Sir Oliver did most eagerly deny it."

"Rightly, too. It was one Duckworth who was blamed for it, and he proved his guilt by fleeing the country. But some day, when I am more at leisure, I will more fully inform you of

these matters. Now speed you with your meal. Ye shall return to Moat House with a line from me."

While Dick was eating in the buttery he felt a touch on his arm and heard a soft, womanish voice whisper in his ear:

"Make no sign, I beseech you, but of your charity, good boy, tell me the way to Holywood."

"Take the path by the windmill," answered Dick in the same tone; "it will bring you to Till Ferry; there inquire again."

Without turning his head he went on munching. But with the tail of his eye he caught the glimpse of a lad whisking up the servants' stairway to the chambers above.

"Why," thought Dick, "he is as young as I. 'Good boy,' doth he call me? Well, I shall overtake him on the fens and pull his ears for his impudence."

Half an hour after Dick set out for Moat House with Sir Daniel's letter, that knight received an express from the Lord of Risingham beseeching his aid to make certain the rout of the Yorkists, whom he had driven to a last desperate stand. "What hath detained you?" concluded the message. "It stands not with your good credit."

"Nay," said the knight, who was now decided which side to take, "I was but this instant upon the march. It is not two hours since the more part of my command came in, sir messenger. Bustle, boys!"

The men were soon in marching array. Then the knight called for his new ward, to place her in safekeeping awaiting his return. "Joanna!—Host, where is that girl?"

"Sir Knight, my son hath even now been asking that same question. She hath stolen his best breeches, leaving her woman's gown in their place, and hath ridden off upon my own gray mare, that is worth five pound."

"Now, by the rood," cried Sir Daniel, "the wench was worth five hundred pound to me."

"Sir Knight," observed Lord Risingham's messenger bitterly, "while ye are here roaring for your paltry pounds, the crown of England is elsewhere being lost and won."

"It is well said," replied Sir Daniel. "Selden, fall out with six crossbowmen; hunt the girl down. Let me find her at Moat House when I return. The House is besieged by a party

of forest outlaws, who have killed old Appleyard. Make your way through them in close formation with the Lady Joanna in your center. She will be your protection. Now, my men," he said to the main body of his troops, who were still in doubt as to their destination and even the side to which they belonged, "we march to the aid of Lord Risingham and the Queen. Ahoy for the Red Rose of Lancaster!"

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

The road to Till Ferry, upon which Dick was following after Joanna, was of old a Roman causeway over the fens. Through the lapse of ages it had sunk beneath the water in places, and only an experienced rider could safely make his way over these fords in the bottomless morass. By the side of one of them Dick found a gray horse, sunk to his belly in the mud, and still spasmodically struggling, not so much to get to solid land as to drive away a cloud of stinging insects that were torturing him. When the poor beast saw Dick and his horse, he neighed most piteously. In reply Dick raised his crossbow and mercifully shot a quarrel through the head of the hopelessly bemired animal.

Dick's compassion now turned upon the horse's rider, and he reflected with remorse upon his scanty directions. "I wish I had warned him," he thought. "I fear he has miscarried in the slough."

As he was so thinking, the voice that had accosted him in the inn hailed him from the roadside, and a boyish figure, parting a clump of reeds, emerged into view.

"Thank you, good boy, for an act of mercy that I had not a weapon to perform."

"Why call me 'boy'?" said Dick, his old indignation returning. "Ye are not the elder of us twain, and, certes, ye do not now present the more manly figure."

"Forgive me, Master — prithee, tell me your name, that I may not offend you again in address, and also may remember you in my prayers when I win to Holywood."

"Shelton, plain Dick Shelton. And your name?"

"Shelton!" gasped the lad as if confounded, and then quickly added: "You may call me John Matcham."

"And what make ye to Holywood?" asked Dick.

"I seek sanctuary of the good Abbot there from a man who would oppress me."

"Hadst thou told me this at the inn, I would have spoken in your behalf to my lord, Sir Daniel Brackley."

"Brackley! why, he is the oppressor whom I flee. He hath bought my marriage, and would sell me to one in his train, whom I have not—that is, had not seen."

"Pooh! and why should ye fear to marry? It is something to which all men but priests must come. And what if you have not seen the chosen one? Take as I do, indifferently, what fate offers. Sir Daniel hath hinted that he will shortly bring me a wife—a wench, he saith, with a spirit that will require taming. What sort of monster do ye object to?"

"A spiritless creature, or, as I begin to suspect, a stupid innocent who hath a greater cause than I to hate Sir Daniel, but who meekly doeth his will—even as ye do."

"Then when you wed her, she will even do your will. It is the way of all maids. I never heard of but one that had a man's spirit, and she, poor shrew, was burned for a witch and the wearing of men's clothes in spite of nature."

Master Matcham crossed himself, shuddering.

"This Maid of Orleans was indeed a brave wench," continued Dick. "I would I could meet with a Joan of her quality."

"I have heard that ye were to wed with a Joan—Joan Sedley. That is, belike, the match of which Sir Daniel hinted to thee."

"Do ye know the wench? Is she fair or foul?" asked Dick somewhat eagerly.

"Nay, what matters it? All maids are alike to thee."

"It is well said," replied Shelton. "Little I reck."

"Ah, the poor maid! To wed a man of wood!"

"Ah, happy maid that you flee!" retorted Dick, "to 'scape wedding a man of—mud and water."

Both lads laughed at this hit at Matcham's sorry appearance. But Matcham's merriment was soon changed to terror, for over the fens was borne to their ears the sound of a trumpet at Kettley.

"They have discovered my flight!" said the fugitive.

"Fear not, Sir White-face," said Dick, dismounting. "I

will see you safe in Holywood. Get up on my horse's back! Nay, mind not me; I can run like a deer."

When they reached the ferry over the Till the ferryman was on the other side with the boat. Dick hailed him by name, for he was an adherent of Sir Daniel's, and he crossed over and took the lads and the horse aboard. When they were in midstream an archer in green appeared on the farther bank, and called out to Richard Shelton to surrender to John Amend-All. In reply Dick let fly a quarrel from his crossbow, which the man avoided by leaping quickly to one side. Then the outlaw shot, driving his shaft, a long black arrow, through the body of Dick's horse. In its death-struggles the animal overturned the boat. The ferryman swam back in terror to the shore behind, while Matcham clung to the flat bottom of the boat. Dick had been knocked, by the horse that he was attempting to aid, into the stream, where, dazed by the blow and encumbered by his crossbow, he was like to drown. Seeing this, Matcham plunged after the great sweep, which was floating away, and, seizing it, guided it by sturdy kicks within Dick's grasp. The boys were carried by the current far down-stream, and against the farther bank, where they made a landing in that very part of Tunstall forest which Dick recognized as the haunt of the outlaws.

Indeed, as they cautiously advanced through the wood, they came upon a clearing wherein were the ruins of Grimstone, the homestead of Ellis Duckworth, whom both Sir Daniel Brackley and Bennet Hatch surmised to be John Amend-All himself.

As the lads were looking at the mass of fallen and charred rafters within the stone foundations, they heard two men approaching through the forest, singing a song of outlawry:

"Oh, they must need to walk in wood that may not walk in town!"

Shelton and Matcham leaped down within the ruins and hid underneath some rafters leaning against the wall. Through an arrow-loophole in the wall they beheld the outlaws throw down a deer they bore between them and proceed to establish a camp in the clearing.

They cut up the deer, kindled a fire, put on a pot filled with pieces of the venison, and then, awaiting the time when the

dinner should be done, entered into conversation. The outlaw that seemed to be captain of the company said to his mate:

"Lawless, to reach the Moat House, Sir Daniel must pass this forest. We shall make the passage dearer, pardy, than any battle. Then, when he hath got to earth with such ragged handful as escapeth us, we shall beleaguer that old fox about until, driven by hunger, he dashes forth and dies on our points. So shall Sir Harry Shelton and my other good friends whom he murdered be avenged."

"And meanwhile what do we?" retorted Lawless. "We make black arrows, we write rhymes, and we drink fair cold water, that discomfortable drink. Master Ellis, y'are for vengeance—as well ye may be because of this ruined house and your forfeited lands, and the murder of your friends—but your poor brother of the greenwood, who hath nor gear nor kin, looketh rather to the profit of the thing. To him a pottle of canary wine is worth all the red blood that ever flowed."

"Y'are untrue, Will Lawless. Ye still smell of the Grey Friars' buttery; greed is your undoing. But hark, here cometh the watch at the ford."

An archer entered the clearing, but breathless as if he had spent himself in running. When he had somewhat recovered he told the story of the disaster to the ferryboat, and, in addition, reported the fording of the river shortly afterward by the detachment under Selden. Ellis at once sounded his horn, and soon his men began to emerge one by one from the wood until a company of twenty were assembled. Then they all set off in the direction of Moat House, evidently to intercept the party under Selden.

"Now," said Matcham, "forth to Holywood."

"To Holywood!" cried Dick, "when good fellows stand shot? Not I! An I be not in time to warn these lads, I will go die with them."

"Dick, ye sware before the saints that ye would see me safe to Holywood. Would ye be a perjurer?"

"Look ye, Jack. Let me warn these men, and, if needs must, stand shot with them. Then I will on to Holywood with you."

"But these men ye go to succor are the same that hunt me

to my ruin. Would ye, then, join party with Sir Daniel, who, as ye have e'en now heard, murdered your father?"

"Jack, this may be, but these men I have hunted with, ay, and fought with, and to leave them in their hour of peril—oh, man, if I did that, I were stark dead to honor!"

Matcham's reply was to seize the crossbow. Dick tore it from his grasp, with such force that Jack was hurled upon the ground.

"Oath or no oath," said Dick, "ye may go hang for me!" and he set off toward the forest.

Jack arose and made after him. "If y'are bound to die, Dick, I'll die too."

"Then ye must run for it," and Dick set off at a rapid pace, hoping thus to shake off his unwelcome companion. Jack came panting behind. Dick heard him sobbing, and slowed his pace.

"What, sniveling like a girl at a harsh word?" he exclaimed.

"Ye hurt me," sobbed Matcham, "when ye threw me down. Ye're a coward to abuse your strength."

"Ye had no title to my crossbow. I would 'a' done right to have well basted you. But come on. We'll go slowly now. Here is the edge of the wood."

Dick advanced to the tip of a tongue of the forest that protruded into the open. Peeping forth, he called to Jack behind him that Selden's little troop was emerging near by from the wood, coming toward them on the way to Moat House. At that instant the outlaws let fly their arrows from the surrounding thickets. Four soldiers fell, and the remaining three spurred forward into the open country. Selden was in the lead. His two followers were picked off in a second flight of arrows, and Selden's horse was shot, tumbling the rider headlong. He arose and faced his enemies with his crossbow, whereat jeering cries resounded from the woods. One arrow after another struck at his feet, causing him to leap as if dancing. Roars of laughter were now heard, and the outlaws came running out to surround him and continue their baiting near at hand. Seeing this, Selden threw down his bow and ran in quick, zigzag dashes for the tongue of wood in which stood Shelton and Matcham. Thereat Dick ran forward to his assistance. It was too late; an arrow pierced

Selden between the shoulders, and he pitched forward and fell dead. Dick turned, and by the sufferance of the outlaws regained his covert. The two lads plunged into the forest and were shortly beyond reach of the outlaws, who, indeed, did not pursue, but remained to plunder the dead.

All day the boys lay quiet in a copse by the highroad, awaiting nightfall to proceed to Holywood. Suddenly down the road swept a disorderly rout of soldiers. Dick recognized them as Sir Daniel's troops, and knew that the battle had gone against the Lancastrians. But where was Sir Daniel? Was he killed, or had he deserted to the other side?

At dusk down the road came a ghostly figure, enveloped from head to foot in a hooded white robe. From the girdle depended a bell, which tinkled at every step. Dick was frightened at what he deemed a ghost, but Jack said:

"It is only a poor, blind leper. Let us ask him news of the battle." So Jack stood forth from the copse and hailed the passer-by. He turned at the voice, and suddenly springing forward, seized the lad. Upon this Dick stepped into the road, and leveling his crossbow, demanded of the leper that he release Jack.

"Hold your shot, Dickon," said a familiar voice. "Know ye not a friend?"

And undoing his hood, the leper disclosed the features of Sir Daniel Brackley.

He explained that he had adopted this disguise after his defeat to get to Moat House, where, with Hatch's and Selden's detachments, he hoped to disperse the outlaws, and make terms with the victorious Yorkists.

He was aghast when Dick told him of the annihilation of Selden and his troop, and swore to be terribly revenged on Duckworth.

Sir Daniel then ordered Matcham to precede him on the way to Moat Hall. Hereat Dick interposed, and, telling Sir Daniel of his oath to conduct Jack safe to Holywood, again swore he would do so. But Matcham was strangely willing, and even anxious, to go to Moat House now, so the three went forward, the pretended leper in advance with warning bell.

They reached Moat House in safety, but not without the full

knowledge of the outlaws; for the next day a black arrow was shot through the window of the hall, bearing the single word, "Earthed."

Soon after this, when Dick was on guard in the watch-tower, another arrow fell at his feet bearing a scroll addressed to himself. It read:

"Shame on you for a coward and an unworthy son. Ye aid the murderers of your father, who enjoy his estates. Ye are of age. Demand of them thine own."

That night Dick sought a conference with Sir Daniel and Sir Oliver. He told them of the charges that had been made against them, and demanded that they swear their innocence upon Holywood cross. This Sir Daniel readily did, but Sir Oliver, with blanching face, refused to do. Dick then demanded his estates of Sir Daniel. The knight swore that his ward was not of age, but refused to produce the record of Dick's birth. Again Dick demanded to know of the marriage that had been arranged for him, and insolently the knight replied that he had made a better bargain for the girl, naming a rich old lord of infamous reputation. Turning on Dick, Sir Daniel peremptorily required that he give him unquestioning obedience.

Shelton, now convinced of the truth of the outlaws' charges, resolved to escape to their side and lead them into Moat House by a secret passage that he knew. Matcham he had not seen since their return. Dick searched for him, and found him kept a prisoner in his chamber. They held a conference through the door, the end of which was that Matcham confessed that he was Joan Sedley.

"What! y'are the maid that ran away to 'scape marrying me?"

"Yes, for I knew you not, dear Dick, and now I am promised to a hoary caitiff as a price of Sir Daniel's peace with the House of York. Oh, save me from him, as ye did from yourself, and I will never run from you again, sweet Dick."

"Joanna," replied Shelton, "y'ave saved my life, and I yours. We have seen blood flow and been friends and enemies —ay, I knocked you down; and all that time I thought ye were a boy. Now I go perhaps to my death, and I must say this: Y'are the best maid and the bravest, and if I live I will

return and rescue you and marry you; and, live or die, I love you."

Dick escaped to the outlaws and led them in a surprise upon Moat House. In the fight that followed in its halls, the three black arrows of John Amend-All found their targets in the black hearts of Hatch, Sir Oliver, and Sir Daniel.

Joanna Sedley was rescued, and Dick at last performed his vow by taking her to Holywood, not for sanctuary, but to be married to him by the good old Abbot. Dick then went to the wars with Duckworth and his company, and fought valiantly for the House of York. At the battle of Shoreby Richard of Gloucester knighted him with bloody sword. When Edward IV was seated on his throne Shelton was offered a place at court. Refusing this, he returned to Joanna at Tunstall Moat House, where they lived happily ever afterward, in the midst of the green forest where their love began.

# DAVID BALFOUR (1893)

The sequel to Stevenson's story of *Kidnapped* in reality consists of two tales, the first relating to the Appin murder, which forms a prominent feature of the earlier romance, and the other narrating the wooing of Catriona Drummond. Stevenson was living at Vailima, in Samoa, when he resumed, in 1892, after an interval of six years, the account of David Balfour's adventures and experiences, and the work was first published in *Atalanta*, from January to May, 1893, inclusive, with the title of *David Balfour*. It was immediately reprinted in England in book form as *Catriona*, but in the United States the earlier title of *David Balfour* has been retained. The scene of the first part of the work is mainly in Edinburgh and the vicinity of North Berwick and the Bass Rock, much attention being paid to the local detail with which the novelist was thoroughly familiar, while the action of the second part occurs in Holland. The time devoted to the progress of the narrative is from August 25, 1751, till some date not clearly defined in the winter following.

IT was the 25th day of August, 1751, when I, David Balfour, who have elsewhere narrated certain passages in my career, may be said to have come to my own. The day before I was as a beggarman, clad in rags, a price on my head, and brought to my last shilling; now I was coming out of the British Linen Company's doors, a landed laird, and with money and recommendations in my pocket. But as ballast for so much sail was the difficult business before me. I had three visits to make: to my kinsman Balfour of Pilrig, Stewart the Writer, that was Appin's agent in Edinburgh, and William Grant of Prestongrange, Lord Advocate of Scotland. The visit to Appin's agent in the time of the outcry about the Appin murder was not only dangerous in itself but went ill with that to the Lord Advocate, and might prove the ruin of my friend Alan Breck. While I debated these things I was forced to shelter myself from a shower in a doorway at the head of a narrow alley. As I did so a party of soldiers passed with a tall man in a greatcoat, their prisoner. Among the folk that followed after was a girl in the Drummond colors, accompanied by two ragged gillies. They spoke in Gaelic, but

when she observed me she seemed to fancy I was regarding her words, and I therefore informed her that I understood no Gaelic. Civil words followed, and it soon appeared that we both knew Balquhidder. I spoke my name, but she said her own was proscribed and that she used the name of Catriona Drummond. By this I knew she was of the Macgregors. The tall prisoner, James More, was her father, who was being daily summoned to the Lord Advocate for some purpose unknown to her. She had come to give him some snuff; but Neil, one of the gillies, had lost the money, and now her father must think his daughter had forgotten. Thereupon I handed Neil a sixpence for the snuff, which she said she must repay, and gave me her address with Mrs. Ogilvy of Allardyce.

This matter being at an end, I called upon Charles Stewart, the Writer, giving my name and errand. I assured him that both Alan Breck and James Stewart were innocent as regarded the Appin murder, speaking briefly of my acquaintance with Alan, of my accidental presence at the Appin murder, and of our subsequent escape. To my inquiry whether he as a Stewart would undertake the defense, he replied that he had no great mind to it, but hardly had choice left him. It was planned that Alan should be smuggled out of the country on the *Thistle*, commanded by Andie Scougal, when opportunity should serve; but the Writer had very little hope of saving James Stewart from the gallows, and he warned me that in carrying the business to the Lord Advocate I ran great risk of a similar end for myself.

After this interview I saw my kinsman of Pilrig and, obtaining from him a letter of introduction to the Advocate, went at once to the house of that dignitary, but waited for several hours before seeing him. I then informed him that I was the person who was speaking with Glenure, the factor, when he was shot, whereupon he remarked that I probably held myself innocent of that crime. He also questioned me concerning the details of the affair; and after answering various queries I added that I had come to him to give information by which to convince him that Alan Breck had no hand in the matter. Much was then said on both sides, and after declaring that he had power to send me to jail if he wished, he made me promise to speak to no one of what had passed between us before I should come to him

again, two days later. On my next visit I encountered, in the Advocate's antechamber, Miss Drummond's father, James More, who would have begged from me had not the Advocate appeared and led me into another apartment, where he introduced me to his sister and his three daughters, and left me, to fill a brief engagement of his own. I was much abashed at being left in the company of his braw daughters, but the eldest took pity on my awkwardness and played on the harpsichord for my amusement. The music, indeed, conveyed a broad hint that my relations with Alan and James Stewart were not unknown to her, and in the midst of it we saw Catriona in the street below. When the Advocate returned it was to lead me to his study, where I found Simon Fraser, chief of the clan Fraser, who at once spoke of the Appin murder, saying that the evidence was strongly against me, but if I chose to give testimony against Alan Breck I should be advanced in the favor of the Duke of Argyll. If not, he had the warrant for my arrest and speedy execution.

"There is a gentleman in this room," said I. "I appeal to him. I put my life and credit in his hands."

The Advocate spoke at once, telling Fraser that he had played his hand and lost. Though there appeared to be little love between the two men, it was evident that they had agreed in putting me to the trial. The Advocate now dismissed me, after my promise of secrecy till the morrow, and as I went away it came upon me that James More was prepared to save himself by a false oath, as Fraser had sought to have me secure myself.

The next day I sought the Advocate again, who said my difficulties were nearly at an end, that my testimony was to be received, and that I was to go in his company to the trial of Stewart, at Inverary, on the 21st of September. There were certain happenings that same day not much to my liking, but I saw Stewart, the Writer, once more, and he advised me to disappear till just before the trial and return when not expected. I told him that the murderer, whom I saw, was not Alan, whereupon he exclaimed that his cousin was saved, and bade me to get word to him at the King's Arms in Stirling and he would see that I reached Inverary in season. Before I left him he told me that Alan was biding at Silvermills to see me.

That afternoon I saw Catriona at her kinswoman's, and ere sunset took my leave, but having reason to think that the young gillie, Neil, had dogged my steps in the interest of James More, I returned and besought her to keep him at her call one full hour after I should leave, for three lives hung upon it. "The full hour," she said, and we parted.

On toward Silvermills I went, and after dark, as I sat in the thicket, I whistled softly a note of Alan's song, and in a moment he was with me. Much we had to say and at last he counseled that we should now leave the wood together and move toward Gillane, on the coast, where he was to take his ship. At Musselburgh we breakfasted at an inn, and while there I saw Neil pass the window, looking neither to right nor left. We quitted the inn accordingly by a back passage into the fields, and thence to Gillane. The time set with Scougal for embarking was the gloaming, but if the wind held fair the skipper meant to arrive much earlier and lie-to behind the Isle of Fidra. When we reached the shore at Dirleton we could see the *Thistle* under the lee of Fidra, which is one of four islets west of North Berwick, facing a lonesome waste shore. Now that the secret of the embarkation was out, Alan's leaving seemed difficult to contrive. As he signaled with his handkerchief, a skiff put off from the *Thistle*, but half a mile away, toward Gillane Ness, a man appeared, waving his arms, and disappearing instantly. No eye of ours could spy what was passing there; no hurry of ours could mend the speed of the boat's coming; time stood still with us through that uncanny period of waiting. When the boat was within easy hail the concealed watchers in the grass by the Ness raised a shrill cry, but Alan, paying little heed, waded out to meet the skiff, climbed on board and was rowed to the *Thistle*, while I seemed to myself the most solitary lad in Scotland.

Waving a farewell, I walked to the beach head, where several Highlanders made a captive of me, their number presently increasing to a score, and Neil among them. I was quickly bound hand and foot, and while most of them soon departed three, including Neil, remained as guard. At dark a Lowlander, whom I afterward knew for Black Andie, appeared, and by his orders I was placed on a horse and so conveyed to the ruined castle of Tantallon, where I slept for a few hours. I was then

wakened and carried down to a fishing-boat on the shore, whence we soon put off in the starlight. At dawn I saw that our destination was the Bass Rock. The great crag, inhabited by a few sheep and thousands of solan geese, was to be my prison for a time, and Andie was my jailer.

My stay on the Bass was not wholly unpleasant, and for a time it seemed as if I had escaped from my perplexities. No harm was offered me, and rock and deep sea precluded the thoughts of escape, but I feared my detention might be misconceived by the Writer and I be esteemed a coward. I learned from Andie that he had orders to let me go on September 23d, and thus my reappearance, precisely in time to be too late, would cast the more discredit on my tale, if I were minded to tell one. On the 17th I was trysted with the Writer, and I pondered much on what he would think of my failure to keep my word. On the morning of Friday, the 22d, a boat with provisions came to the Bass and also a packet for me under government seal, enclosing two notes. "Mr. Balfour can now see for himself it is too late to meddle. His conduct will be observed and his discretion rewarded." This was the first, the other in a lady's hand, said: "Maister Dauvit Balfour is informed a friend was speiring for him, and her eyes were of the grey," by which I knew the writer must be Miss Grant and the friend Catriona.

Questioning Andie, I discovered that although he had orders to land me at two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday the 23d, the place was not named, and I proposed that we work up the Forth all day in his boat and land at the prescribed hour as far west as possible, for I meant to try to reach Inverary after all. Remembering that I had saved his life in a dispute with the three Highlanders not long before, he consented, and at two o'clock I was landed at Clackmanan Pool, and in a few moments more was in the saddle. By eleven that night I had reached the house of Duncan Dhu in the Highlands, where I learned that the trial of James Stewart was not over at a late hour that day, and it was supposed it would extend over to Monday. Guided by Duncan, I pushed on, and just before the sermon's end on the morrow I entered the kirk at Inverary. My entrance was unnoticed, but soon I was spied by the Advocate, Fraser, and the Writer, and hastily penciled notes began

to pass about in the crowded assembly regarding me. The last words of the assize sermon were hardly over when the Writer had me by the arm and we were safe within house-walls before the congregation had fairly reached the street. He informed me that the case was now in the hands of the jury, whose view of it would be given on Monday morning, and he had me to dine with James Stewart's four counsel, to whom I told all I knew of the circumstances of the murder. Hot discussion ensued as to what were best to be done; but as condemnation seemed sure, it was decided to memorialize the King's mercy, and I was to lay the memorial before the Advocate. He assured me that Stewart's doom was fixed, no memorial could help him, no action of mine harm him. On the morrow I heard the verdict given, the Duke of Argyll being on the bench as Justice-General. It was a clan battle between savage clans, and the Campbells had won against the Stewarts. One witness, James More, Catriona's father, never was called. His remembered or invented testimony was brought surreptitiously to the notice of the jury without submitting him to the dangers of cross-examination, and the paper containing it never reached the prisoner's counsel.

The Advocate showed me much favor, and I could by no means fathom all his policy, but his kindness to me brought me flattery and attention from many.

Early in October I heard from the Advocate that Catriona had managed by stratagem to liberate her father. By the aid of his men I had been kept a prisoner on the Bass, he had volunteered his evidence in the Appin case, and now his freedom was his reward. It might please the authorities to consider it an escape, but it was only the fulfilment of a bargain. Catriona might have believed herself the instrument, yet I felt sure that the chief hand was that of the Advocate, and though she was now in prison in her father's stead, I was assured that she would be secretly sent away. At another time I inquired of the Advocate's eldest daughter concerning Catriona, and though she was pleased to rally me overmuch as to my concern for Miss Drummond, she promised that Catriona should know of my anxiety and my wish to serve her. Also she told how she had brought Catriona into the Advocate's presence, and how the lass had pleaded my cause with him.

For two months I remained a guest in the Advocate's family, where I bettered my acquaintance with the bench, the bar, and the flower of Edinburgh society. His daughters, especially Barbara, the eldest, were very gracious to me, as was the Advocate likewise. On the 8th of November poor James Stewart was hanged at Lettermore. He had been hanged by fraud and violence and the world wagged along; and the villains of that horrid plot were respectable fathers of families, who went to kirk and took the sacrament.

A ship was advertised to sail from Leith on the 25th of November, and I was recommended to take passage in her for Leyden, Barbara promising that I should have a farewell sight of Catriona before the hour for sailing. The vessel lay so far out at anchor that it must be reached by skiffs. As I stepped aboard the small boat I found Catriona there, and in a letter she handed me from Barbara Grant I read these words: "Dear Davie: What do you think of my farewell? And what do you say to your fellow-passenger?" Then Catriona told me that all Barbara had said to her was that I should be on the same ship. Next she said she was to meet her father at Helvoetsluys, and they were to go thence as exiles into France. Among the passengers in the ship was Mrs. Gebbie, a merchant's wife, in whose charge Catriona had been placed; but as the worthy lady was kept in her berth by illness Catriona and I were left much to ourselves.

After several days we came to anchor outside the harbor of Helvoetsluys in the midst of an unquiet sea. The *Rose* was bound for Rotterdam, where the passengers were impatient to arrive in order to meet a conveyance into Germany due to leave that evening. This could be done with the present wind if no time were lost, but the Captain had engaged to place Catriona in a shore boat for Helvoetsluys. Boat and Catriona were ready, but there was serious risk in landing and she was urged to go to Rotterdam, and thence by land to her father. This she refused, having not enough money for the extra journey, though this she did not then confess; and as Mr. Gebbie would not see her safe ashore I volunteered to do so after settling with the Captain to have my chests sent to Leyden. After some hard rowing we reached port and inquired for her father at the house of a Scottish merchant named Sprott, as she had been directed.

This we soon found, but Sprott could tell us nothing of him except that James More might come on the morrow or not for a year, and all I could do was to leave there my Leyden address for More when he should arrive. He could then inquire from me where to seek his daughter. This being over, we took conveyance to Rotterdam, where I intended to put Catriona in the care of Mrs. Gebbie. There we encountered the Captain of the *Rose*, only to learn that the Gebbies had gone straight to Germany. Catriona was now in a most perplexing plight, and after parting with the Captain, who was far gone in drink, I discovered that my purse was somehow gone.

I still had a letter on the Leyden merchant, but Leyden was thirty miles distant and we must walk to reach it. This we did, subsisting the while on such food as Catriona's single remaining shilling would buy us.

Arrived at Leyden at last, I there drew on my credit and at my request was directed to a retired lodging, explaining that as my sister had come to keep house for me a while, I should want two rooms. These we found with little difficulty, and our meals were to be sent in from a neighboring tavern. As it was probable that some days would elapse ere her chests would arrive, I purchased some clothing for her, and indeed laid out so much in that direction that I had little left for the furnishing of the rooms. She at first objected, but I reminded her that she was now a rich man's sister and must dress the part. But I thought much of our situation. She was for the time dependent upon me for food and shelter, and as I had no right yet to figure as her suitor I must appear as host. There was no way out of my present position save by behaving right while I was in it. So I set myself to study instructive books, which course naturally left her much in solitude, so that she greeted my every return with fervor, while I attempted a stiff reserve. Our time, therefore, passed in ups and downs, tiffs and disappointments. We, however, had our daily walk, which gave her great pleasure, but except for this I bade her remain always in the lodgings lest some acquaintance should be met, which would have made our position still more difficult. At last each became aware of the other's love, and what was then to become of us? We could not dwell in the same house, but where could each go? I must

not only keep her clear of reproach, but free as she had come to me.

Early the next day James More appeared, and when he learned that his daughter was lodging in the same house he asked for an explanation. I then told him how the charge of Catriona was thrust upon me through the accident of circumstance, and pointed out his own neglect in the matter. The upshot of the affair was that I found new lodgings for myself, while he occupied mine, and not only did I become responsible for his meals, but he even begged a small loan from me. There were times when I was tempted to lend him a good round sum, and see the last of him, but this would have been to see the last of Catriona as well, for which I was hardly so prepared.

On the fifth day I received a letter from Alan offering to visit me in Leyden, and one from Miss Grant telling me of my uncle's death. I was now the Laird of Shaws, and when More ascertained some details concerning my estate he set himself at once to make a match between his daughter and me. This caused some plain talk between us, and it was agreed that if she were entirely willing to marry me so it should be, otherwise not. He consented with an ill grace, and as Catriona and I took our walk I laid the matter before her, whereupon she asked whether this were her father's doing. I replied that he had spoken of it first, if she meant that, and she cried out that my offer was refused. At all events, she then drew from me much that had passed between her father and myself, and presently went back to him. After a while I followed her, and it was clear to me that father and daughter had seriously disagreed, and that he had had the worst of it. He began to speak, but she interrupted, saying:

"I will tell you what James More is meaning. He means we have come to you, beggar-folk, and have not behaved to you well, and we are ashamed. Now we are wanting to go away and be forgotten, but cannot even do that unless you give us more alms," and then she went to her own room.

I then accused More of duplicity in borrowing from me when he had money of his own, and after arranging that he was to communicate with me as to Catriona's welfare, for which I was to pay him a small amount, I insisted that he quit the house in a half hour. When I returned they were gone, Catriona tak-

ing with her only the clothes she had brought, and leaving all my gifts behind. I soon received a letter from More saying he needed more money, with a postscript in Catriona's hand: "Do not be believing him, it is all lies together."

Alan now arrived, and I told him all that happened. Meantime another letter came from More, urging us to visit them at Dunkirk. Thither we went, and at Bazin's Inn outside the town saw More and Catriona. It was a solitary spot, and presently we suspected that More had some knavery on foot, in which he wished Alan to join. Alan, however, was not to be drawn into it, and after he had proclaimed More's contemplated villainy the two men fell to fighting. They were like two furies, and I could not stop them. Suddenly Catriona sprang before her father and bade him begone with his shame. After a little hesitation he did so, his speed being hastened by Alan, and we three, leaving the inn, not without further evidence of More's treachery—for several seamen pursued us—got safe within Dunkirk walls. Our next business was to place Catriona under the protection of her Chieftain Macgregor of Bohaldie at Paris. There Catriona and I were married, Bohaldie himself giving away the bride.

I now gave up all thoughts of further study at Leyden, and ere long we sailed for Scotland, and here is my story brought fairly to an end, for there was one thing I determined to do when I began this long story, and that was to tell out everything as it befell.

## WEIR OF HERMISTON (1894)

Stevenson was engaged upon this novel at the time of his death. It was conceived some time in 1892. The motive is ancient—a father condemning his son to death. The character of the Brutus was suggested by that of a famous "hanging judge," Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield. Stevenson at first intended to call the novel *The Justice-Clerk*. In a letter of December, 1892, he writes: "I expect *The Justice-Clerk* to be my masterpiece. My Braxfield is already a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and, so far as he has gone, far my best character."

HERE is a cairn in a desolate hollow of the moor, which marks the grave of a Cameronian weaver shot down by the hand of Claverhouse. Here Mrs. Weir, wife of the Lord Justice-Clerk, was wont to bring their only child, Archie, and tell him the story of the brave weaver who died for his faith. It was not in pride of her ancestors that she did this, but rather in penance for their misdeeds. *Persecutor* was a word that knocked upon the woman's heart; it was her highest thought of wickedness, and the mark of it was on her house. The "riding Rutherfords of Hermiston" had trampled down God's elect. Nor could she blind herself to this, that, had he lived in those old days, her husband, Adam Weir, would have been numbered alongside of Bloody MacKenzie, the wicked judge, in the band of God's enemies. And the boy had heard the dread term applied to his father. One day a mob had gathered about their traveling carriage and hooted them all, crying: "Down with the persecutor! down with Hanging Hermiston!" As soon as he was alone with his mother, Archie, amazed, demanded an explanation.

"Keep me, my precious!" she exclaimed. "This is poleetical. Ye must never ask me anything poleetical, Erchie. Your faither is a great man, and it's no for me or you to be judging him."

But the boy could not help judging his father by the standards set him by his mother, and the difficulty of refraining from doing so grew more instant with every year. The man was of few words, yet these were worldly and coarse, and even sinful. His mother had taught him that tenderness was the first duty; my lord was invariably harsh. Archie tallied every mark of identification of reprobates, God's enemies, goats, etc., and privately drew the inevitable inference that the Lord Justice-Clerk was the chief of sinners.

Fortunate it was that the poor woman died long before Archie made this inference in public.

My Lord Justice-Clerk was known to many; the man Adam Weir perhaps to none. He had no personal ambition. The thought of gaining admiration, except as a lawyer, was a stranger to his mind, and he reckoned unpopularity as a judge to be a tribute to his professional ability. He went on through life with a serene indifference to the hatred he evoked that was almost august.

There was no "fuller man" on the Bench; his memory was marvelous, his industry tireless. He had little to say to Archie. Perhaps at table he would put a poser to the boy in law Latin, and, upon his failure to solve it, would make the discouraging remark, "Well, ye have a long jaunt before ye yet," and then retire to his study to work upon cases till the hours were small, thus giving impressive effect to his observation.

Yet the boy preferred the dinner-table under such dispiriting conditions to the festive board into which the Justice-Clerk occasionally converted it. For Lord Hermiston was a mighty toper. He could sit at wine till the day dawned, and pass directly to the bench with a clear head. After the third bottle his language became coarse and foul.

Now the boy had inherited from Jean Rutherford a shivering delicacy, unequally yoked with potential violence. Among his playmates he repaid a coarse expression with a blow; at his father's table (when the time came for him to join these revels) he turned pale and sickened in silence.

Of all his father's guests, Archie tolerated but one, Lord Glenalmond, whose delicacy of person, thoughts, and language spoke to the boy's heart in its own tongue. Glenalmond saw

the antipathy of the son for the father, and tried to remove it by praising the Justice-Clerk.

"There is no man I more respect. He is two things of price—a great lawyer and an upright man. He has all the Roman virtues. Cato and Brutus were such. A son might well be proud of such an ancestry."

"And I would sooner he were a plaided herd," cried Archie with sudden bitterness. Unwisely, because it choked off further confidences, Glenalmond tartly rebuked the lad for his smart remark, saying that it was not wise, and in time he would discover that it was not true, and then regret it with unavailing remorse.

Among his fellows Archie had no confidant nor friend. He grew up handsome, with speaking countenance and graceful ways, but with a shyness that held others aloof. In college he took prizes and shone in the debating society. Strangely enough, he was thought to resemble his father in disposition—to be a "chip off the old block." "You know Archie Weir?" said one to Frank Innes; and Innes replied, with his usual flippancy and more than his usual insight: "I know Weir, but I never met Archie."

No one had met Archie.

It was therefore an astounding revelation of his character when, at the close of a public execution of a wretch to whom his father had not extended his prerogative of mercy, but whom he had berated instead with gloating insults, Archie stood up and shouted:

"I denounce this God-defying murder."

Frank Innes dragged him from the spot. The two handsome lads were friends only in the sense of being drawn together by a certain mutual attraction of good looks, and a desire on Frank's part to pose before his fellows as a self-sacrificing patron. When Archie made some resistance to being hustled away, Frank said:

"This has been the most insane affair; you know it has. You know very well I'm playing the good Samaritan. All I wish is to keep you quiet."

"If it's quietness you wish, leave me alone, and I promise you to walk in the country and enjoy the beauties of nature."

"You won't forget the Spec. this evening?" asked Innes anxiously.

"No; I'll be there."

And the one young man carried his tortured spirit by one country road or another all day in an endless pilgrimage of misery, while the other hastened smilingly to spread the news of Weir's access of insanity, and to drum up a full attendance at the Speculative debating society where further eccentric developments might be looked for.

Archie was chairman of the evening, and at the close of the meeting it was his office to propose the subject for the succeeding debate. Resigning the chair to Innes, he offered the question: "Whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy?"

The anticipation of Innes was fulfilled. At these daring words of "Hanging Hermiston's" only son, there was a stir in the audience. Archie's proposal was not seconded, and a movement to adjourn was hurriedly made and unanimously carried. A crowd gathered about Innes, who was the hero of the evening because of the success of his prophecy. But one of all his companions, and he was emboldened by curiosity rather than moved by friendship, approached Archie and took him confidentially by the arm to leave the hall.

"Weir, man," said he, "that was an extraordinary raid of yours!"

"I don't think it a raid," said Archie grimly. "More like a war. I saw that poor brute hanged this morning, and my gorge rises at it yet."

"Hut-tut!" returned his companion, and, dropping his arm as if it were something hot, he sought the less tense society of Innes's friends.

After his bold, and, as it appeared to him at the time, righteous protest against a blasphemous barbarity, came a reaction, and Archie's heart sickened with doubt. Had he done loyally to strike his father?—and not once only, but twice, before a cloud of witnesses. Thereto succeeded a great fear. Between the two antipathetic natures of father and son depended an unpardonable affront. In what manner would Lord Hermiston resent it?

A timid hope sprang up in Archie's heart as he recalled the awful countenance of my lord. Perhaps no one would be bold enough to carry tales.

This hope was removed, and another substituted for it, by the family physician, who, meeting him in the street, said:

"My dear Mr. Archie, you had better come and see me. You are looking exceeding ill. Good folk are scarce, you know."

"No one would miss me," said Archie dejectedly.

"Yes—your father. In fact, he suggested my speaking to you."

His father, the adamantine Adam, knew, and yet felt kindly toward him! With the generosity of youth, Archie instantly created a new image of Lord Hermiston, that of a man all iron without and all sensibility within. He hastened home, impatient to throw himself on the mercy of this imaginary character. But he was to meet a rude awakening. Lord Hermiston stood before the fire as Archie entered. Turning suddenly before the young man could utter a word, he disclosed the terrors of the Hanging Face.

"What's this I hear of you?"

No answer was possible to Archie.

"I'll tell ye, then. Ye've been skirling against the faither that begot ye, and one of his Majesty's judges in this land; and that in public, while an order of the court was being executit. And ye have also aired your opeenions in a Coallege Debatin' Society—ye damned eediot."

"I had meant to tell you," stammered Archie.

"And your gorge rises at the man wha haangit Duncan Jopp, does it?"

"I did not say that, father. Not at you, but at capital punishment."

"But caapital punishment is the law, and ye would be a lawyer. Ye are not fit for it, ye splairger. Son of mine or no, you have flung fylement in public on one of the dignitaries of the bar, and for the sake of decency I would make it my business to see that ye were never admitted there. Then what am I to do with ye? Ye're no fitted for the pulpit. Him that the law of man whammles is no likely to do muckle better by the

law of God. What would ye make of hell? Wouldna your gorge rise at that? Ye hae never learnt a trade. What will ye do?—for I'll not support ye in idleset."

"Let me go to the Peninsula," said Archie humbly. "That's all I'm fit for—to fight."

"No!" thundered Hermiston. "I would send no man to be a servant to the King—God bless him!—that has proved such a shauchling son to his own faither. And what would Lord Well'n'ton say of a sodger whose gorge rises at caapital punishment?"

Archie, realizing the illogicality of his position, stood abashed. "Father, I have affronted you," he said. "I ask your pardon, and place myself in your hands to do with me as you will."

"Weel, there's just one thing it's possible that ye might be with decency, an' that's a laird. Ye'll be out of hairm's way, at the least o't. But ye must work. Every man must work, or be wheeped or—haangit. So off ye go to Hermiston the morrow!"

Hermiston Place is an isolated farmstead in one of the least populous parishes of Scotland. All around is the great field of the hills, where the plover and curlew cry, and the wind blows, as in a ship's rigging, hard and cold and pure. But the house was wind and weather proof, and warm and pleasant within with live fires of peat. Archie, tired with riding the hills to oversee the shepherds, preferred to spend his evenings by his own fireside rather than join the drinking-bouts of the harum-scarum, clodpole young lairds of the parish. He attended a few of these meetings as a duty, did his manfullest with the liquor, and got home again, being able to put up his horse to the admiration of Kirstie, the housekeeper, and the lass that helped her. He also went to the New Year's ball at Huntsfield, where, unsuspected by himself, he excited a romantic interest among the young ladies, all worshipers of Byron, who had heard of him as the Handsome Recluse of Hermiston. But he thought he was under the ban of his kind, and finally withdrew from all social intercourse.

Kirstie, the housekeeper, who had been his mother's faithful follower, supplied all the human association he seemed to re-

quire. She worshiped him as she had worshiped his mother before him. By the lines of a rich and vigorous maternity she was supremely fitted for motherhood; but for some reason she had passed the mating-time of life unchosen. The tender ambitions that were her inheritance being thus thwarted had changed into a barren zeal of industry and unreasoning fury of temper. She was at outs with her few neighbors and her many relatives.

To Kirstie, thus situate, and in the Indian summer of her heart, the gods sent Archie. He was a superior being, with no suggestion of the child she had once cradled and "paiddelt." One cold, straight glance of his black eyes abashed her tantrums in the beginning. Thenceforth she gave him the loyalty of a clanswoman—almost the idolatry due to a god. It was a rich physical pleasure to do him menial service, and was amply repaid by a clap on the shoulder from him once or twice in a fortnight. All day long, when he was absent on the hills, she treasured the petty happenings about the house, and recalled old legends and quaint reminiscences of his childhood days to tell him on his return. Then she held him, an amused and interested auditor, till late at night, miming her stories—her voice sinking to a whisper over the supernatural, and taking on the quality of the various speakers in reported conversations. At last, springing up in affected surprise and pointing to the clock, she would say:

"Whatten a time o' night is this! God forgi'e me for a daft wife!" and retire, happy that she had managed to do so without being dismissed.

The father of Kirstie, Gilbert Elliott of Cauldstaneslap, a farmstead in Hermiston parish, was twice married—once to a dark woman of the old Ellwald stock, by whom he had Gilbert, and, secondly, to the mother of Kirstie, a woman of Norse blood, from whom the daughter inherited a fair complexion and rich, golden hair.

Black-avised Gilbert, twenty years older than his sister, succeeded, on their father's death, to the homestead. He married a woman of his mother's stock, the Ellwalds, and begot four sons between 1773 and 1784, and a daughter, like a postscript, in 1797. All had raven hair and dark skin, and the boys were

known as the Four Black Elliotts. Their names were Robert, Gilbert, Clement, and Andrew—in Border diminutive, Hob, Gib, Clem, and Dand.

In 1804, at the age of sixty, the father met with a heroic end. Returning late from the market with a good bit of money, he was set upon at the ford of Broken Dykes in Hermiston Water by armed ruffians. Although three parts drunk, as was his wonted condition coming from market, and caught at night and in rushing water up to the saddle-girth, he wrought with his staff like a smith at his stithy, and tore his way homeward through the midst of his foes, wounded to death, but holding fast to his golden guineas. The horse fell dead at the gate of Cauldstaneslap; the laird won to the house and fell on the threshold. His eldest son, Hob, opened the door. Into his hand the old man thrust his purse, and then, gasping through his bleeding lips, "Brocken Dykes," he gave up his valorous ghost.

The four sons at once took horse for the ford, and took dire vengeance on a wounded man they found there, riding over him till he was a shapeless human remnant. Dandie dismounted, and, with the lantern, followed like a sleuth-hound the trail of blood left by the fleeing ruffians. Before the brothers could capture these, however, a posse of neighbors joined in the pursuit and so the murderers when taken escaped the immediate tribal vengeance, to perish later at the hands of the law. They were four in number. Later the body of a sixth assailant of old Elliott was found in the river below the ford.

"Sax o' them!" exclaimed Hob, when this discovery was told him. "God's death, but the faither was a man! And him drunk!"

Three of the brothers lived at Cauldstaneslap—Hob a farmer, Gib a weaver, and Dand a shepherd. Clem was a wealthy merchant in Glasgow. Hob and Clem were married, and Kirstie, the sister, divided her time between the two families.

It was at church that Archie first saw Kirstie of Cauldstaneslap. She had just returned from Glasgow, and was arrayed in new city finery. According to the fashion in which our grandmothers armed themselves for the capture of our grandfathers, the gown was drawn up so as to mold the contour of the breasts, and in the nook between a cairngorm brooch maintained it.

Here, too, surely in an enviable position, trembled a nosegay of primroses. Her childish face was animated by the red blood working vividly under her tawny skin, and its dark, wild beauty was enhanced by a disorder of black ringlets with glinting threads of bronze. Among the weathered and blowsy faces of her kin, she glowed like an open flower.

Archie gazed at her with the open admiration one gives to a beautiful child, and his look encountered one of equal admiration from her. She blushed and, dropping her eyes, busied herself with the psalm-book. Thereupon Archie awoke to a sense of his ill behavior and thereafter devoted his attention to the sermon. At its close Archie and Kirstie each stole a look at the other. The glances met; a charge as of electricity passed through Kirstie, and behold! the leaf of her psalm-book was torn across.

After church she was presented to the young laird. She made her Glasgow curtsey to him, and then set off before the rest, that she might be alone with her new and cherished sensations, walking by a bypath to Cauldstaneslap. She had not gone far when Archie overtook her. He asked her to call at Hermiston upon her aunt, not concealing that it was admiration of her beauty and not formal courtesy that prompted the invitation. After he parted from her, she hurried homeward in an intoxication of bliss, and, still carrying her psalm-book, ran to her chamber. There, fixing her eyes upon the torn page of the book, as a crystal-gazer peers into his globe, she gave herself up to a dream of herself as the wife of the handsome young laird of Hermiston. Arising at length from her reverie, she changed her fine frock for a common gown, though wearing still her silk stockings and silk kerchief, and set off for the Weaver's Stone, whence she could have a distant view of the place of which she might shortly be the mistress.

On Sabbath evenings Archie was wont to visit the memorial of the Cameronian martyr, made sacred to him by its associations with his mother. This day, however, his thoughts were occupied with Kirstie of Cauldstaneslap. Having her bright image in his mind, it was with something of a shock that he saw its embodiment before him. As yet unobserved by her, he beheld the little womanly figure in gray dress and pink kerchief

sitting pensive amid desolate and mournful surroundings, and a great warm wave of tenderness gushed through him. This was followed by a certain chill. It came upon him that he now dealt in serious matters of life and death. This was a grown woman he was approaching, endowed with her mysterious potencies, the treasury of the continued race, and he was neither better nor worse than the average of his sex and age.

Hearing his footstep, she turned, and, seeing who it was that had invaded her solitude, smiled with a confiding appeal that stood between them like a guardian sword.

Two days after this meeting of our Faust and Margaret, Mephistopheles entered upon the scene in the person of Frank Innes.

Desirous of finding a secure retreat from pressing creditors, Frank had bethought himself of Hermiston, to visit which Archie had given him an invitation that, while not pressing, was sufficient for his purpose. So he descended unannounced upon Hermiston with rod and line, as if on a short fishing excursion.

Archie, pleading his farm duties, left his visitor to his own devices, and spent his days among the hills. For a time Innes stayed about the house endeavoring to secure Kirstie's favor, impress upon her his self-sacrificing devotion to a friend in disgrace, and discover how Archie took his punishment.

But the loyal housekeeper was only angered by his ingratiating advances. She escaped his inquisition by fleeing to the kitchen and giving vent to her feelings before the little maid servant.

"Here, ettercap! Ye'll have to wait on yon Innes! I canna haud mysel' in. 'Puir Erchie!' I'd 'puir Erchie' him, if I had my way! And 'Hermiston with the de'il's ain temper!' God! let him take Hermiston's scones out of his mouth first."

So Innes was driven to seek company among the roistering young lairds of the parish. By them his theory of his disinterested devotion to an unappreciative friend was readily received, and the name of The Recluse became general for Archie. Some say that Innes invented it; Innes, at least, spread it abroad, also the details of Archie's disgrace. And by thus milling air out of his mouth, he had presently built up a presentation of

young Hermiston that was known and talked of in all corners of the county.

There was a spice of genuine malice in this tale-bearing, for Innes was piqued at Archie's avoidance of his company. And this malice bred also suspicion. Was Archie keeping tryst in the hills with some woman? It would be a good joke and a fair revenge to discover. And by setting his energies to the task he did find out the secret. He had Archie in his power! Poor cork upon a torrent, he tasted that night the sweets of omnipotence, and brooded like a deity over that intrigue which was to shatter him ere the summer waned.

Kirstie of Hermiston, too, discovered Archie's love-affair—not by spying and eavesdropping, but by sympathetic divination of what was passing in her darling's mind. Now that Innes's presence had made confidences at supper impossible, she came to Archie's bedroom. Her emotion had touched her with a wand of transformation, and she seemed young with the youth of goddesses.

"Mr. Erchie, what's this that's come to ye?"

"I am not aware of anything that has come."

"Oh, my dear, that'll no dae! It's ill to blind the eyes of love. Ye mauna think that I havena been young mysel', wi' a braw lover. Puir Tam, he deed, and I wasna at the buryin'. And we, too, trysted at the Weaver's Stone; my lad had a tongue to wile the birds frae the lift and the bees frae the foxglove bells. I could scarce take care o' mysel'. And can yon puir lassie?"

The pure color had risen in Kirstie's face, and she stretched out her hand appealingly to Archie. Abashed by her beauty and her loyalty, he took her hand and kissed it.

"I swear by my honor I have done her no wrong and that none shall be done her. I have been foolish, Kirstie, but not base."

"There's my bairn," said Kirstie, rising. "I'll can trust ye noo; I'll can gang to my bed wi' an easy hairt. May the blessing of God rest upon ye, dear."

"God bless ye, my old friend."

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when Archie arrived at the tryst by the Weaver's Stone. His sweetheart had been waiting him long. She stood up expectant; she was all

languor; her arms ached for him; her face had become white. But he paused a few steps away, not less white than herself.

"No, Christina, not to-day. I must talk to you seriously. Sit down."

She sat down upon the stone, partly with the instinct of obedience, partly as if she had been thrust there. She was speechless with humiliation and resentment.

"Kirstie, there's been too much of this. No good ever comes of these secret meetings, and I ought to have seen it. People have begun to talk. We must not wreck our lives at the outset. My father must not hear of our meetings. We must wait until I gain his consent. You are worth waiting for, Kirstie—for a whole generation."

"Who was it spoke to you?" asked Christina resentfully.

"Your aunt for one."

"Auntie Kirstie, indeed! A bitter, thrawn auld maid that's aye fomenting trouble! And who else? Was it Mr. Frank?"

"Yes," Archie confessed reluctantly.

"So all Hermiston has been passing their opinions on me. Was this at prayers like? Did you ca' the grieve into the consultation? Little wonder if a'body's talking when ye make a'body yer confidants! I think I'll better be going. I'll be wishing you good evening, Mr. Weir." She made him a stately curtsey and turned toward home.

"Kirstie!" cried Archie. "Oh, Kirstie woman!"

She turned upon him with blazing eyes. "Don't 'Kirstie' me. What have ye to do wi' me? Gang to your ain freends and deave them!"

"Kirstie!"

"'Kirstie,' indeed! My name is Miss Christina Elliott. If I canna get love I'll have respect, Mr. Weir. I'm come of decent people. What have I done that ye should lightly hold me? Oh, what have I done? And I thocht I was sae happy!"

She sank upon the ground sobbing. Archie ran to her and took her in his arms. She nestled to his breast and clasped him in hands strong as vises. He felt her whole body shaken by convulsive throbbings. Then he realized what an explosive engine it was, whose works he did not understand and yet had been tampering with.

This is as far as Stevenson had written when death overtook him. His stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, who was his amanuensis, presents the following as the argument of the rest of the story:

Archie persists in his good resolution of avoiding further conduct compromising to young Kirstie's good name. Taking advantage of the situation thus created, and of the girl's unhappiness and wounded vanity, Frank Innes pursues his purpose of seduction; and Kirstie, though still caring for Archie in her heart, allows herself to become Frank's victim. Old Kirstie is the first to perceive something amiss with her, and, believing Archie to be the culprit, accuses him, thus making him aware for the first time that mischief has happened. He does not at once deny the charge, but seeks out and questions young Kirstie, who confesses the truth to him; and he, still loving her, promises to protect and defend her in her trouble. He then has an interview with Frank Innes on the moor, which ends in a quarrel, and in Archie's killing Frank beside the Weaver's Stone. Meanwhile the Four Black Brothers, having become aware of their sister's betrayal, are bent on vengeance against Archie as her supposed seducer. They are about to close in upon him with this purpose, when he is arrested by the officers of the law for the murder of Frank. He is tried before his own father, the Justice-Clerk, found guilty, and condemned to death. Meanwhile, the elder Kirstie, having discovered from the girl how matters really stand, informs her nephews of the truth; and they, in a great revulsion of feeling in Archie's favor, determine on an action after the ancient manner of their house. They gather a following, and, after a great fight, break the prison where Archie lies confined and rescue him. He and young Kirstie thereafter escape to America. But the ordeal of taking part in the trial of his own son has been too much for the Lord Justice-Clerk, who dies of the shock.

## ST. IVES (1894)

It was Stevenson's practise in composition "to keep several pots on the fire," and to turn from one to the other for that variety which spices life, be it of cook or caterer of literature. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "Unconscious thought, there is the only method: macerate your subject, let it boil slow, then take the lid off and look in—and there your stuff is, good or bad." Even when he lay dying he had two works simmering over the embers of his imagination—*St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston.* These books were taken down from his dictation by his stepdaughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, with whom he discussed the chapters in prospect. Thirty chapters of *St. Ives* and nine of *Weir of Hermiston* were written by the author. From the outline of the rest of the story, which was supplied by Mrs. Strong, Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch completed *St. Ives.* Mr. Quiller-Couch is a practised writer of the fiction of adventure, to which class this novel belongs, and he has written the conclusion in a style quite harmonious with Stevenson's, and thoroughly acceptable to the dead author's most ardent admirers.

MY story begins at the foot of the guillotine. My mother, a lady of the court, followed to death her royal mistress, the unfortunate woman who was jeered at in her last hours as the "Widow Capet." On the night before she mounted the scaffold she consigned me to the care of a friend, Madame de Chasserades, with whom, by the favor of our jailers, I remained in the Abbaye. Soon the Madame's name was read out in the daily list of the condemned, and, commending me to the charge of Madame de Noytot, she passed out of the prison door as my mother had gone, never to be seen by me again. In similar fashion I was passed on to Mademoiselle de Braye; and there were others. I was the one thing permanent; they were all transient as clouds. *Belle maman* was the name I was taught to give to each; and for a day or two the new "pretty mamma" would make much of me, show me off, teach me the minuet, and to say my prayers; and then, with a tender embrace, would go the way of her predecessors, smiling. I have been in pitched battles, and I never knew such courage. I thank the Mother of God that, from the

Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson (p. 90)

Photogravure after a painting by G. F. Watts, in the National Portrait Gallery, London

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Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson (p. 90)

*Photogravure, after a painting by G. F. Watts, in the National Portrait Gallery, London*

I was born at the foot of the guillotine. My mother, a lady of the court, followed to death her royal mistress, the unfortunate woman who was jeered at in her last hours as the "Widow Capet." On the night before she mounted the scaffold she consigned me to the care of a friend, Madame de Chasserades, with whom, by the favor of our jailers, I remained in the Abbaye. Soon the Madame's name was read out in the daily list of the condemned, and, commending me to the charge of Madame de Noytot, she passed out of the prison door as my mother had gone, never to be seen by me again. In similar fashion I was passed on to Mademoiselle de Braye; and there were others. I was the one thing permanent; they were all transient as clouds. *Belle maman* was the name I was taught to give to each; and for a day or two the new "pretty mamma" would make much of me, show me off, teach me the minuet, and to say my prayers; and then, with a tender embrace, would go the way of her predecessors, smiling. I have been in pitched battles, and I never knew such courage. I thank the Mother of God that, from the

days when I was the last comfort of these dying ladies, I have not been wanting, whenever the chance offered, in a gentleman's duty to women of every degree.

At last I was taken from the prison by the Abbé de Culemberg, whose holiness, I verily believe, awed the Republican ruffians, who were unmoved by beauty and courage, and so saved him from their violence. The Abbé gave me an education fitted to my rank, including instruction in English, for he wished to prepare me for the fate of an *émigré*, which, as I grew toward manhood and as France still remained atheist and republican, seemed destined to be my portion.

But Napoleon arose, who snatched political power from the bloody hands of the regicides, and, so far as it was possible, reconciled the country with the Church; and the Abbé, believing the monarchy could never be restored, and seeing my desire for a military career, gave his blessing to my becoming a soldier of the Empire. Only he forbade me to enlist under my paternal name of St. Ives, for my father's eldest brother, an *émigré* in London, who still had faith in the return of the Bourbons, had become very wealthy in secret financial transactions connected with the opposition of the British Government to Bonaparte's *régime*, and, as he was a bachelor, another nephew and I were his nearest heirs; so it did not appear wise to the Abbé unnecessarily to endanger my expectations, and he recommended me to assume my mother's name of Champdivers, no rightful possessor of which was living.

As my desire was to fight rather than to win renown, one name seemed as good as another to me, and I followed the wise old man's advice. Indeed, rendered world-weary by my sad boyhood, I preferred to be as inconspicuous as possible, and so remained a private, taking upon myself the hazardous duties of a spy.

My service was chiefly in Spain against the English, by whom I was captured in May, 1813, and the fact of my being a spy not transpiring I was sent as a prisoner of war to Scotland. Into the Castle of Edinburgh, perched on a great rock in the midst of that city, I was cast with several hundred of my fellow-privates, the greater part of them very ignorant, plain fellows. Because of my knowledge of English I was made interpreter, and

this brought me into friendly relations with the British officers in charge. With one, Major Chevenix, who spoke excellent French, I was wont to play chess. I found that while weak in the general strategy of the game, he was from the beginning very clever in divining and blocking my purpose in special combinations, and in time he became positively brilliant in devising traps of his own.

In common with my fellow-prisoners, I earned a little money wherewith to supplement our scanty rations by whittling little toys from wood and selling them to townspeople who came to gape at us as if we were baboons. Some of these visitors sought to evangelize us with their rustic Northern religion as if we had been heathen at home; others tortured us with intelligence of disasters to the arms of France. After a while, however, we became hardened to their heartlessness, and were concerned only that they should buy our wares.

For my part, I quickly learned to dissemble. I flattered the person of each lady, and to each man I praised the valor of his countrymen. I tried with the gallantries of speech to compensate for shortcomings in my habit and looks, for we were all dressed in a coarse uniform of a mustard yellow, so that, with our red-coated guards, we made a lively picture of hell; and we were shaved only twice in the week, an indignity which I, who had been accustomed to the luxury of a razoring every day, took specially to heart.

One woman was a very regular visitant; indeed, she had taken what she called an interest in the French prisoners. She was a big, bustling, bold old lady, and flounced about our market-place with insufferable airs of condescension, which I could not refrain from resenting. She chose to consider my rebuffs as affected, and, dubbing me "The Oddity," would scrutinize me through her gold eyeglass with great amusement. Indeed, I am confident that she brought others with her for the express purpose of exhibiting me to them. Her usual companion was a young lady who I quickly inferred was her niece. With a delicacy that won my heart, Flora, as the old woman called her, restrained her aunt so far as possible from acting as showman, and occupied herself with the pitiful toys of the prisoners rather than with our pitiable persons. Because my handiwork was

the worst of all, the compassionate girl took a special interest in it.

One day she visited the prison alone, and as soon as she came into the courtyard I was aware of her presence. It was a raw and gusty day in October, yet I looked up as one who scents the coming spring. Her hair blew in the wind with changing colors —of bright, sunlit gold and the rich red-brown of autumn foliage; her garments molded her tall and slender figure with the accuracy of sculpture. I could have clapped my hands in applause, acclaiming her a genuine daughter of the winds. Indeed, I did raise my hands as if to do so, but it was to capture her handkerchief, which the wind had snatched from her. Forgetting the soldier's salute, I bowed as a gentleman and offered her the slip of cambric.

"May I not take it for an omen?" I said; "you have an English proverb: 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

"Well," she said, with a smile, "'one good turn deserves another.' I will see what you have."

She followed me to the place where my wares were spread out under the lee of a cannon.

"Here is my Oddity Shop," I said. "I trust that you will find my ill-shapen toys as grotesque as your aunt finds their maker. Strange that a grown man and a soldier should be engaged upon such trash, and a sad heart produce anything so funny to look at."

She extended her hand impulsively and touched my yellow coat-sleeve. It was a gesture of mingled pity and protest. Without uttering a word, she made a purchase and departed.

Thereafter the old lady came no more; yet the prisoners did not lose in pocket by this sparing of our sensibilities, for the young girl became a regular visitor and bought our wares even more liberally than her aunt had done.

On the day following my outburst of feeling, as I sat in my place I became conscious that someone was standing near; and behold, it was herself! She was very still and timid. In a low voice she asked me whether I suffered in my captivity—had I to complain of any hardship?

"Mademoiselle, I have not learned to complain," I said.

"I am a soldier of Napoleon. Besides, I was reared in a prison."

Little by little she drew from me the story of my life. At its close she lifted her eyes, dewy with tears, and, selecting a toy, pressed some coins into my hand, seizing the occasion to clasp it in both of hers as a token of sympathy.

Call it vanity if you please, but from that moment I knew that my love was returned as certainly as that it was bestowed. What mattered if I were half-shaved and my clothes a caricature? I was still a man, and I had drawn my image on her memory. And she was a woman, to whom love is the law of life. And love was on my side. "Ah!" thought I, "in the darkness of night, in the streets by day, my image will be present, whispering, making love for me." I blessed my captive estate which had won me her compassion, and which gave me leisure to devote my whole heart to securing my conquest. I set to work carving a gift for her—a shield with the emblem of Scotland, the Lion Rampant. Upon the back I cut the inscription: *À La Belle Flora. Le Prisonnier Reconnaisant. A d. St. Y. d. K.*

The next day my heart leaped in triumph when she came accompanied by a young man whose looks proclaimed him her brother. This action said, plainly as words: "I do not and I cannot know you. Here is my brother, who can; this is the way to me—follow it."

"This is my brother, Mr. Ronald Gilchrist," said she. "I have told him of your sufferings. He is so sorry for you!"

"Ah! it is like a true British gentleman," I exclaimed. "If Mr. Ronald and I were to meet in the field, we should meet like tigers; but when he sees me here disarmed and helpless, he forgets his animosity." (At which, as I had intended, this beardless champion colored to the ears for pleasure.) "And, my dear young lady," I continued, "I have not been unmindful of your equal generosity. For the sake of some sweet countrywoman of mine who is perchance even now bestowing her compassion on a British prisoner, deign to accept this trifle." And I gave her the shield.

She took it graciously, and then, observing the inscription, cried with delight:

"Why, my name! How did you know it?"

"Your aunt spoke it one day, and I was quick to remark so appropriate a name. Your kindness has made me cherish it."

"It is very, very beautiful," said she, "and I shall always be proud of the inscription. Come, Ronald, we must be going." She bowed as to an equal, and passed on with heightened color.

A fellow-prisoner, Goguelat by name, had observed our colloquy. He was a brute of the vilest sort, yet a brave one, and had risen by his courage to a petty rank equal to my own. He was peasant-born, and therefore detested me, a gentleman and scholar, with jealous rancor.

When my visitors were gone, he burst out in a torrent of obscenity, in which he called Miss Flora by a foul name. Other prisoners were gathering around us, attracted by the prospect of an altercation. In their presence I said to Goguelat:

"You have spewed the filth of your own nature against a young child who might be your daughter, and who was giving alms to me and some others of us mendicants. If the Emperor"—and I saluted—"could hear you, he would pluck off the cross from your gross body. I cannot do that, but I do promise you one thing, Goguelat, you shall be dead to-night."

The guards approaching, we subsided. Nothing remained but to arrange the details of the duel. Goguelat and I slept in the same squad, and so a committee of honor was formed of our shed-mates. The meeting was arranged to take place at night between rounds of the guard. Our weapons were made of the blades of a pair of scissors, lashed to two wands which had been found in a corner of the courtyard. Everyone in the shed took an oath of secrecy.

I played my life on one card, and won. At the signal for attack I threw myself down and lunged at the same moment. My opponent lunged standing. I fell against his blade, which pierced my right shoulder; mine plunged through his abdomen.

When I came to my senses I was lying in my bunk with my wound dressed.

"A mere scratch," said a comrade.

"And Goguelat?" I inquired.

"He has his bellyful. You have given him his discharge."

I heard my opponent groaning in the corner. "Bring the surgeon!" I cried.

"No," said Goguelat. "I'm done for. No blabbing."

The guard, on the next round, discovered the wounded man. "This is murder!" he cried. "You wild beasts, you will hear of this to-morrow."

As Goguelat was carried away on a stretcher he cried to us all and to me in particular a cheerful and blasphemous farewell. He died before morning. At the examination, all the inmates of the shed swore to a profound ignorance of the circumstances of his wounding. Major Chevenix listened intently when I was on the stand. He invited me to a game of chess afterward, and I made my moves with my left hand, because of my wound in the right shoulder. At the close of the game he began talking about the death of Goguelat.

"You can't make me believe it was suicide," he said; "no, it was a duel, and you, Monsieur Champdivers," he exclaimed, bringing his hand suddenly and heavily down on my injured shoulder, "were the other principal."

I winced with pain, even as I denied the accusation.

"Unless you confess you are wounded," he continued, "I shall have you examined by a physician."

I remained silent.

"I'm a soldier myself," he resumed, "and have been out and hit my man. I don't wish to drive you into a corner for an affair that was necessary or correct, and I'll take your word of honor for it. But I must be satisfied of that."

"I give you my parole," I said, "as a gentleman and a soldier, that nothing has taken place amongst us prisoners that was not honorable as the day."

"All right," said he. "You can go now, Champdivers. And, say, forgive me for putting you to the torture." Then he added musingly: "But I wonder what the devil you two were fighting about?"

"Oh, what do men ever fight about?" I cried.

"A lady!" he exclaimed. "I should hardly have thought it of him."

"He!" I cried. "He never dared address her, the foul-mouthed beast!"

Major Chevenix looked narrowly at me. "Good night!" he said.

Some time after this, a man of middle age, plainly dressed but with the inscrutable air of a well-to-do man of business, visited me in the prison.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Monsieur le Vicomte Anne de Kéroual de Saint-Yves?" he asked.

"There are those who might object to my bearing that name in my present condition," I replied.

"If you refer to your uncle, I am deputized to say that he does not object, and is able and willing to free you from your present condition. He wishes to see you at his estate, Amersham Place, near Dunstable. Will you effect your liberty by buying parole, and then comply with your uncle's desires? I will frankly tell you that he means to make you his heir in place of your cousin Alain, whom he has discovered to be a Bonapartist spy. Here is money for your parole and traveling expenses." And he gave me a package of bank-notes.

We prisoners had formed a conspiracy to tunnel our way to freedom, and the work was nearing completion under my direction. Accordingly I vaguely promised my visitor to be on my way to my uncle's within a few days, intending that it should be as an unpledged man, free to fight for the Emperor if I escaped to France.

I was curious to know how I had been discovered, and Mr. Daniel Romaine, lawyer (for such was the name and profession of my visitor), informed me that inquiry had been made for me in France, where it was learned that I had been taken prisoner. Accordingly, a description of me under the name of St. Ives had been sent to every British prison to learn whether I were among its inmates. A reply had come from one of the officers of Edinburgh Castle (whom I easily guessed) that a prisoner known by the name of Champdivers answered to such a description, and that he had already revealed his identity by signing the initials of his real name upon a carving sold to a visitor.

With a parting injunction to "Beware of Alain," Mr. Romaine left the prison. Hardly had he gone when Flora and her brother appeared upon the scene. I could with difficult re-

frain from telling the beaming girl of the turn in my fortunes. As it was, I assumed my proper name with a dignity of manner that did not displease Flora and greatly impressed Ronald.

"Major Chevenix, to whom I showed the shield, told me you were of noble birth," said the dear girl, blushing, "and he added that you were worthy of it."

Something in her manner informed me that the Major was a suitor for her hand, and that she was proud of his attentions—but that I had her heart. This generous loyalty in love moved me deeply. Stretching my hands toward the city beneath us, I cried:

"Oh, you wonderful people, once I thought you were all my enemies!"

Then I turned to the Gilchrists:

"Show me the house where you live, that I may say in my vigils: Beneath that roof are those who are thinking, and thinking kindly, of me."

"It is a pretty thought," said Flora, "and a true one. Yonder is our cottage, the farthest you can see against the Pentland Hills." And she pointed to a white dot in the suburbs, fully two leagues away.

In a few days we prisoners completed our tunnel. Its exit opened upon a sheer precipice whose height we could only guess at, and down the face of which we had to go by means of a loose, knotted rope. I was the first to attempt the descent. What with whirling in mid air, and hanging from my wounded shoulder, I was liable to faint before I reached the ground. There I made the rope taut for the other prisoners by fastening its end beneath a great stone, and then I set off on my journey.

I had not gone far when a shot in the Castle, followed shortly by an alarm, informed me that the escape had been discovered. On the morrow every citizen of Edinburgh and every countryman for miles around would be ready to apprehend me in my yellow prison garb. I must lie concealed until I could procure other clothes. At the Gilchrists' cottage alone could I hope to do so. I hurried thither, and, climbing the wall and lying upon its top beneath the half-denuded branches of a beech-tree, waited for Ronald or Flora to appear, for I feared to appeal to their

aunt. Worn out by my exertions, I fell asleep, and was wakened next morning by a bent old gardener raking leaves beneath me. As I deliberated upon my course of action, Flora came out of the house. I tossed a bit of mortar at her to attract her attention. It hit her upon the nape of the neck, and with a cry she looked up and saw me peering out between the branches.

The gardener straightened up. "What's yer wull, miss?" said he.

"There's a child in the artichokes," said she with ready prevarication; and before he returned I was safely bestowed in the hen-house. Here I was smuggled under shawls and fed upon beaten eggs until Flora should commit her aunt, by presenting my case as a hypothetical one, to receiving me into the house. This was soon accomplished, for the aunt had an imaginative vein in her nature, which made my romantic rôle of escaped prisoner even more interesting than my comic one of "the oddity." She it was who changed some of my English notes into Scots currency at a trifle less than brokers' charges. Ronald procured for me the clothes of a drover as the best disguise for traveling south, and gave me, as a parting remembrance, a stout holly cudgel. Flora presented me her plaid, already endeared to me as the covering she had tucked about me that first day I spent in the hen-house.

In the primitive fashion in which I crossed the border, plaid and cudgel proved of even greater service than the silver and the pound notes. Flora's gift softened the hard ale-house benches, and even the bare earth on which at times I slept, and with the stout holly stick I played my part so well in a night attack upon myself and two drovers with whom I was traveling that my companions, on their return from England, were apprehended for mortally cracking the skull of a man who had borne the reputation of possessing the hardest head in Scotland. Hearing of their arrest made it a matter of duty, as it was already of inclination, for me to return to Scotland rather than escape to France. I had circumvented the machinations of my cousin Alain, and reached my uncle in time to receive his blessing before he died. Then, by a bold stratagem, in which I was aided by my similarity in appearance to Alain and by knowledge of his double dealing with the English and French governments, I

fastened upon him alone the suspicions that had been directed against us both.

On arriving in Edinburgh I performed first my act of duty by going into court and testifying that I had killed in self-defense the drover with whose murder my companions had been charged, but concerning which they had refused to say a word, being God-fearing men who would not lie, and loyal friends who would not bring me, whom they knew as an escaping prisoner, into peril.

Nor was I in peril. Even as I traveled north Louis XVIII was ascending the throne of France, and the long war had ended between my native land and the country that fortune had destined to be my future home. Indeed, it was Major Chevenix who grasped my hand at the close of my testimony in the drovers' trial, and welcomed me significantly as fellow-townsman as well as compatriot.

It was a bright spring morning when I approached the Gilchrist cottage. The bough of the beech-tree that overhung the garden-wall was thick with leaves. With a sudden inspiration, I clambered to the top of the wall and lay down in my former post of observation. Gently pushing the leaves aside, I saw, not fifteen yards away, Flora, my goddess of spring, now in her appropriate season, kneeling by a garden-bed and filling the lap of her morning-gown with tulips — scarlet, yellow, and striped.

The gardener stood by her, expostulating.

"It's clean ruinin' the bulbs to pick leaves an' all."

"Let me have my way this time, Robie; the Major has told me that a very particular friend is coming to-day."

I shook the bough of the beech and peered out between the leaves.

Flora looked up, and, spying me, uttered a gasping little cry.

"What ails ye, miss?" asked the old gardener.

She had whipped about and was facing the kitchen-garden. "Isn't that a child among the arti—the strawberry-beds, I mean?"

He dropped his spade and hobbled away. She turned, let the tulips fall at her feet, and ah! her second cry of gladness and

her heavenly blush as she stretched out both arms to me. It was all happening over again, and I determined that the sweet ritual of remembrance should not be changed. So, after our embrace, when she began to lead me toward the house, I pulled her in the opposite direction.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the hen-house, to be sure."

# FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

## (J. S. OF DALE)

(United States, 1855)

## KING NOANETT (1896)

This story was intended to be the joint work of Mr. Stimson and the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The plan had been discussed by the authors, and the outline of the story fixed, but nothing had been written when Mr. O'Reilly died. Mr. Stimson then worked out the plan alone. The story purports to narrate the experiences of a young Englishman who was transported for taking part in an uprising of adherents of King Charles against the Commonwealth established by Cromwell. The early scenes are laid in southwestern England, beginning in 1657, but the action is soon transferred to Virginia, and thence to Massachusetts. The version that we present here has been revised and approved by the author.

I WAS but a stripling of twenty when I met my lady on a Devonshire moor. She was the granddaughter of Colonel Penruddock, a stubborn adherent of King Charles. This was in 1657, when, as you know, the Commonwealth was enthroned in England, with Cromwell at its head. I was no partizan in these high matters, having only a fatherless boy's knowledge of them, but if I had chosen my colors because of my associations I should have been for the Commonwealth, as that was the side espoused by my grandfather with whom I lived; still, as Miss St. Aubyn was for Charles, so was I, and on the occasion of John Penruddock's futile uprising at South Molton, I took my share with him to the small extent of saving his life when a Roundhead would have shot him. That night I went to save my love, whose grandfather Penruddock's house was burned. I found that she had escaped; but in a room of that burning house was an ivory crucifix, and one night on the moor I had

heard a man's voice singing an old Jacobite tune. For my complicity in rebellion I was arrested, with Penruddock and others, and brought to trial. My fate was deportation to Virginia. What became of Penruddock, who was tried later, I could not learn; but there were rumors that he had been hanged, drawn, and quartered. So I had to sail for America in the most dismal ignorance concerning the fate of my lady, whom I loved with all the blind, unreasoning ardor of which youth is capable.

During the voyage I was fortunate in becoming firm friends with Miles Courtenay, a humorous, fight-loving, and true-hearted Irishman, who, like me, had been convicted of disloyalty to the Commonwealth. There were in the ship's company a number of young women, sent to be wives of the colonists, and among them a maid, Jennifer, whom Miles protected from the rascally attentions of the ship's mate. By the exercise of his smiling audacity, which made him ever a favorite with women and caused him to be trusted by men, Miles obtained for her a transfer from the steerage to the cabin; and after we had come ashore he also saved her from being married to a colonist, managing to get her engaged as a servant on a plantation not far from Jamestown. For ourselves, we were bound over, to all intents and purposes slaves, to different planters, Miles for three years and I for ten. Long before the expiration of Miles's term we three escaped and made our way together to Boston.

While we were on this perilous journey Miles confided to me the real reason why he had urged flight to New England, for he had been our leader in the escape. He, too, had loved a lady across the water, but he was in better favor with fortune than I, for he knew at least this much: that she had gone to the New England provinces; and he was bent on searching every settlement until he found her.

"Will she wait for you?" I asked him.

"Nay, that I know not," said he, "for I never told her my love. That is where fate has dealt better by you, for you and your lady had come to an understanding. In my case there was not time. But I shall find her. The country is not so populated yet that anybody by the name of Clerke can escape discovery."

It appeared that little Jennifer was coming to think too well

of Miles, and, at his request, I undertook the ungrateful task of warning her that his affections were engaged elsewhere. She was evidently startled by the information, but, with no appreciable hesitation, declared that she herself would help him find his lady.

"Clerke, is it?" said she. "Very well, I, too, will inquire everywhere for persons of that name."

We obtained employment for Jennifer in the family of Colonel Jones, who lived in a fine house on Beacon Hill, and I entered the service of Savil Simpson, a cordwainer. Miles would not undertake business, or any form of steady employment. He had some money and earned a little more at odd jobs, but he spent all he earned, and most of his time, in traveling all over the provinces, visiting every settlement in Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, and Providence Plantations, and exploring those regions westward where only pioneers lived in scattered houses. Thus he came to know the country more thoroughly, perhaps, than any one man at that time, but he found no trace of the Clerke family. There were, of course, others of that name, or names nearly like it, to whom he went whenever and wherever he heard of them, but at no time was his persistence properly rewarded, or did he become entirely discouraged. "I shall find her," he would say, and set his lips firmly, only to open them immediately for a gay jest or a rollicking song.

For my part, I was equally unsuccessful in getting information about Miss St. Aubyn. I wrote letters to which no answers came. I inquired of all newcomers to Boston about the fate of John Penruddock. There were conflicting reports. Some had it that his sentence had been commuted, others that he had somehow escaped and gone to the Continent, but just where no one could say. Mr. Simpson sent me to the Barbadoes as supercargo, a venture that profited me much in money, which I tried to turn to dearer account by getting the Governor to write to England for information as to Penruddock and Miss St. Aubyn; but nothing ever came of it. The Governor wrote, and more than a year later he told me no trace of Penruddock or the lady had been found. And all this while I was hard put to it to maintain a cheerful demeanor, for truly my heart and all that made life tolerable had been left in England.

Although Miles had traveled the country over, and would not commit himself to any commercial undertaking, he yet would not leave the province. Here he was bound to stay till such time as he had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Clerke. As there was no war to gratify his taste for fighting, and as he dearly loved hunting, he decided at last to acquire a tract of land in the wilds and settle upon it. He persuaded me to join him in this venture, which I could do without separating myself wholly from the opportunities offered by association with Mr. Simpson. We obtained patent to land lying on the Charles, a few miles west of Dedham. Beyond was unbroken wilderness, so far as white men were concerned, except for the Hartford trail, which lay not far away. To the south was the country of King Philip, for whom we felt no concern; but nearer—that is, between King Philip's country and our patent—was a tribe so hostile that our very approach to our forest domain was attended by battle in which we killed one Indian and one of our two white employees was wounded. This tribe was ruled by a chief of great renown, King Noanett; but he was not in the attacking party, which was led by a kind of lieutenant of the King, called Pomham. We patched up a truce with him, by the terms of which we were not to invade the country to the south, and Noanett's Indians were not to molest us.

This truce was broken not very long afterward by me. We had cleared land sufficient to justify plowing, and I went eastward to buy oxen. Returning with the animals, I thought to ease the journey by leaving the thickly grown region of the crooked river and pursuing a course in a more direct line south of the stream. This brought me unwittingly upon Noanett's territory. It seemed he was always prepared for war, for scouts were stationed ever at what he considered his frontier. They attacked me, Indian fashion, unseen, and killed both my oxen. I was made prisoner and was taken, unconscious—for I had fallen and lay stunned—into Noanett's presence. He was an aged, white-haired man, horribly painted, and was the embodiment of taciturnity. Pomham acted as interpreter. I protested vigorously that they had wrongfully destroyed my property, to which they responded that I had invaded their country. Then I insisted that I was on a peaceful errand, and, to make the

matter short, Noanett was persuaded to my view. The King handed me some silver slugs in compensation for the oxen, and I was blindfolded and led away, and eventually was set at liberty within easy walk of our patent. Noanett also gave me to understand that for one year we might count on cultivating our land without molestation.

This was a comparatively satisfactory outcome of the matter, especially as, when I next journeyed to Boston, I found that the slugs of silver were pure metal, worth more than the price of another yoke of oxen. But the slugs aroused the cupidity of my friends Simpson and Jones. They regarded them as evidence that King Noanett had discovered a valuable mine, and nothing would do but white men must get possession of it. I would not sanction any action during the term of the truce; but when that had expired I could not prevent Jones and Simpson from coming to us with canoes filled with trinkets which they thought to barter with Noanett for his mine. Miles was ready for the undertaking, as it promised some fighting; but, good soldier though he was, he led us to such a defeat as I suppose no whites had ever endured at the hands of the red men.

We approached Noanett's country by a small stream that ran quietly between thick growths of alders. Of a sudden the stream rose in a mighty wave that overturned all our canoes and threw us into the trees. I clung to a limb with one hand, the other being helpless, for my arm was broken. Miles escaped unhurt. Being ahead and alert, he had jumped ashore the moment he saw the wave coming. The stream had been dammed for just such a contingency as our approach, and at the critical moment the sluices had been opened to overwhelm us. The men from Boston had had quite enough of the venture; and as I was now useless, the enterprise was abandoned.

About this time Miles came to the habit of working by night and sleeping by day. He did the felling of trees, for his active nature rejoiced in strenuous exercise. "Moore," he whispered one day, "she is dead." Of course I knew to whom he alluded, and I turned upon him a startled look of inquiry. Then he told me how, when we were overwhelmed by Noanett's flood, and he was tossed high on the bank, he had seen her robed in white. I was grievously affected and sought as best I could to dispel the

fantasy from his mind, but to no avail. Miles clung to his belief that he had seen the wraith of his lady, and we talked no more of it, for I felt that argument would but increase his disorder.

I was the one always who made the necessary journeys to Boston, and on these occasions I called on Jennifer. She never failed to send a letter back to Miles, and she was always eager for news of his search for his lady. Once she visited us, quite unexpectedly, coming up the river with Colonel Jones, who had not wholly given up hope of obtaining possession of Noanett's mine. It was evening, and Miles had gone wandering into the forest for the night. I knew that when the moon rose he would ply his ax in the clearing not far from our house, and so I told Jennifer she would better wait till that time before trying to see him. In the interval she told us a striking story.

Her situation with Colonel Jones's family had so much improved that she was no longer a menial, but had much liberty of action; and she had become a voluntary visitor to the afflicted. Thus she fell in with a sick Indian, a captive whose tribe, he informed her, had once captured a white man named Clerke who had a maiden with him. Clerke impressed the Indians with his skill in medicine. He seemed to them to be a powerful wizard, and they respected and feared him. The maiden had what Jennifer's Indian called a totem, to which she prayed, and which she gave to the dying to kiss. He had been of service to her in the perilous days of her early captivity, and in return she taught him what she could of Christianity, and eventually gave him her totem. The Indian had lost all trace of her whereabouts, but the influence she had exerted on his mind remained, and in his way he was a devout Christian. He knew he was dying, and in his last conscious moment he gave Jennifer the young woman's totem.

This "totem" was an ivory crucifix, beautifully carved. Needless to say that Jennifer believed it to have been the property of Miles's lady.

We went at last to the clearing where Miles worked at night, but he was not there. After waiting some time, I noticed a path leading down toward a swamp, and we decided to follow it. It brought us, by means of a fallen log which served as a bridge, to

a little island in the swamp, densely grown with cedar. The foliage had been made thicker still by wattles of boughs, but there was a clear entrance to a rectangular space from which every tree had been cut. This space was about five yards square, level, and as clean as a house-floor. At the farther end was a rude altar and a great cross hewn of stripped wood and covered with forest vines; and before this we saw Miles kneeling in prayer. We stood there a moment in motionless awe. Then Jennifer went to the altar and placed the ivory crucifix upon it. Miles apparently did not observe her presence or action, and we withdrew silently.

When we had come back to our house we found a runner just arrived from Meadfield with intelligence that King Philip had attacked the village. I fired my gun as a signal to Miles to come, and in short order he was with us. Let pass the horrors we saw that night; for of course we hastened to Meadfield with such men as we could muster, and what happened there is familiar history. I am here concerned more with our personal affairs. On our way to the burning village Miles showed me the crucifix.

"It belonged to her," said he. "I gave it to her, and last night I was visited by the Holy Virgin, who returned it to me. Now will you believe that she is dead?"

I could not tell him what virgin it was that had brought him the relic of his lady until after the fighting at Meadfield; but when I did repeat Jennifer's story I was relieved to observe that he believed me. The illusion left his mind, and in place of it came a renewed determination to search the world over for Miss Clerke. It seemed from some things the dying Indian had told Jennifer that Clerke might have gone among the Mohawks, and we were quite decided to travel westward until we had come to those Indians; but immediate departure on that journey was impossible, for when we returned to our house we found that a snakeskin stuffed with powder and ball had been left there with a paper on which was written in fair English script: "From Pomham." This we knew to be a declaration of war, and, even in our excited preparation for battle, we wondered who had done the Indian king's writing for him.

There was small time for speculation, for the attack was soon

made. Our house was surrounded by a strong stockade, we had about a score of defenders all told, and plenty of ammunition. We gave the attacking party such a storm of hot iron and lead that the Indians quickly tired of the combat and retreated.

As soon as it was light we pursued, and invaded Noanett's country by the same route we had taken when our mission was concerned with bartering for a silver mine. This time no pent-up waters were released to overwhelm us, but we found that the stream had been skilfully dammed in three places. Above the last dam was Noanett's village, now deserted. It had many evidences of a higher degree of civilization than had been attained by any other tribe of which we had knowledge. Colonel Jones, who accompanied us, found abundant signs that the Indian king had worked in metals; but careful search revealed nothing of value in the neighborhood.

We might have searched farther than we did, had not shots from the direction of our house warned us to return. We did so with all haste, and those who had been left to guard the place told us that during our absence a great flotilla of canoes had passed up the river bearing King Noanett and all his people. Jennifer had seen the King and also a young English lady who sat in his canoe, and who seemed to be weeping. Miles and I exchanged glances. Thus we told each other that it would not be necessary to journey to the land of the Mohawks. We decided without debate to pursue Noanett and, if possible, surround his party so that the battle might be final, and with as little delay as possible our force took to the river. Jennifer begged so hard for permission to accompany us that I took her in my canoe.

It was about sunset when we came to a place from which the smoke of the Indians' camp was visible. It was evident that pursuit was not feared, Noanett reasoning undoubtedly that all white men would concentrate against the forces of King Philip. Our plan then was to divide our force, a part to march through the forest and come down upon the camp from the farther side, while the rest attacked from this position where we all were at the moment. Before it was dark I reconnoitered the approach to Noanett's camp; for it was to be my part to lead the attack from this direction. I climbed a hill that descended steeply

on the other side, and at the base, just below me, I saw the tents of the enemy. From the largest, evidently King Noanett's tent, came a young woman—a white woman. She stood looking dreamily around, as it seemed, and presently her face was turned toward me. I knew that face! It was that of the love I had left in England.

It would be vain to attempt any description of my emotions. Suffice it that when I returned to our camp I apprised Miles of what I had seen, and assured him that as soon as we had rescued Miss St. Aubyn I would set out with him for the land of the Mohawks to find Miss Clerke.

"God bless thee, Moore," he responded. "Art quite sure you love her still, and that she loves you?"

I told him I made no doubt of either, and he proceeded straightway to lay out the plan of our attack. He departed soon afterward with chosen men to get on the other side of the Indians.

Just before dawn Miles delivered his attack from up-stream. All Noanett's Indians ran to meet it. My men, therefore, rushed down on the camp and captured it without a struggle, for there were left there only the King and my lady. They came from the tent as we drew near, and I announced myself. What passed between us when she recognized me I have no need to say, but it was little, for just then the King came forth. His face was not painted, and I saw that he was John Penruddock. Hardly had this recognition taken place when the battle up-stream demanded our attention. My men and I ran to the relief of Miles, and so completed the capture of Noanett's band.

But Miles was pierced with a spear, and it was well that Jennifer had come with us, for he suffered her to attend him as he would not any other. We removed him to our house, hoping still to save his life. He would not see me, and on no account would he permit Miss St. Aubyn to see him. We could not understand this, but we humored his desire until one night when, Jennifer having been absent a little while from his room, he disappeared. Jennifer believed she knew where to find him, and sped toward the chapel in the swamp. Miss St. Aubyn and I followed. When we arrived there Miles was dead, and then, and not till then, did my lady see him.

"Miles Courtenay!" she exclaimed at once.

"You knew him?" said I.

"He helped us escape from England," she replied. "Without him we could have done nothing. He never knew who we were, for my grandfather had already taken the name of Clerke and would not reveal his real identity to anybody." And it was his voice I had heard singing on the moor.

She never had known of his love, and it was not till the night before our attack on "King Noanett" that Miles suspected that he and I loved the same lady. I look back on that evening now and see evidence that he had reconnoitered the position as well as I, and I have no doubt that he saw the lady, and that my joyous revelation was the first intimation he had of the true situation. And so he chose to die to leave me happy and in ignorance.

I returned to England with John Penruddock and my lady, and we were married there; but although Charles had come into his own, affairs did not prosper with us in the old country, and we returned to make our home here in the wilderness that Miles Courtenay helped to clear.

# FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON

(United States, 1834–1902)

## THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE: THE DUSANTES (1886–1888)

The success of *Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* was so great and so immediate that a sequel was loudly called for; and Mr. Stockton wrote *The Dusantes*, which is now incorporated with the first story to make one book and is so presented in this version.

HILE going from San Francisco to Yokohama I became acquainted with Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, countrywomen — widows both. Mrs. Aleshine was on her way from the little Pennsylvania town in which they lived to Japan, where she expected to visit her son, who was in a mercantile house there, and Mrs. Lecks was going because she wished to see the world.

Mrs. Lecks was tall and strong-looking, with an absolute belief in herself, and a slight acerbity of manner; and Mrs. Aleshine was short and stout and good-humored, but just as self-reliant as her neighbor and fellow-traveler.

Neither saw much of the other passengers, being sufficient unto themselves; and as I was not especially interested in the rest of those on board I saw much of the two plain, sensible, and curiously ungrammatical ladies.

We were two days out from Honolulu when we were run into by another ship, and soon found that we should have to leave our vessel in the small boats.

By what at the time looked like a special providence, a boat was overlooked by the fleeing people, and after the two ladies had calmly adjusted their life-preservers, quite as if shipwrecks were common occurrences in mid-Pennsylvania, we scrambled

down a rope into the boat. The ship was steadily sinking, and we could not afford to stay near her very long; but before we cast off I called out, in order that anyone still on board might have a chance to seek safety with us. No one answering, we cast off and were soon out of harm's way as far as the sinking steamer was concerned, although, as Mrs. Aleshine remarked, it was probably six miles to the bottom of the ocean. We had a small keg of water, some canned goods, and two oars.

We had not gone far before Mrs. Aleshine complained of wet feet, which led to the dismal discovery that our boat was leaking. In fact, that was the reason she had not been crowded like the other boats. She was unseaworthy. And six miles down before we could touch land—not dry land at that!

There was nothing to do but to bail out, and those two housewives bailed as if it were part of their usual duties; but the leak gained on us, and I at last told them that we must let the boat sink and trust to our life-preservers. We had drunk some water and had eaten some cold baked beans, and felt prepared in a measure for what was coming, although we had no idea what it was that *was* coming. We thought we saw the ship, and fancied that she had sunk as far as she intended, and we might go back to her and wait to be rescued.

Capable Mrs. Lecks and her equally capable friend found that after the boat had sunk the oars came in handy to propel them through the water, and they handled them as if they had been brooms, with good results. I swimming and they sculling, we made progress to the black object.

Sharks were not likely to bother us, for my admirable ladies had encased their legs in black stockings in order to look like negroes, which sharks do not relish, and my trousers were black.

When we felt hungry again Mrs. Lecks drew from her pocket some waterproof sausages that went to the right spot and bore evidence to her forethought in providing them. Mrs. Aleshine drew from her pocket a jar full of bread, and Mrs. Lecks some whisky, so we had a most comforting meal out there in the Pacific, and no trouble about cloth-laying or washing of plates.

The black object that we had been approaching suddenly resolved itself into land and we were fortunate enough to find

a landing-place free from surf; and dripping and dropping, we stepped on shore and found a civilized house. I was dumb with astonishment; but my matter-of-fact neighbors evidently felt that it was only what might have been expected. They were very careful not to drip any more than they could in going up to the front door, remembering the golden housewives' rule. But our ring was not answered. The house was untenanted. After some parley, I entered by an upper window and let them into the house. Being shipwrecked, we had rights that the ordinary afternoon caller would not have.

The kitchen was in a detached house and the door was locked; but Mrs. Lecks went to the most natural place to look for a housekeeper's keys, and there was a bunch of them. We entered the kitchen and soon had a roaring fire going, and began to dry as fast as we could. We still had some biscuits and we found some sardines, and what with hot tea we soon had made a satisfying supper and were ready for bed.

The beds were not made up, showing that the family was not merely away for the day. The ladies found bed-linen and prepared the beds for occupancy; and then, with the hope that the owner might not come back until we were rested, we sought our several beds and slept seventeen hours without interruption.

Breakfast was a cozy meal, served on dainty white cloth, and consisted of tea and hot biscuit and warmed-up canned meat of some very palatable sort. If Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had been chronometers, they could not have been less upset in respect to their appointed work. Housekeeping in the Pacific was a mere matter of going ahead and doing the practical thing with little wasting of words, although Mrs. Aleshine was somewhat surprised that barbarians should have such modern contraptions as baking-ovens. She had always supposed they offered up their victims on an altar. Mrs. Lecks set her right by remarking that probably the house was owned by some European or American who used it as a summer residence.

It looked as if we might be some time on the island before help came, and so Mrs. Lecks mapped out the work for us to do. She and Mrs. Aleshine were to keep the house in apple-pie order, and I was to look after the garden, which already had fruit in the way of tomatoes, beans, potatoes, and asparagus.

This last vegetable convinced Mrs. Aleshine that they were not "idolaters" who lived in the vacated house.

After dinner next day—which we ate in the dining-room as "became us," according to Mrs. Lecks's expressed opinion—that lady issued the ultimatum that we had no right to come to a house and eat up the food and wear and tear it without paying for what we got. They had taken the precaution to save their money before leaving the ship, and if I had not thought to save mine they would lend me some; but pay for our meals we must, after deducting a reasonable sum for "service." Less my gardening and their housekeeping, the sum that we would owe the owner of the house would be four dollars a week apiece, and after that every week Mrs. Lecks deposited that amount in a ginger-jar on the mantelpiece. Then if the family came back suddenly and said anything, we could point to the ginger-jar and say, "There it all is," and that would free our consciences.

We had found out that the name of the owner was probably A. Dusante, and that there were an Emily and a Lucille in the family; but what the nationality of the people was we could not make up our minds, and what their relationship to one another puzzled the good ladies.

We had lived for some days on the island, varying our canned meat with fresh fish now and then, when one day Mrs. Aleshine, standing on the little wharf, announced that the Dusantes were coming. This was said with the placidity that was natural to Mrs. Aleshine.

"Now," said she, "we'll learn whether they're go'n' to be satisfied with the board-money in the ginger-jar."

It struck me as strange that the owners should come in an open boat. They were more likely to come in a yacht.

My surmise that those approaching were not the owners was correct. They proved to be the Reverend Mr. Enderton, late missionary to China, his daughter, Miss Enderton, and three sailors, one with a red beard and two with black beards. Their vessel had become disabled, and this fact made the going so difficult and the meal service so poor that Mr. Enderton asked to be put ashore at the nearest land, and after a week of delay the captain consented. Mr. Enderton was accustomed to think of the convenience and comfort of his daughter's father before

all else; and I could well imagine that the captain was glad to let him go ashore to wait for a steamer from Honolulu.

It was a great disappointment to Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine to learn that the Dusantes had not come. They were curious to learn what relation Lucille was to Emily; but they lost no time in doing what they could for the newcomers.

Miss Ruth I found very agreeable, not to say pretty; but I did not fall in love with her father. He complained at breakfast because he had no soft-boiled eggs, although Mrs. Lecks felt that without hens even hard-boiled eggs would be a rarity.

We were soon on a business basis, thanks to Mrs. Lecks's Pennsylvania conscience. The sailors were to fish eight hours a day in lieu of board-money, and Mr. Enderton (although he did not like the idea, and in a vague way imagined that it was the Dusantes who were levying the money) was to pay eight dollars a week for himself and daughter "without service."

Mrs. Aleshine, comfortable soul, found the company of the sailors very agreeable, and they often used to dance hornpipes for her of an evening.

It was not long before Mrs. Lecks took me aside and told me that I ought to hurry up and "pop the question" to Miss Ruth. This was the first intimation I had had that there was a possibility of my being in love with her, and I refused to believe the rumor. Their reason for wishing me to marry her was that we might put off for a larger island that we had heard of, as the provisions were getting low; and with Ruth my wife I should have the say as to our movements, and the old gentleman would have to come along. Then, too, he was so close-fisted that the ladies were sure he must have plenty of money, and so she would be a good match. And if I didn't take her now I might find it difficult after we got where there were other eligible men. Provisions were running low, and matters must be brought to a crisis.

Another reason for leaving soon was the fact that the sailors needed tobacco; and as Mrs. Lecks made them pay for that of the Dusantes, and they had had but one dollar and forty-three cents between them, they would soon be unable to buy any more, and then what would they do?

Three quarters of a pint of flour a day was our ration; and

as I was slow in doing as they wished, the ladies besought me every day to hurry up and propose.

But after a time Mr. Enderton, set on by the ladies, refused to let me go out in a boat with his daughter; and when her company was forbidden I found that I loved her and asked her whether she liked to be with me, and upon her answering that she did, I said, "Let us make it suitable," and she consented.

Her father was pleased with the plan, mainly because he thought he would have more to eat when his daughter should be housekeeper, feeling quite sure that Mrs. Lecks was skimping on his food in order to make money out of his board. In fact, the ladies had purposely made life miserable for the missionary in order to facilitate the match on which they had set their hearts. The wedding was very simple, and there were no guests outside of our own circle.

Mr. Enderton was not at all pleased when he learned that we were to leave the island. He had enjoyed the idleness of it, the browsing in the library, and would have been content to remain indefinitely; but without flour we could not live, and so we went on our wedding-trip accompanied by all who had attended the wedding. Mrs. Lecks left the money in the ginger-jar on the mantel. We spent a comfortable month on the larger island (which was inhabited), and I look back to our honeymoon there with pleasurable feelings.

At last we took steamer for San Francisco, and arrived there in good order. Mrs. Aleshine had written to her son that he need not expect her. We made several excursions as a party (barring the sailors, who intended to go to sea as soon as they could get berths), and on one of these we took stage to a railroad where we were to take up our journey east.

Mr. Enderton, who was always thinking of himself first, complained bitterly of the skittish horses that drew the stage; but as they were the only ones available his protests were not heeded. A rapid descent down one hill so frightened him that he resolved to save the entire party from a frightful death, and to that end he removed the nut from a bolt on the whiffletree; and when next the horses began to dash down hill he put the handle of his umbrella into the ring of the bolt, and, removing it, freed the horses from the whiffletree and in the ensuing runaway

they freed themselves from the pole, and we were left. Fortunately, the coach did nothing more than run into a bank.

The missionary felt that he had performed a public service, but no one else looked on it in that light. Mrs. Lecks was so angry that after Ruth had gotten out of hearing she expressed her opinion regarding Mr. Enderton to that gentleman in such a way as to leave him in no doubt whatever as to her meaning.

As it would be several hours before help could come to us, we decided to seek shelter in the coach, while Mr. Enderton, who did not care to hear any more of Mrs. Lecks's vigorous Pennsylvania English, went down to the village whither we were bound. We went to sleep in the coach. Fortunately Mrs. Lecks had put up a huge luncheon for us, and so we did not suffer hunger.

In the night it began to snow, and when we awoke we found that winter had come to us on the mountain, although in the valley things were still green.

We had breakfast in the coach, with hot tea (again Mrs. Lecks), and spent the morning waiting for help. But it was very cold in the coach, and though I built a fire under the trees the wind blew so hard that it was impossible to remain long by the fire, and so at last I determined to tunnel into the bank of snow alongside the coach, work upward to form a chimney, and then build a fire in the cave and so heat the coach. This plan, after much effort, was put into execution. After a time the heat of the fire caused the roof of the cave to fall in, but the high walls protected us from the wind and we were fairly comfortable. In the middle of the afternoon it stopped snowing, to our delight.

My companions had gone out to exercise themselves in the open air and I was replenishing the fire, when I saw in the wall of my cave, opposite the stage-coach, the head of a man. From its mouth came the words: "Could you lend me a small iron pot?" Nothing could exceed my astonishment, although I knew there was something behind this head.

It turned out that there were limbs and a body of a man who, with two ladies, was seeking shelter from the storm in a snowed-in shed just above the road. They had heard our voices through the wall of snow and as they were tired of their food they thought

it would be more palatable if they could stew it. They had boiled eggs in a teapot, in order to hold them in their hands and thus keep warm.

Needless to say that Mrs. Lecks's inexhaustible basket provided them with food that they appreciated, which was poked into their cabin through the hole that had held the head.

We spent another night in the coach and began to worry considerably. We could see over the edge of the mountain that the road was blocked by huge drifts and our speedy rescue was impossible. With three more mouths to feed, the lunch-basket would soon be empty, and then what?

During a reconnoissance for the purpose of discovering whether escape were possible, I learned that not far from us the mountain descended somewhat steeply but in an unbroken line to the valley, where lay safety and summer. If we had toboggans or bob-sleds, or even dish-pans, we could coast away from starvation. But we had none of these things. At last, after discussing the matter with our friends, we decided to make a sort of raft of the stage-cushions and, leaving all behind us save what we needed for warmth, to take the risk of coasting from starvation.

When we were all ready I noticed that the gentleman of the other party had under his arm a package of some sort, and I told him that it would be imprudent to take it along. To this he replied that he was perfectly willing to leave everything else of value behind; but that whithersoever he went the package also must go, and that if we could not take that much baggage he would follow us on a plank.

It was no time for parley; the sun was getting high and the crust of the snow might melt before we could leave the mountain, so I allowed him that much personal baggage. Then after tying a rope of shawls around us to keep us together, we started down the mountainside.

Owing to the shape of our "sled," we sometimes moved with a centrifugal motion and arms and legs pointed in a dozen directions. It was speedy, but it was not exhilarating, and when we finally left the region of snow and began to slide over the smooth turf we were sorry we had come. Fearing that it would be dangerous to remain tied together, I released the

shawl knot under my arms, and we soon reached our various destinations.

And now from under the mass of shawls came a muffled cry: "Oh, Albert Dusante! Where are you? Lucille! Lucille!"

Mrs. Aleshine, her clothing half torn from her, was all agog at this. "It's the Dusantes!" said she with wild excitement.

And it *was* the Dusantes! They had returned to their island home after a trip to Europe, had found a note acquainting them of our habitancy, the wedding, and the contents of the ginger-jar, and had immediately set out in pursuit of us, in order that Mr. Dusante might hand back the money, being only too glad to have been of service to shipwrecked people. A ranchero gave us shelter, and we all slept soundly for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Aleshine had always wondered what relationship existed between A. Dusante, Lucille, and Emily, and at supper she found out. Neither was his wife. Lucille was his sister, and Emily he had adopted as a mother. He was of French-American descent and was a merchant in Honolulu. And if he had chased us the world over he never would have rested until he had handed the ginger-jar to Mrs. Lecks. At the conclusion of his narrative he unwrapped the papers that covered the ginger-jar and offered it to her. She sat up very straight and put her arms behind her back. She gave him to understand that when she and Mrs. Aleshine camped out in a man's house for weeks and used his provisions, they paid board. Then she left the room. Mrs. Aleshine gave expression to like sentiments, and then she, too, left the room.

Early the next day a man who had been sent to the railroad station to inquire as to the whereabouts of Mr. Enderton brought back a note from him to his daughter. He was glad to hear she was safe. He hadn't expected to hear anything else, as they were on a main-traveled road. As for him, he had almost been assaulted by the driver and was disconsolate.

While waiting to be taken to the station, the Dusantes listened to our various adventures with great interest, and a pleasant intimacy sprang up between the various ladies, while I found Mr. Dusante to be a very agreeable and cultivated man.

When we reached the railroad station we were met by Mr. Enderton, who was disgusted at having to give up his large

room to the ladies; but as it was the only one available he had to do it. He had always felt that he had been robbed by Mrs. Lecks in being forced to pay board, and when he learned that Mr. Dusante wished to pay the money back he thought it would be eminently sensible to accept it.

We all went to Ogden City together to await the arrival of our snow-bound luggage, and the morning after our arrival Mr. Dusante told me that he wished me to take charge of the ginger-jar and hand it to Mrs. Lecks at the proper time. This I was forced to refuse to consent to do, and so he left it with the hotel clerk, instructing him to hand it to Mrs. Lecks after he had gone back to San Francisco.

Mrs. Lecks also took me aside and told me that she surmised what Mr. Dusante intended doing, and that she intended to send the ginger-jar to his business address in Honolulu.

But these plans were interfered with by Mr. Enderton, who went to Chicago, leaving behind a note in which he said he had found that Mrs. Lecks refused to take the jar, and so he had taken it with him; and when we reached Chicago he would apportion its contents among us according to our claims. He said this seemed to him a very sensible and prudent solution of the difficulty.

Angry as I was at Enderton for his high-handed way of settling the difficulty, still the difficulty was settled. I had had visions of that ginger-jar going to and fro over the earth for years. But Mr. Dusante was exceedingly angry, well as he controlled his feelings. He immediately decided to go east with us and get the jar away from Enderton.

In order to prevent Mr. Enderton from opening the jar, he sent a despatch to be delivered to him en route, saying that he knew the package had been stolen, and that he would recognize the thief and, if he opened the jar, clap him into jail. This would be understood by him without incriminating him.

Enderton's receipt of the message caused him to push on east with the jar. He would meet us, he wrote, in Meadowville, where Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine lived. They were disgusted enough at the idea of his getting there first and retailing all the news.

With us to Meadowville went the Dusantes, and when we

arrived there we found that the sailors were there. They had enjoyed life with us so much that they had given up the sea and wished to do gardening for the ladies. Mr. Enderton, it seemed, had calmly gone to Mrs. Aleshine's house, and in order to keep the men busy he had ordered them to paint her front door red at top and bottom and white in the middle, like a steam-stack.

When we arrived at her house we found our way barred by a locked gate, as Mr. Enderton wished to corral us at it and settle the affair of the jar before we proceeded to irrelevant matters. But the mariners caused him to let us in, and then the whole matter was settled (after one more set of refused proffers had been made) by giving the money to the sailors.

The Dusantes were so pleased with Meadowville that they spent the autumn there. I told Ruth there seemed to have been some sort of enchantment in the island, for it had made us all very happy, and she laid our happiness to the board-money in the ginger-jar.

# ELIZABETH DREW BARSTOW STODDARD

(United States, 1823–1902)

## THE MORGESONS (1862)

This novel was the first of three written by this woman of genius, the wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet. It was published in 1862 and was followed by two others: *Two Men* and *Temple House*. "These tales, their scenes and period, antedate the new generation which is, after all, the growth of but a few years," said the late Edmund Clarence Stedman in a preface to an edition of 1888. "Yet they are essentially modern, and in keeping with the choicest types of recent fiction." They came before their time, were given to the world during a period of civil strife, and their audience never was large. Yet, though comparatively few, Mrs. Stoddard's devoted admirers are of the *cognoscenti*.

MY earliest recollections involve my innate revolt against the Puritanic atmosphere of my home life. I can see mother now, as she read about the proceedings of an ecclesiastical council from the pages of the *Boston Recorder*, while Aunt Mercy half listened, bustled about the household affairs, and hummed "The Lord My Shepherd Is." As for myself I was perched on a ledge of a chest of drawers, reading my favorite work, *The Northern Regions*. Our scanty library was made up of this, with *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, and sundry others of a serious nature. I read them all, though I caught only a glimpse of their meaning by strenuous study. To this day Sheridan's Comedies, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and *Captain Cook's Voyages* are so mixed up in my remembrance that I am still uncertain whether it was Sterne who ate baked dog with Maria, or Sheridan who wept over a dead ass in the Sandwich Islands.

We lived in Surrey, a New England village situated on an inlet of a large bay that opened into the Atlantic. My direct

ancestors were undistinguished. Morgesons—born—lived—died—were all the record in their archives. My father, Locke Morgeson, married Mary Warren, from the neighboring town of Barmouth. "Gran'ther" Warren was the best of the two Barmouth tailors, though his ideas respecting the cut of garments were of the most antiquated. He was rigidly pious and of great influence in the church. He was descended from Sir Richard Warren, a gentleman of Devon; but he was the last of his name, and his superior stock mattered nothing to the Morgesons, who had no past to speak of and realized only the present.

My mother was singularly beautiful—beautiful even to the day of her death. After she married my father Gran'ther Warren prayed a long, unintelligible prayer over them and put them into the chaise that brought them to Surrey. A year from that time I was born and was called Cassandra. Four years later came my sister Veronica. Our names were not derived from the Morgeson tombstones.

Veronica was an elfish creature. When she was nine she was diminutive and pale, and a puzzle to everyone. She had long, silky, brown hair, like mother's, which she used to tear out when she was angry. Ordinary observers did not call her pretty. She was a silent child and liked to be alone. Mischievous, too, you would say, if you also were judging from common standards. A blazing fire had always so strong a fascination for her that she burned in it whatever was in her reach. When loose articles disappeared she was supposed to be the cause, but nothing was said to her about them, for punishment made her more impish and daring in her pursuits. The Morgesons always smiled significantly when she was spoken of, and asked:

"Do you think she is like her mother?"

When I was fourteen I quarreled with the village schoolmistress and was turned out of school. This was the beginning of freedom for me, for my parents were not greatly disturbed over my misdemeanor. We moved into a new house that father had built, and a room to myself was given to me. I was told to take care of it myself, but I grew tired of bed-making and dusting in a week, and gave it up. Our house was large and handsome, and as we lived liberally we had many visitors. Unheard-of relatives sought us out, for a rich Morgeson was a new

sensation in the family annals. But this period of our family life has left no impression of dramatic interest. There was no development of the sentiments, no betrayal of the fluctuations of the passions which must have existed. Hidden among the Powers That Be, which rule New England, lurks the Deity of the Illicit. This deity never obtained sovereignty in the atmosphere where the Morgesons lived. Instead of the psychological impressions which my later experience suggests to me to seek, I recall an eternal smell of cookery, a perpetual changing of beds, and the small-talk of vacant rustic minds.

About this time my brother Arthur was born. I mention him but to record the fact, for he came too late into our family life to play a part in my own and my sister's history. What concerned me more was that my life at home seemed to contribute nothing to my intellectual improvement; but after a time it was decided to place me in a young ladies' school at Barmouth. Of course I lived at Gran'ther Warren's—which was one kind of penance. The time I spent in the atmosphere of Miss Black's school was another. Some of the girls there came from families that had grown rich in slave-trade or rum-trade, or even by sinking their own ships and circumventing the insurance companies. Others belonged in the category of decayed families of decayed fortunes, or on the list of *parvenus*, which included myself.

The school was divided into clans, each with its spites, jealousies, and emulations; but when I entered its walls it developed a remarkable *esprit du corps* in uniting against me. I was, I confess, uncouth, ignorant, and tactless; in no sense was I a match for the trained intelligence and adroitness of the others. Miss Black considered me, and recommended that I study geology in order to lead my mind from nature to nature's God. The others had finished that branch, so I was directed to study and recite alone. I was also put into the class in botany, where already advance had been made as far as the family of the legumes. I went on one excursion to the fields, but as no one seemed to be aware of my presence I declined to go again.

I was painfully conscious of my clothes. They were new and stanch for wear and for the wash-tub, but they made me look like a fright beside Miss Charlotte Alden and the other girls. When my father came to visit me I persuaded him to

buy me a pink French calico, which was then the reigning fashion. He added, of his goodness, an immense mosaic brooch with a ruined castle on it, and a pretty ring with a sparkling gold-stone. When the girls saw me thus decked out they crowded round me. One asked whose estate the pin represented, another wondered whether the tight ring made the blood rush into my hand. I told this latter questioner that I would hold up my hand in the air, as she did, to make it white. Elmira Sawyer asked me about my father's business. Was he a tailor? Poor Gran'ther Warren did not stand high among the mighty. Aunt Mercy had told me not to mind if the girls said unpleasant things to me. I asked whether these girls—whom she called "a high set"—were any higher than we were in Surrey, and she answered: "We are all equal in the sight of God."

"You do not look as if you thought so, Aunt Mercy," I replied.

One day I remained indoors at recess, busy with my lesson. "The first period ends with the carboniferous system; the second includes the saliferous and magnesian systems; the third comprises the oölitic and chalk systems; the fourth—"

"How attentive some people are to their lessons," I heard Charlotte Alden say.

Looking up I saw her near me with Elmira Sawyer.

"What is that you say?" I asked sharply.

"I am not speaking to you."

"I am angry," I said in a low tone, and rising.

"Who are *you* that you should be angry? We have heard about your mother, when she was in love, poor thing!"

I struck her so violent a blow in the face that she staggered backward. "You are a liar!" I said, "and you must let me alone."

Elmira Sawyer turned white and moved away. I threw my book at her; it hit her head, and her comb was broken by my geological systems. Miss Black quelled the outbreak, though not before I had retorted, upon her calling me a bad girl, by saying that she was "a bad woman—mean and cruel." I felt the justice of this charge in the subtle discriminations she had always made against me. But she asked Charlotte Alden to extend a Christian forgiveness to Miss Cassandra Morgeson;

and when that girl said "Certainly!" and bowed to me gracefully, I felt a fresh sense of my demerits, and concluded that I was worsted in the fray.

When I told Aunt Mercy of the incident she turned pale and said she knew what Charlotte Alden meant, and that perhaps mother would tell me in good time.

"We had a good many troubles in our young days, Cassy."

The year dragged on both at school and at home. Gran'ther Warren was aboriginal in character—a Puritan without gentleness or tenderness. He whined over no misfortune; pined for no pleasure. He was sociable to those who visited the house, but never with those abiding in his family. He never noticed me save when I ate less than usual; then he peered into my face and said: "What ails you?" One day I spoke of the beautiful pigeons that lived on the roof of the barn.

"They eat the pig's corn, and I can't afford that; I shall have to shoot them, I guess," he said.

Though I begged him not to do it, the pigeons were shot within an hour, all save two that escaped by flight.

"Why did you ask him not to shoot the pigeons?" said Aunt Mercy. "If you had said nothing he would not have done it."

"He is a disagreeable relation," I answered, "and I am glad he is a tailor."

My year was nearly out at Miss Black's school, when an incident abruptly terminated my stay there. Charlotte Alden made a friendly overture one day by inviting me to tilt with her on a board, see-saw fashion. She was much heavier than I and bore me high in the air; then she stepped off her end of the board, which caused me to fall from the other. I struck a stone and fainted. I went back to my own home after this, and Gran'ther Warren's farewell was an injunction to my father: "Train her well, Locke; she is skittish."

When I reached home I found Verry, though only thirteen, grown to look as old as I. She had been ill much of the time, but her sickness was an education; her mind fed and grew on pain, and at last mastered it. The darkness in her nature broke; by slow degrees she gained health, though never much strength. Upon each recovery a fresh change was visible, a spiritual dawn had risen in her soul: moral activity blending with her native

ideality made her life beautiful, even in the humblest sense. She was dowered with genius, but we were blind to it then, capable only of appreciating its grosser manifestations. Among these was her skill at the piano, which she played as if by inspiration.

An event in my spiritual life was my first love-affair. It was brief and unpleasant, for I was the object of attentions from a certain Joe Bacon, who brought me home one night from Dr. Snell's Bible-class. He began, rather inarticularly, to say how glad he was to see me, and that he hoped he was going to have better times now. The suspicion that he had a serious liking for me was disgusting. On reaching the house I ran swiftly up the steps, but when I turned to say good night and beheld his face, rendered suddenly intelligent with pain and emotion, I stepped down again and said: "Please open the door, Joe." But the office was performed from the inside by a member of the family. Joe fled precipitately. Our love-affair ended that night, for he died suddenly in less than a month.

Our family life was marred by the instinctive clash of varying temperaments. Veronica and I especially were spiritually strangers to each other, and my father was wise enough to see that separation was better for us both. So it was proposed that I should go to stay with our cousin Charles Morgeson at Rosville. The proposal was carried into effect and I found myself, a little later, at the scene of my first moral crisis.

Rosville was a town of importance in the county, a center for politics and the law. It had also an academy, whither I was sent for finishing studies. The town was a favorite spot for the rustication of naughty boys from Harvard or Yale.

The Morgesons were people of importance in Rosville and among the richest. Alice, my cousin's wife, was kindly disposed toward me and looked after my dress and my acquaintances. She opened her house for the young people of her set and of the academy, who also received me on friendly terms. She gave little parties and large ones which were pleasant to everybody except Cousin Charles, who detested company—as he said, "it makes me lie so."

Charles Morgeson had been poor, but at his father's death he received a comfortable legacy, with which he built a cotton-

mill and made a great deal of money. He had a passion for horses, and liked especially half-tamed and vicious animals, which made Alice so timid that before my advent he had been forced to drive alone. Perhaps it was my fearlessness that first drew him to me. I drove with him once to the mills when he went to settle some differences with a clerk toward whom he had been betrayed into the use of violence. With difficulty the disagreement was patched up, I, meantime, standing by just out of earshot. The man, a Mr. Parker, happened to be one I had met several times at evening parties, and I stepped forward to speak to him when their conference was over. As a parting offering of peace I held out to the young man the crushed flowers I wore at my corsage, but before he could take them Charles struck them to the ground and crushed them with his feet. We went home, and I was too ill to rise the next morning. A doctor, summoned by Alice, tapped my shoulders and chest, and gave advice about early hours and sleep. I was ill for several days and did not see Charles. I confessed to Alice that I felt my cousin exerted a strange influence over me. She made light of my confession, and I said no more about it. When I was well enough to appear at breakfast, Alice observed to her husband:

"What do you think, Charles? Cassandra seems to be worried by a strange influence, as she calls it, that you and she have upon each other."

"Does she?"

Charles raised eyes to mine. A blinding, intelligent light flowed from them, which I could not defy. The blood thundered back to my heart.

Some time after this came a turning-point in my life. It was my meeting with Ben Somers of Belem, who came to join the class of rusticated Harvard men harbored by Dr. Price. He had been suspended from college because of a disgraceful fight. When Dr. Price told us of this in his presence he hastened to add that he won the fight. He was distinctly above the type of Rosville men, and seemed to feel a pride in his isolation. This gave him a glamour that was felt both by myself and my bosom friend, Helen Perkins. He sought our acquaintance and began to mingle in Rosville society. Dr. Price, who was always climbing everybody's family-trees, made out to us that there was an

earlier alliance between the Somers and Morgeson families—a fact that interested Ben Somers so much that he made inquiries about our family at Surrey. I told him about Veronica, and one day he slipped away from Rosville to pay a visit to these newly discovered relatives. Veronica made a distinct impression on him, but her time was not yet.

Soon a contest began between Charles Morgeson and Ben Somers for the dominance of my soul. It was a losing battle for Ben, for I felt myself impelled by an uncontrollable fate toward my cousin Charles. There were occasional outbreaks between them, but none so terrible as one evening when at the rendezvous of a sleighing party the two men came face to face. Charles offered Ben a glass of wine, and Ben, taking it, snapped the stem of the frail glass and tipped the wine over Charles's hand.

"I know Veronica," said Ben. "Has this man seen *her*?" he added significantly.

I was crushed. What a barrier his expression of contempt seemed to raise between Veronica and me!

As Charles folded his stained wristband under his sleeve, carefully and slowly, his slender fingers did not tremble; but the desire that possessed him gleamed in his terrible eyes, which asked me: "Shall I kill him?"

"Somers," he said, "behave like a man, and let us alone. I love this girl."

"Cassandra," urged Ben, in a gentle voice, "come with me; come away."

"Fool!" I answered; "let *me* alone. Go out!"

He hesitated, and then obeyed, turning at the door and again urging me: "Come!"

"Go, go!" I repeated, stamping my foot. The door closed without a sound.

The parting of the ways had come, and I know not what would have been my doom had not fate mercifully stepped in between Charles and me. Soon after this scene we were driving with one of those vicious brutes of horses in which he delighted. The horse took a sudden fright, ran, then abruptly turned, leaped across a ditch, clambered up a stone wall with his fore-feet, and fell backward. Charles was killed by a kick from the

horse; the animal itself died of its injuries, and I escaped with bruises and a broken arm.

So ended my life at Rosville. I went back to the family at Surrey, but after the first affectionate reunion I felt the dulness of life there. The past was vital; the present was dead. My mother questioned the meaning of my bitter face. But I could not reveal myself to her. I told her only to believe that which her woman's heart might guess; and she cursed herself for having given birth to daughters.

Over the slow-moving months of life at Surrey, where only the commonplace incidents of family affairs offer themselves for record, I must hasten. There were occasional visits—one from Helen Perkins, but more important were those of Ben Somers, now the declared suitor of Veronica. His wooing was concealed from his family, however, and a time came when he proposed that I should visit Belem and help break the ice, for he had determined to marry my sister, and take up his life at Surrey after he should first build a house.

To Belem accordingly I went and was introduced into the select circle of its most aristocratic families. Ben's father was the victim of gout, and also of his wife's tyranny. She, as Ben once described her, was a haughty aristocrat, fixed in the ideas embedded in the Belem institutions, which only move backward. She ruled the household and herself was ruled by her antecedents. She did not like me and was at times studiously uncivil; but I was there as a distant connection and so was tolerated. Ben's sisters and his brother Desmond were polite and even generous according to their lights. The family was held together by the law of the Pickersgills, Mrs. Somers's family. Neither Ben nor his brother was permitted to take any initiative, for they were denied any allotment of the family fortune until the youngest child should come of age, and a malign fate had the year previously sent a baby. This was a cloud that somewhat darkened the family life among the younger members.

But, after all, my visit was enjoyable. There were friendly visits and evening parties; one was given for me at the Somers mansion before my departure. It was then that I knew my fate. The influence of Ben's brother Desmond had been a growing power over me. He was wild, dissipated, but mag-

nificent. He fascinated me, and later he subdued me. That last evening we were together alone after the other guests had gone to the supper-room, I noticed a tiny ring at his watch-chain—a woman's ring—and pointed to it. Lowering his gaze to the ring, he said: "I loved her shamefully, and she loved me shamefully." And he snapped it with his thumb and finger.

I grew rigid with virtue at this amazingly frank declaration.

"You need not conjure up any tragic ideas on the subject. She is no outcast. She is here to-night; if there was ruin, it was mutual."

We were interrupted by Ben, who came to take me to supper. Before I went Desmond had kissed both my hands. The next day I departed.

I went home, but it was to meet the grief of mother's parting from us. I found her alone in her chair as I entered the house. The family were scattered to their tasks. People must die, sometimes even in their chairs, alone!

Then followed the intolerable ordeal of a country funeral. But life flows in its unchangeable course, whatever the actors who come and go. Ben's marriage to Veronica was approaching. He feared for my future with Desmond.

"Desmond," he said to me, "is a violent, tyrannical, sensual man; his perceptions are his pulses. That he is handsome, clever, resolute, and sings well, I admit; but no more."

"We will not bandy his merits or his demerits between us. Let us observe him. And now, tell me—what am I?"

"You have been my delight and misery ever since I knew you. I saw you first—so impetuous, yet self-contained! Incapable of insincerity, devoid of affectation, and courageously, naturally beautiful. Then, to my amazement, I saw that, unlike most women, you understood your instincts; that you dared to define them; that you were impious enough to follow them. You debased my ideal; you confused me, also, for I could never affirm that you were wrong—forcing me to consult abstractions, they gave a verdict in your favor, which almost unsexed you in my estimation. I must own that the man who is willing to marry you has more courage than I have. Is it strange that when I found your opposite, Veronica, I yielded? Her delicate, pure, ignorant soul suggests to me an eternal repose."

Now I must hasten over the events that bring my history to a close. One of these was my father's failure in business—a terrible wrench to the smooth course of our life; but disaster was retrieved by his marriage later to Alice, Charles's widow, and the use of the fortune she enjoyed. Ben and Veronica were married. Desmond went on a voyage to Spain and there achieved the miracle of reformation. But he returned to me and to bliss. After I married him I went to Belem; but Mrs. Somers never forgave me. The family regarded our union as a *mésalliance.* Shortly afterward we went for a two years' stay in Europe.

While I write these words I am sitting in my old room in Surrey, for Desmond likes to be here in summer. Veronica lies on the floor watching her year-old baby. Ben has been dead six months. He died in delirium tremens. Only Desmond and I were with him in his last moments. When he sprang from his bed, staggered backward and fell dead, we clung together with faint hearts, and mutely questioned each other.

"God is the ruler," said Desmond at last; "otherwise let this mad world crush us now."

# HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

(United States, 1812–1896)

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (1852)

The critic who spoke of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as the "most potent and widely read novel in modern literature," might well have omitted the last two words of his characterization. It is doubtful whether any work of fiction, however ancient, has had as many readers in all the centuries of its existence as *Uncle Tom* in its little more than half a century. It appeared at what is called in these days the psychological moment, when not only the United States but the whole civilized world was deeply interested in the problem of slavery. Mrs. Stowe attacked the institution, not the people who maintained it. She took great pains to picture the pleasantest side of slavery, while also depicting its darkest, and her own impression was that her Abolitionist friends would reject the book as inadequate, and that the South would hail it as a just treatment of the question. Exactly the reverse happened. The scenes of terrible cruelty in the course of the tale offended the South, whereas the Abolitionists everywhere were delighted. But the amazing success of the work depended undoubtedly on something more than interest in the local problem, for it went quickly into more than twenty languages, including Armenian, Chinese, and Japanese. Within a year of its publication six different translations were current in France, and eighteen publishing houses in England had put out editions. The story appeared first as a serial in the Abolitionist weekly, *The National Era*, published in Washington. Only the merest fragment of the work was written when the first instalment appeared, and Mrs. Stowe completed it week by week, writing in the intervals of household duties, for nearly a year. When it was in book form the presses could not supply copies fast enough to meet the demand. No sensational success of recent-day "best sellers" can compare with the success of *Uncle Tom*, which is still a live book in the market. Its record in its dramatic versions is equally phenomenal. Mrs. Stowe herself made it into a play called *The Christian Slave*, and there have been unnumbered other stage versions, some of which are still played by strolling companies. Indeed, to-day no play is so sure to attract audiences as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and it is safe to say that no play—regarding all the dramatic versions as one—in any language, has been heard by so many persons. The leading character, Uncle Tom, was drawn from the life of the Rev. Josiah Henson (1787–1881), a slave who escaped to Canada, and most of the minor characters, black and white, were studies of

persons with whom Mrs. Stowe was acquainted during her residence in southern Ohio and her travels in the South The most dramatic episodes of the story, too, were well-authenticated facts transplanted to the pages of fiction.

R. SHELBY'S fine plantation in Kentucky was encumbered with debt, and the chief creditor, Haley, pressed for a settlement. After raising all the money he could the planter found himself several hundred dollars short of the necessary amount. Haley, whose main business consisted in buying slaves for the New Orleans market, suggested that some of Shelby's "stock" might be transferred in liquidation of the encumbrance on the estate, and Mr. Shelby felt compelled to acquiesce. He was a humane man, a good master, and while he would have parted with any of his people reluctantly, it was with positive repugnance that he viewed the transfer to Haley, who looked upon the blacks as merely so much property and gave no consideration to such matters as affection and family ties. The trader had shown his business acumen in selecting the best negro on the place as one whom he would be willing to accept in part payment of the debt. This was Tom, or, as he was always called, Uncle Tom, a man of great physical strength and unusual mental endowment. Uncle Tom was married and had children; his wife, Aunt Chloe, was the chief cook in the master's household; and their cabin was in a place of honor close beside the mansion itself.

Not only was Tom the most valuable negro on the place, but he was the best beloved by whites and blacks alike. He was devoutly religious and led the slaves in their meetings. Mr. Shelby's son, George, had taught him to read, a privilege he esteemed especially because it enabled him to make personal study of the Bible. He was more than a laborer, for he had marked executive ability, and Mr. Shelby had come to depend on him almost as he would upon a business manager. Often had Tom been sent with crops to Cincinnati, collected money there, and returned always with every dollar properly accounted for. Obedient, industrious, a total abstainer, he was an ideal slave; and it was this man whom Haley had picked for the Southern market.

But from the trader's point of view Tom's value did not equal the remainder of the debt. There must be another sacrifice, and again Haley made a suggestion. Why not throw in Eliza Harris and her little boy? Mr. Shelby returned such a peremptory negative to this that even Haley perceived that there must be concession on his side. Eliza, a girl who might readily have passed for a white woman, was Mrs. Shelby's favorite servant, and the mistress never would consent to part with her. Haley argued the matter a little for the sake of effect, and then consented to call things even for Tom and Eliza's boy. The master's heart revolted at the idea of parting mother and child; easy-going, weak though he was, Mr. Shelby advanced all the commonplace arguments of humanity against the trader's proposal, and Haley met them with sound assertions concerning the law of property and the palpable fact that " niggers " haven't the same feelings as whites. It was not considerations of this kind that won Mr. Shelby at last; it was sheer business necessity; for Haley announced an ultimatum. He would take Tom and the boy, or he would not discharge the debt.

Eliza's husband, George Harris, was owned on a neighboring plantation. Like her, he was almost white, and the white that was in him made him much too valuable for a field-hand. His master, therefore, had hired him out to a manufacturer, under whose kindly oversight the slave had learned to read and write. He had also invented a machine of great use in the factory. Recently his master, fearing that George was coming to have too high an opinion of himself, had sacrificed the wages the man earned, and withdrawn him from the factory, compelling him to work again in the field. George's resentment was bitterly aroused, and at the very time of Haley's visit to Mr. Shelby he had told his wife that he meant to make his escape to Canada. His memory rankled with more than his own suffering, for in his early boyhood he had been sold away from his family. There were two sisters who had been taken south, from whom he never had heard. He lived in continual dread lest he himself, or his wife and little one, should be disposed of in the same way.

Haley concluded his negotiations with Mr. Shelby and, the bills of sale for the two slaves having passed, departed for the night. He was to take away his purchases next morning.

Eliza, whose duties were almost wholly indoors, happened to overhear Mr. Shelby break the disagreeable news to his wife about the sale. Her terror was unbounded, but her resolution was taken instantly. She would not let Harry, the only survivor of her three children, be taken from her. Her love for her master and mistress was genuine and deep; she had no complaint to make, she had no keen desire for freedom, such as tormented her husband; but maternal love was fierce and strong, and horror of that region of distress vaguely known as "The South" was enough in itself to spur her to action.

When everybody in the mansion was asleep she took Harry from his bed and went to Uncle Tom's cabin. There had been a protracted religious meeting there that evening, and Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe had not yet retired. Eliza told them the dreadful news and her own determination. Chloe, though well-nigh prostrated by grief on her own account, could yet see the younger woman's case clearly, and counseled her to haste. Tom trusted in God; it was his nature to be submissive; one lesson he had learned from the Bible was non-resistance to evil; yet he, too, found no word to dissuade Eliza from her course.

Away into the night she went, sometimes carrying her boy, sometimes inducing him to run by tricks of play, as tossing an apple ahead of him and hastening after when he ran to get it. She was making for the Ohio river, north of which was a free State. Even there she knew that she might be taken, for the Fugitive-Slave Law was in force. She toiled on through the night and all the next day; and in the edge of the evening she came to the Ohio. The month was February, and the river was choked with broken ice. No ferry was running, and Eliza, in despair, sought shelter in a tavern by the river-bank, where her color was not suspected. Harry was tired out, and she could do nothing but let him sleep, and wait.

Her absence was not discovered until Haley came in the morning. The boy was Haley's loss, Eliza Mr. Shelby's. There was, therefore, reason for common pursuit of the fugitives. Haley consented to defer beginning the chase until after breakfast, as they felt sure of overtaking them. Mrs. Shelby gave orders that the meal be hastened, but somehow the mischief was in the kitchen that morning. Aunt Chloe was more

particular than ever; some freshly cooked food was spilled, and had to be done over; things were forgotten that never were before; and altogether the breakfast was much longer in coming to table than usual. Afterward, when the horses were brought around, Sam, one of Shelby's slaves, who had been ordered to accompany Haley, managed to frighten and lose control of the animals, and in spite of the energetic efforts of all the boys and men about the place, it was two hours before the horses were assembled again. Then the animals were altogether too exhausted with the wild running to be put on the road at once, and the start was therefore postponed until after dinner. Even then there was abundant time to overhaul a woman walking with a little boy, and although Sam managed to get Haley on the wrong road, the pursuers actually did arrive at the river-bank only a short time after Eliza had laid Harry upon a bed in the tavern.

Sam, riding ahead of Haley and Andy, another of Shelby's slaves, saw Eliza at the tavern window. Immediately he knocked his hat off and, with a loud yell, dismounted to get it. She understood the warning. In desperation, not knowing clearly what she tried to do, the mother took her child from the bed and ran down to the river's edge, leaving the tavern by a side door just as Haley entered at the front. He saw her and ordered Sam and Andy to pursue. They had to obey, and Haley went with them. Between Eliza and the nearest ice was an open space several feet wide, where the current ran with great violence. The hands of her pursuers were all but on her when she screamed and leaped, while they drew back in wonder and horror.

"Mas'r, I saw her, with my own eyes," said Sam next day, "a crossin' on the floatin' ice. She crossed most 'markably; it wasn't no less nor a miracle; and I saw a man help her up the 'Hio side, and then she was lost in the dark. Couldn't nobody a done it, widout de Lord. Mas'r Haley he seed her, and yelled out, an' him an' me' an' Andy, we took arter. Down she come to de river, an' thar was de current runnin' ten feet wide by de shore, an' over t'other side ice a sawin' an' a jiggling up an' down, kinder as 'twere a great island. We come right behind her, and I thought my soul he'd got her sure enuf, when she gin

sich a screech as I never hearn, an' thar she was, clar over t'other side de current, on de ice, an' then on she went, a screechin' an' a jumpin'—de ice went crack! c'wallop! crackin'! chunk! an' she a boundin' like a buck! Lord! de spring dat ar gal's got in her ain't common, I'm o' 'pinion."

Haley lingered on the Kentucky side of the river until he had made arrangements for the pursuit of the fugitives through Ohio. This was undertaken by a lawyer named Marks, and Tom Loker, a man whose regular business was slave-hunting. Harry was to be restored to Haley without other charge than fifty dollars paid in advance; Marks was to set up a fictitious claim to Eliza, and, having gained possession of her, he was to sell her and divide the proceeds with Loker. Haley then returned to Mr. Shelby's and took Uncle Tom away. In spite of Mr. Shelby's assurance that Tom could be trusted, Haley put iron shackles on the negro's ankles, and when it was necessary to stay overnight in a town, Haley put up at a hotel, while Tom was accommodated in the jail. Haley paused here and there to add to his purchases.

During the voyage down the Mississippi, Haley relaxed his precautions so far as Uncle Tom was concerned. It was a part of his business policy to treat his "stock" well, and make them cheerful, to the end that his slaves should be more attractive to purchasers, and as he had become convinced of Tom's submissiveness, the shackles were removed from his limbs, and he was allowed to move about freely on that limited part of the deck allotted to negro freight.

Among the white people on board was Mr. St. Clair, a wealthy New Orleans gentleman returning from a visit to Vermont. With him was his little daughter, Eva, and his cousin, Miss Ophelia, whom he had persuaded to become his housekeeper. Eva became acquainted with Uncle Tom. The unhappy lot of the slaves on the way to market touched her childish sympathy deeply. She was an angel of mercy to them all through the voyage down the river. Tom appealed to her more than all the rest, perhaps, because he spent so many hours poring over his Bible, spelling out the words slowly, and persisting in spite of difficulties, in absorbing the meaning of the sacred text. One day she asked him where he was going. "I

don't know, missy," he answered. "I shall be sold somewhere."

"My papa will buy you," she said at once.

Tom smiled his appreciation, but without hope. At a small landing where the steamboat stopped to take on wood, Eva stood at the rail when the boat started unexpectedly, and the sudden lurch caused her to fall into the stream. Uncle Tom was near. Unimpeded now by shackles, he leaped overboard, swam to Eva, and held her above the surface until the boat was backed to him and many hands were extended to pull them both to the deck.

That deed settled Tom's fate for several years. Mr. St. Clair paid Haley thirteen hundred dollars for him before the boat reached New Orleans. It was such good fortune as Tom and his sorrowing people in Kentucky had not dared hope for him; and if he could have forgotten wife and children he might have regarded the change as for the better. Mr. St. Clair made him head coachman, with an assistant to do the stable work; he provided him with a fine livery and encouraged him in taking pride in his appearance; he gave him no irksome tasks and in nowise interfered with his religious calling, which was as dear to Tom as life itself. The big black man's friendship for little Eva grew in sweetness as the weeks passed. Many hours they spent together, with the Bible as their common ground. Eva read the passages aloud and Tom expounded them, giving them a wealth of meaning that she did not get from them at church, and bringing to her receptive intelligence a profounder conviction of Divine love than could have been derived from the influences to which she was ordinarily subjected. For her father was a skeptic and her mother a fretful, selfish woman, to whom the form of the church service set the boundaries of religion.

Among the throng of negro children on the estate was a ten-year-old girl called Topsy, whom St. Clair had bought for a trifle to rescue her from brutal ill treatment. This small specimen of humanity he gave to his cousin, Miss Ophelia, the prim maiden lady from Vermont, telling her it was virgin soil, in which she might implant all the New England virtues—if she could. Topsy was conceded by everyone on the place, white and black, to be "a limb"; she averred that she never had

"no father nor mother nor nothin'—never was born— spect I growed"; she was an expert thief and habitual liar, and had a hand in every bit of mischief on the place. Lectures and whippings from her well-meaning mistress did no good; as she herself said to her companions after undergoing discipline, "Miss Feely's whippin's wouldn't kill a skeeter." The only person that had any good influence over this little imp of darkness was the gentle Eva, who spoke to her the only words of real affection the poor child had ever heard.

Tom never complained; but his heart still yearned for the old home and his own people, and, with some help, he contrived a letter to Mrs. Shelby, in the course of which he expressed his hope that some day she would be able to redeem the promise she had given him at parting, that she would buy him back. Mr. St. Clair was cognizant of this letter, and its contents surprised him and made him more than ever skeptical, for his doubts extended to more than religion. He actually doubted the wisdom of the institution that enslaved such beings as Uncle Tom, and frankly admitted the weakness of the arguments in support of it when he debated, as he often did, with his Northern cousin, Miss Ophelia. But St. Clair labored under two difficulties—an easy-going, not to say indolent disposition, and an intellectual grasp of the situation that made him see all sides of the question. Unable to see that one was unmistakably better than all the others, he with placid discontent allowed matters to take their course, with no effort to influence them save as he abolished all forms of cruelty in the treatment of his own slaves.

Eliza and Harry were, as Sam had reported, assisted up the river-bank on the Ohio side by a man who led her to a house where dwelt people noted for their kindness to the blacks. From that house they were taken to a station on the famous "Underground Railroad," and thereafter, traveling by night and resting by day, they made their way slowly toward Sandusky, where they hoped to take a boat for Canada. They were about halfway across Ohio when good fortune united Eliza to her husband. George Harris had escaped also, and though at first he took a different route, he was eventually guided to the same line of the "railroad" that she followed. One night word was brought to them at the house of a Quaker who sheltered them, that

Marks and Loker, with a posse of assistants, were but a few miles away and well mounted.

Phineas Fletcher, one of the Quakers, undertook to drive them to the next station, although there was small hope that it could be reached ahead of the pursuers. At daybreak the fugitives saw a party of horsemen surmounting a hill not far behind them. It was then impossible to gain the next station, but Phineas laid on the lash, and the horses galloped along the road, while Marks, Loker, and the others drew steadily nearer. At last Phineas halted suddenly and bade his black friends alight and make for a steep cliff a short distance from the road. Another white man drove on as fast as possible in the empty wagon, while Phineas led the fugitives by a narrow path to the top of the cliff and along its edge, where they had to walk in single file. They leaped across a narrow cleft in the rock, and stopped on a kind of platform, which could be reached only by the path by which they had come. There were loaded pistols in the party, and the men prepared to use them. They saw the pursuers dismount and approach the cliff, for there was no attempt at concealment on either side. George Harris stood forth plainly and hailed his enemies. He confessed his identity, refused to go down, and warned them that any who ventured to come up would be met with bullets.

Marks expostulated, and stated the law. George was unmoved. He acknowledged that the law was against him, but he knew that before he left Kentucky. Marks advised him of the vanity of resistance. "Be sensible," he said, "for it's only a matter of time when we get you." George told him that he might get a dead man, but not a live one. Then Loker reminded the lawyer that, so far as George Harris was concerned, the reward was the same alive or dead, and after some prudent hesitation the pursuers began to climb the cliff.

"I'll do the fighting," said George to the Quaker, "for this is my affair."

"Thee's welcome to do the fighting," Phineas replied, "but I suppose I may have the fun of looking on?"

Loker fired at George as he began to climb, and the fugitives heard the bullet hiss past them. A moment of intense anxiety followed, for the pursuers were out of sight during the greater

part of their climb. There was no more parley. George waited until Loker appeared on the narrow path along the edge, and then fired. The shot entered the man's side, but Loker was a man of indomitable courage, and he pushed on to the very edge of the chasm. At this moment, Phineas stepped forth.

"Friend," said he, giving Loker a push with his long arms, "thee's not wanted here."

Down he fell into the chasm, crackling among bushes, trees, logs, loose stones, till he lay, bruised and groaning, thirty feet below. He would have been killed by his fall but for the measure of protection afforded by the trees that checked his descent.

The other pursuers retreated in fright, and, after a short consultation among themselves, galloped away, leaving their leader in the hands of the fugitives. Phineas led his friends down the cliff, and they cared for Loker as tenderly as if he had been of their own party. Their wagon returned presently with help from the next "Underground" station. Loker was taken to the house of a Quaker, where he was nursed to full recovery.

George and Eliza arrived at Sandusky without further molestation, but were informed that Marks was there ahead of them, watching every outgoing boat. George, whose face was not familiar to the lawyer, disguised his appearance as best he could; Eliza donned male attire and had her hair cut short; Harry, dressed as a girl, was put in charge of a white woman who was returning to her home in Canada. Marks stood by the gangplank when his quarry walked serenely on board; and he stared in a puzzled way when the boat drew away with George Harris leaning idly against the rail and looking unconcernedly at him.

Soon after Uncle Tom's departure from Kentucky, Aunt Chloe asked permission to be hired out to a confectioner, so that she might earn money to redeem her husband. Mrs. Shelby gladly consented, for Mr. Shelby's affairs gave no promise of mending. Aunt Chloe, then, toiled away, never spending a cent of her wages, with the prospect of accumulating enough in six years to buy Tom from his Southern owner.

In these years Tom's fortunes underwent unhappy changes. Little Eva was stricken with an ailment that no medicine, no treatment, could cure. It was hardly a disease, but a gradual

fading away. For months her father would not permit himself to be anxious about her. She was the one comfort of his life, for there was no love or sympathy on the part of Eva's mother to sustain him, and he shut his eyes stubbornly to the evidences of his child's weakness. Even when she herself assured him that she was going to leave him, he could not believe it, and, while he supplied her with everything that the wisest intelligence could suggest, he shut his eyes to the truth that everybody else in the household perceived.

The day came when he could be blind no longer. He knew that his beloved child was dying, and then her sweet pleas for the black people made a deeper impression on him than all the arguments of Miss Ophelia or his Abolitionist friends. Eva spoke as a prophet in those last days, trying to direct her father's attention to God; and St. Clair, bitterly resentful, tried manfully to learn the lessons she taught. And so Eva died, deeply beloved by all, the only ray of love and light in the lives of her humble friends, Tom and little Topsy.

For some time after this Tom was in great anxiety for his master. St. Clair suppressed his emotion, and his unsympathetic wife believed him to be heartless; but Tom knew. He followed his master on all possible occasions, fearing that the strain would be intolerable and lead to tragic consequences. One day St. Clair asked Tom, with an affectation of his old-time easy humor, if he would like to be free. Tom was excited at the prospect, and when St. Clair amusedly reproved him for wishing to give up a life of comparative ease and luxury for the doubtful benefits and certain drudgery of freedom, Tom replied that freedom under any conditions would be better than all the luxuries that bondage could bestow. St. Clair affected to be shocked, but promised to make the man free; and then, with his characteristic negligence, he postponed the making out of the papers until a more convenient time. Before that time came he was the accidental victim of a shot fired in a café where he had gone to read the papers. He was brought home dead, and not long after his burial his widow sent Tom to the slave-market.

Miss Ophelia, who knew that freedom had been promised to Tom, did her best to persuade Mrs. St. Clair to observe her

husband's expressed wishes, but in vain; and the next best thing she could do was to write to Mrs. Shelby an explanation of the situation. Fortune, having turned against Uncle Tom, decreed that that letter should be missent, and it was months in reaching its destination.

Uncle Tom was bought by Simon Legree, a type of the worst product of slavery in its influence upon the whites. He took Tom and other human purchases, including a well-bred, almost white girl called Emmeline, to his plantation far up the Red River. There he ruled as a savage despot over a vast estate, the only white person upon it, for he was unmarried. His overseers were negroes trained in his own school of brutality, which was epitomized by his remark to a stranger with whom he conversed on the steamboat.

"Just feel of my knuckles, now," said he; "look at my fist. Tell ye, sir, the flesh on't has come jest like a stone, practisin' on niggers. Feel on't!"

In Legree's household there was one woman, Cassy, who might readily have passed for white. She was educated, capable, and, before contact with Legree, she had been refined. Long ago she had been the wife in all but name of a wealthy white man who had lavished tenderness upon her but who had not married her because there was nothing in the laws to legalize their relations. He lost his property and was led into dissipation. Cassy and her child were put in the market and sold to different masters. What had become of her daughter she knew not; she herself went to Legree, who now had brought Emmeline home to supplant her.

Tom was put to work in the cotton-fields, where he toiled with his accustomed industry and docility, but Legree had a higher use for him. The master had heard of Tom's ability, and he observed that he was worth more than an ordinary laborer; so he planned to make Tom an overseer. Before he broached this plan, Tom gave offense by helping a sick woman to fill her basket. This gave Legree an opportunity to accomplish two things at once—punish the sick woman for her "laziness," and induct Tom into the duties of an overseer. He ordered the woman to be flogged and bade Tom lay on the lash. Tom quietly refused. Legree stormed and threatened

in vain, and at last he had Tom strung up and beaten until he was helpless.

Cassy went to the suffering man in the night and took him water. Hardened by her years of captivity there, she advised him to yield and conform to Legree's rules; but Tom, in spite of his agony, held to his principles. The white man might torture his body, might kill him; he should not ruin the black man's soul. He was equally firm when Legree came to him on the following morning and demanded that he beg pardon for his contumacy.

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I will never do a cruel thing, come what may."

"Yes, but ye don't know what may come, Master Tom," said Legree. "How would ye like to be tied to a tree, and have a slow fire lit up around ye?"

"Mas'r," said Tom, "I know ye can do dreadful things, but after ye've killed the body there ain't any more ye can do. And, oh, there's all eternity to come after that."

Legree, in his anger, knocked the stricken man flat, and he would have had him flogged again at once but for considerations of business. The cotton was right for picking; it needed the incessant labor of every hand to get in the crop; already he had regretted the necessity of disciplining Tom, for thereby he lost his services for at least a week; and for fear of making his most efficient slave incapable for the rest of the season, he bottled up his rage and awaited a more favorable opportunity.

It came some days after Cassy and Emmeline disappeared. The swamps in every direction were searched by the aid of bloodhounds, and no trace of the fugitives was found. They were all the time concealed in the garret of the mansion. Cassy had worked out a clever plan with rare patience. She began by stirring Legree's ignorant superstition, and persuaded him that the garret was haunted. When she was certain that he never would dare invade that part of the house, and she already knew that none of the slaves would, she and Emmeline slipped away at dusk, taking pains that they should be seen. Pursuit was organized at once, by which all the negroes were drawn away from the house. By walking some distance in a shallow

stream the women disconcerted the dogs, for they lost the scent, and while the hunters were trying to recover it Cassy and Emmeline returned to the house by a back way and fled to the garret, which they had previously stocked abundantly with food. There they waited until there should be just time to walk to the nearest landing on the Red River and make quick connection with the next boat to New Orleans, Cassy intending to pass as a lady and Emmeline as her servant.

Tom had not joined in the search on the night of the disappearance. Legree noticed this, and, after several days had passed in a vain hunt all about the country, he accused Tom of cognizance of the escape. Tom did know something about it, for Cassy had talked freely with him. He would not lie and say that he knew nothing, but he calmly refused to tell. Legree, certain that Tom could expose the fugitives if he would, flew into his worst passion and ordered his overseers to flog him until "the nigger was conquered or killed."

The dreadful deed was done. The brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could the utmost extremity wring from him words, save of prayer and holy trust.

"Pay away till he gives up!" shouted Legree.

Tom opened his eyes and looked upon his master.

"Ye poor, miserable critter," he said, "there ain't no more ye can do. I forgive ye with all my soul." And he fainted entirely away.

Two days afterward young George Shelby drove up to Legree's house. His father was dead, and the management of the Kentucky estate had devolved upon him. As soon as possible after the receipt of Miss Ophelia's delayed letter George had set out with money to redeem Uncle Tom. It had taken time and patience to find the clue to Tom's whereabouts, but it had been found, and he arrived just in time to bring a ray of joy to Tom's death-bed. Tom knew him, and his agony was forgotten. He died praising God that he had been privileged to see his young master again, and pleading with George, with all the earnestness of a man who knows that he is dying, to be a Christian.

Cassy and Emmeline succeeded in their ruse and went down

the Red river on the same boat with George Shelby, after he had given Tom's body to a grave out of view from the place where he had suffered the extreme of physical torture. Before the boat arrived at New Orleans Cassy made a confidant of George, and he helped her and Emmeline pass the dangers that lay in transferring themselves to a boat bound north.

On the up-river boat George became acquainted with a passenger, Madame de Thoux, who told him her story. She had been a slave, but, taken to the West Indies, had married a man of wealth. Her husband was dead, and she was now journeying to Kentucky in the hope of tracing a brother who had been sold, as she had learned, to somebody in that State. She wished to buy her brother's freedom.

Questions and answers soon established the fact that George Harris was the brother she sought. George Shelby told her what he knew about Harris, not omitting the marriage to Eliza who had been bought when she was very little, in New Orleans, by the elder Shelby. Cassy happened to overhear a part of this conversation. It was then her turn to ask questions, and the answers this time assured her that Eliza was her daughter. The natural result of these revelations was a journey to Canada. Harris was traced to Montreal, where he was found with Eliza and Harry, and such a reunion took place as the former slaves had not dared hope for. Madame de Thoux placed her fortune at George's disposal, and he took advantage of it to complete his education at a European university, after which he went to Liberia, believing that in that republic lay the most promising opportunity for developing the possibilities of his race.

## OLDTOWN FOLKS (1869)

This novel has been described as a series of pictures of life as seen from the kitchen, best room, barnyard, meadow, and wood-lot of a Massachusetts parsonage of pre-locomotive days. In a preface the supposed teller of the story, Horace Holyoke, declares it his object to interpret to the world the New England life and character in its seminal period, desiring the reader to see the characteristic persons of those times and hear them talk, while he himself maintains the part of a sympathetic spectator.

HERE is a class of men who go through life under a cloud, for no other reason than that, being born with the nature of gentlemen, they are nevertheless poor. Such a man was my father, the son of a poor widow, who, with the organization and tastes of a scholar and a gentleman, had to fight his way up with his little-boy hands toward what to him was light and life—an education. He gained enough of standing to teach in the academy at Oldtown; but there he fell in love with my mother, and in marrying her gave up the aim of his life—a course in Harvard College. Their household was clouded by suppressed regrets, as it was harassed by real wants. From the prettiest and most attractive of his pupils my mother became a quiet, faded, mournful woman; and my father, tasking and straining his brain to complete his education, and neglecting his health, sank under consumption, and died when I was ten, my brother Bill a year or two older.

We were taken to the house of my grandfather, one of the chief magnates of the village, who carried on a large farm and mills. He was a serene, moderate, quiet, optimistic man, with an affable word and a smile for everybody. My grandmother, on the contrary, was one of those wide-awake, earnest, active natures, whose days were seldom long enough for all that she felt needed her attention. She was with all her soul, a very large one, a Puritan Calvinist; and as her husband was an Ar-

minian, many were the controversies I heard between them. They had two unmarried daughters, Keziah and Lois.

In the evening we were accustomed to sit in the kitchen, which was a roomy apartment, with a great fireplace across one side. There the neighbors were wont to drop in; the men to discuss politics; the women, often, to discuss the former court at the Government House in Boston, and the many old stories connected with those days. In fact, during an evening in my grandmother's kitchen, religion, theology, politics, the gossip of the day and the legends of the supernatural were wont to be woven into a fabric of thought quaint and varied. There was one peculiarity of my childhood which powerfully influenced and determined my life. Dreamy and imaginative, I was filled with vague yearnings, and my childish steps were surrounded by a species of vision or apparition so clear and distinct that I often found great difficulty in discriminating between the forms of real life and these shifting shapes. At night the whole atmosphere seemed a palpitating crowd of faces and forms in dim and gliding quietude. The most constant of the companions of my solitude was a young boy of about my own age, who seemed to look lovingly on me, and with whom I used to have a sort of social communion through thought.

Perhaps resulting from these exceptional experiences was a vivid perception of something of the sphere or emanation surrounding everyone I met. For some I had so violent and instinctive an aversion that their presence in the room seemed almost physical pain to me; the presence of others filled me with agreeable sensations.

My silent boy friend ceased to appear from the time that my acquaintance with Harry Percival began. When Harry first came to our house we knew little of him; but I shall set down here the outline of what we afterward learned. His father, of the same name, was a younger son of a family belonging to the English gentry. When he came to America, near the close of the Revolutionary War, as a commissioned officer, he brought with him the beautiful daughter of a country curate, whom he had persuaded to an elopement and a private marriage. He proved worthless and dissipated, and his wife endured humiliations and reverses until finally he sailed for England, leaving

her a sum of money and a letter denying the validity of their marriage. He had taken her marriage certificate. She tried to walk to Boston with her two children in order to learn his address and make an appeal to him, and died on the way at Needmore, a few miles from Oldtown. Harry, then nine years old, was kept at the house where his mother had died, by Caleb Smith, who, because of his sour, cross, gnarly nature was called "Old Crab Smith." Tina, his sister, was taken by Crab's sister, Asphyxia, whose ideas of the purpose and aim of human existence were comprised in one word—work. The children were treated with such harshness and cruelty that they ran away and, coming to Oldtown, took up their abode in a great closed house known as the Dench house. The story of their disappearance and the sight of smoke coming from a chimney of the Dench place led to their discovery and their being brought to our house.

Harry had been the confidant of his desolate mother, his tiny faculties had been widened to make room for her sorrows, and his childish strength increased by supporting her. To him I felt an attraction that I never had felt before; he was in a wonderful degree gifted with faculties that made him a universal favorite. His quiet serviceableness and manual dexterity endeared him to Aunt Lois and reconciled her to his remaining in our family, especially after Parson Lothrop's rich wife, whom we called Lady Lothrop, agreed to provide a yearly sum for his clothing and education. She belonged to an old family of Boston and, though the wife of a Congregational minister, was an adorer of the Church and King of England.

Tina Percival was a wonderful picture of delicate beauty; she was affectionate, gay, pleasure-loving, self-willed, imperious, intensely fond of approbation, with great stores of fancy, imagination, and an under-heat of undeveloped passion.

Outside of our own family no one ever received a warmer welcome than Miss Mehitable Rossiter, a daughter of the former minister in Oldtown. She was the only child of his first wife; his second left one son, Jonathan, who at this time was a schoolmaster, having refused, to his sister's intense disappointment, to follow their father in the ministry; and his third had two children—Theodore, who died early of dissipa-

tion, and Emily, adopted, after her mother's death, by an aunt, Mrs. Farnsworth. She developed a beauty so remarkable that it drew on her constant attention. Mr. Farnsworth's nature was of a bold and granite formation; her aunt's gaiety of spirit, under her husband's dominion, had given place to a modified reproduction of his traits. They attended, with the fullest sympathy, on the severest preaching of Dr. Stern.

Before Emily was fourteen she had passed through two or three of those seasons of convulsed and agonized feeling which are caused by the revolt of a strong sense of justice and humanity against teachings that seem to accuse the Heavenly Father of the most frightful cruelty and injustice. Finally her health suffered from the struggle at taking deliberate and final leave of the faith of her fathers, and she was sent to Boston, where she made the acquaintance of an interesting French family of high rank, who introduced her to the French language and literature. A period of peace and quiet followed her return; then she suddenly disappeared, writing to her sister that she had chosen her lot for herself and desired that no search nor inquiry be made. At the same time the Marquis de Conté and his lady sailed for France. This mysterious sorrow had embittered Miss Mehitable's life.

The first evening that Harry and Tina spent at our house Miss Rossiter came to offer to adopt Tina, who, as did all children, loved her at once. Thenceforth our lives—Harry's, Tina's, and mine—were inextricably intertwisted. It was early in the autumn when Harry came to us, and through the winter we attended the common school, sharing certain "chores." Tina was supreme mistress over both of us, and I was her too happy slave, with whom she assumed the negligent airs of a little empress. Harry was the most doting of brothers, holding that Tina must be saved from every care and exertion, and I never dreamed of disputing her supremacy.

Shortly before Easter Lady Lothrop invited us three to go with her in her carriage to Boston, whither she always went to hear the Easter services in King's Chapel. Though my grandmother opposed our going to stay with Tories and Episcopalians, Aunt Lois carried the day.

Madam Kittery, Lady Lothrop's mother, was a lovely old

lady, who greeted us with a great outgush of motherly kindness. Her daughter, Miss Deborah, had a somewhat martial and disciplinary air. While we were at tea a cousin of Miss Deborah's came in, Ellery Davenport. He was a tall, graceful young man, carrying his head with a jaunty, slightly haughty air. He entered the room with the gay good humor of one sure of pleasing, bringing with him an inspiring, illuminating cheerfulness. He had been a colonel in the Continental army and had married an heiress, who had developed insanity and was then secluded. Though descended from a line of Puritan ministers, he was an infidel, a follower of the French ideas of the time. Yet he was regarded by women with that general interest which often prevails for some bright, fascinating, wicked prodigal son.

With that susceptibility of constitution which made me peculiarly impressible by the moral sphere of others, I felt in the presence of this man a singular and painful contest of attraction and repulsion. His grace and beauty awoke in me an undefined antagonism akin to antipathy; and when he put his hand on my head I shuddered and shook it off with a pain and dislike amounting to hatred. When he attempted to kiss Tina she repelled him with the dignity of a little princess, at the same time sending a long, mischievous flash from under her downcast eyelashes.

On Sunday morning Madam Kittery summoned Ellery and had him read to her the following text:

> "And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

"Oh, Ellery," she said with trembling earnestness, "remember that!"

"Aunty," he said, as he kissed her hand, tears standing in his eyes, "you must pray for me; I may be a good boy one of these days; who knows?"

On Monday I went, according to my grandmother's instructions, to Copps Hill to see the graves of the saints and read the inscriptions. I had a curious passion for this kind of mortuary literature, and accomplished this wish *con amore*. When

I returned I found Madam Kittery alone; she had me read to her and questioned me; and I told her all my story; how my poor father had longed to go to college, and how I too longed for it when there was no way for me. She consoled me with overflowing sympathy, and forthwith entered into a league of friendship with me.

That evening the elders were discussing Ellery, and Miss Deborah dropped some words of which I thought little at the time, but there came a day when they recurred to me charged with meaning:

"Ellery Davenport can lie so innocently and sweetly and prettily, that if a woman doesn't wish to believe in him she just mustn't listen to him, that's all."

We returned to Oldtown, crowned with victory, as it were; for we had been put forward and patronized in undeniably good society. After we had been cross-examined as to our experiences, I propounded to my grandmother a query; and I remember the expression of shrewd amusement on my grandfather's face as I put it:

"Grandmother, what is the True Church?"

She had her answer at the tip of her tongue: "The whole number of the elect, my son."

In a few days it was announced to us, after a call from Lady Lothrop, that means were to be provided for Harry and me to finish our education in college; and I learned later that I was indebted to Madam Kittery for my opportunity.

At Thanksgiving time Miss Deborah and Ellery Davenport, both staying with Lady Lothrop, came to our house in the evening, when we had an informal dance. Ellery gained a widespread popularity in Oldtown; for he perfectly understood himself and the world he moved in, and never lost sight of the effect he was producing. He was at war with himself and the traditions of his ancestry, and had the feeling that he was regarded in the Puritan community as an apostate; but he took a perverse pleasure in making his position good by a brilliance of wit and grace of manner which few could withstand. Miss Mehitable was irresistibly drawn to make a confidant of him, and he promised that when he returned to his diplomatic post in France he would look for traces of her lost sister.

Our childhood was reasonably enjoyable, spent under influences all homely, innocent, and pure. When Harry and I were eighteen, and Tina verging toward maturity, everything indicated that she was to be one of that all-controlling class of women whose power is in their feminine charm. At this time she announced that she would not go to school any more, because of the silly behavior of the master; so Miss Mehitable engaged her cousin, who had recently been appointed colleague of Dr. Lothrop, to carry on her education. But the same thing happened with Mr. Mordecai Rossiter that had happened with the schoolmaster; he, too, fell in love with his pupil, and Miss Mehitable was in despair. It was finally decided that we should all go to Cloudland, where Mr. Jonathan Rossiter conducted the academy. Tina was to board at the minister's, whose daughter Esther was about her age, and we boys were to live with Mr. Rossiter.

Esther Avery, the minister's daughter, who since her mother's death had conducted his household, was a beautiful, statuesque girl, whose misfortune it was to have all the strong logical faculties and intellectual methods supposed to be characteristic of men, combined with exquisite moral perceptions, and a host of tremulous, half-spiritual, half-sensuous intuitions, resulting in the constant strife of a divided nature. Upon her the warm, sunny, showery, rainbow nature of Tina acted as a constant counterpoise.

At first Mr. Rossiter evidently regarded Tina as a spoiled child. But Tina, with her passion for pleasing, determined to conquer his liking and went at study as if life depended on it; no one learned more easily. Together we four studied, and everything was joyful as it must be when learned by two young men in company with two young women with whom they are secretly in love. For months Harry and Esther moved side by side, drawn daily to each other, yet unconscious whither they were tending. But in that hour when Esther knew she was beloved by a soul of that rare order to whom the love of woman is a religion, her life, hitherto so chill and colorless, awoke with a sudden thrill of consciousness to new and passionate energy. Harry was by nature and habit exactly the reverse of Esther. His conclusions were all intuitions. His religion was an emana-

tion from the heart. His simple faith in God's love was an antidote to her despondent fears.

Many of the boys fell in love with Tina. Every incident of the kind struck her as a catastrophe, and we were always warning her against her illusive friendships. I was her confidant, her father confessor, and to keep this position I judiciously suppressed all personal hopes or claims.

We four united with Mr. Avery's church after a great revival, and Harry determined to study with Mr. Avery to be a clergyman when his college course should be finished. Mr. Avery tried to induce me to choose the same profession; but I doubted my ability to be the moral guide of others, and I could not accept the New England theology with undoubting enthusiasm; also I felt that I wanted something a little more of this world to lay at Tina's feet.

Occasionally a letter came to her from Ellery Davenport, whose tone of patronizing freedom made me ineffably angry, while she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in them. And when he drove up the street, and Tina, as she saw him coming in, ran laughing into the house and up-stairs, I felt a vindictive hatred that alarmed me. I wondered then, and I wonder now, what impulse for good or ill made her turn and run when she saw Ellery Davenport, what made her behave as she did, long refusing to come down and see him. She was not a coquette, yet she acted like one. Ellery was evidently secretly vexed, which pleased me, fool as I was; for it would have been a thousand times better for my hopes had she walked straight out to meet him. Was she in that stage of attraction which begins with repulsion, or did she feel stirring that intense antagonism which a woman sometimes feels toward the man who may, she divines, one day call on her to surrender?

Delicate and impressible natures felt the hidden, subtle power under his suavities; and, though he was energetic, heroic, and impulsively good-natured, I felt he could be remorselessly and persistently cruel. He remained only a few hours, but he made to Harry a communication of great importance to his future. His father had become Sir Harry Percival, and Ellery had gained possession of and placed in Dr. Lothrop's hands Mrs. Percival's marriage certificate.

Finally Harry and I entered Harvard College as sophomores. Mr. Rossiter's Spartan training of Tina had ended in a love for her, noble, disinterested, and true, that made it seem when she left as if all he cared for had gone.

One day Harry said to me: "I wish, Horace, that I were as sure that Tina loves you as I am that Esther loves me."

"She does love me with her heart," I said, "but not with her imagination. Did you ever notice what a singular effect Ellery Davenport seems to have on her?"

Harry was astonished, and pronounced my idea the madness of jealousy. The very day of this conversation we learned at the Kitterys' that the crazy Mrs. Ellery Davenport had died.

Miss Deborah remarked that Ellery never could love a woman for all her life; that he never cared for what he had; that it was always the thing he had not that he was after; that no woman would ever be more to him than a temporary diversion.

When we returned to our room we found a letter saying that Harry's father had died, and he was now Sir Harry, master of Holme House.

The spring vacation we spent in Oldtown, and there we learned, what I had been expecting, that Tina was engaged to Ellery Davenport. I was glad, at that moment, that I never had made love to Tina, so that she could not possibly know the pain she was giving me.

"Well, Harry," I said, "you see the fates have ordered it just as I feared."

"It is almost as much of a disappointment to me as it can be to you. And it is the more so as I cannot quite trust this man."

"I never trusted him. I always had an instinctive doubt of him."

"My doubts are founded on what I have heard him say. He has formed the habit of trifling with truth, and nothing is sacred in his eyes."

"And yet Tina loves him," said I. "She believes in him with all her heart; and we can only pray that he may be true to her. As for me, it only remains for me to live worthy of my love."

After the marriage Tina and Ellery came to spend a short time, preparatory to sailing for Europe, at the old Dench place,

which he owned. On their arrival they found waiting at the door of the parlor a lady all in black, at sight of whom Ellery turned pale as marble.

"Emily! Great God!"

"Yes, Emily!" she said with dignity. "You did not expect to meet *me* here and now, Ellery Davenport."

There was an awful silence, then Emily said with the calmness that comes from the heat of passion:

"And you thought after that letter I would live on your bounty."

"Ellery!" cried Tina. "Tell me who she is. Is she—"

"Be quiet, my poor child," said the woman. "I have no claims. Such as this man is, he is your husband, not mine. I gave up all for him—country, home, friends, name, reputation—for I thought him a man that a woman might well sacrifice her whole life to. He is the father of my child."

"Emily, you might at least have spared this poor child."

"The truth is the best foundation in married life; and the truth you have small faculty for speaking, Ellery."

Emily Rossiter had fled to France, years before, with Ellery Davenport, and had devoted herself to him with all the single-hearted fervor of a true wife, believing that the choice of the heart alone constitutes true marriage. On his part of course the affair was a simple gratification of passion. But in reality, in spite of what she had done, Emily was a woman standing on too high a moral plane for him to consort with her in comfort; and he grew tired of her. He never dreamed that she would endure the humiliation of a return home rather than accept a settlement from him.

Tina went to Miss Mehitable, to whom Harry, and I, and Mr. Rossiter had been summoned.

"Oh, Aunty, I know he has done dreadfully wrong. I cannot defend him, but I love him still. I am his wife; there is no going back from that. I am come to see what can be done."

But Tina found a solution which she carried through in her headlong, energetic fashion. She settled the small fortune left her by her father on Miss Mehitable, who took a house near Boston and there made a home for herself and her sister; she persuaded Emily to give her her little girl, whom she took to

England. No others save my grandmother knew the facts of the case, and Emily's reappearance passed without comment.

For a year or two there seemed to be a vein of real happiness in Tina's letters. Immediately after our graduation occurred Harry's marriage; and when he and Esther had sailed for England, where Harry found that increasing claims made it his duty to remain, I felt quite alone in the world.

Miss Mehitable and I then began to find an undertone of pain in Tina's letters, until after eight years she and her husband returned to make their home in Boston. Then we saw that Tina's affection for her husband was no longer a blind, triumphant adoration for an idealized hero, nor the confiding dependence of a happy wife, but the careworn anxiety of one who seeks constantly to guide and restrain. Ellery was smitten with the curse that at times gave Tina the ghastly horror of dealing with a madman. He was absorbed, in a wild, daring, unprincipled way, in political life, and on one of his absences caused by the pursuit of his intrigues, he fell in a political duel, ten years after his marriage.

Two years later Tina and I were married, and our wedding-journey was a visit to Harry and Esther in England. Since then the years have come and gone softly.

## THE MINISTER'S WOOING (1859)

Aside from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which Mrs. Stowe herself regarded rather as a series of visions than as a production of her own mind, *The Minister's Wooing* is held to be her most artistic fiction. It appeared first as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1858–1859), and was issued in book form in 1859. Basing it partly on fact and history, as in the two striking characters of Dr. Hopkins and Aaron Burr, partly on her own early life and her association with scholarly men and theological laymen in New England, and partly on her subtle, intuitive perceptions and sympathies amid Puritan principles and the unchangeable facts of human nature, she has given here a graphic picture of post-Revolutionary days. The strongest element in the book is the conflict between conscience, under Calvinistic predestination, and the human affection for departed friends, wherein the dry bones of New England theology are clothed with flesh and blood in intensely vital forms, while the varied fortunes of several romantic loves form the warp and woof of the story.

MRS. KATY SCUDDER had invited Mrs. Simeon Brown, Mrs. Deacon Twitchell, and plump Mrs. Jones, the farmer's wife, to take tea with her on the afternoon of June 2, A.D. 17–.

In the small seaport town of Newport everybody knew the Widow Scudder. She was one of those who, in the speech of New England, are said to have "faculty"—which is Yankee for *savoir faire*, the greatest virtue, as shiftlessness is the greatest vice, of Yankee man or woman. She who hath *faculty* is never in a hurry, never behindhand. Of this genus was the Widow Scudder, she that was Katy Stephens, who had ignored all the well-to-do youths that sought her and married George Scudder, a grave, thoughtful, honorable young shipmaster, but no money-maker; so that when he died his widow had only the little farm and one-story cottage and her lovely daughter Mary to represent him. Mary had her father's nature in feminine form, predisposed to religious exaltation, but inheriting from her mother a deftness of hand and clearness of judgment that made her skilful in all household labors, yet more quiet than her energetic mother.

On the afternoon of the tea, having made her simple toilet in her tiny bedroom, Mary sat for a moment at the window, and, looking tranquilly at the sinking sun, unconsciously began singing the words of a familiar hymn. There was a swish and a rustle in the orchard-grass, and a handsome young fellow of twenty-five stepped quietly up to Mary and kissed her.

"Why, James!" said Mary, starting up and blushing. "Come, now!"

"I have come, haven't I?" said he, laughing. Then his face darkened and he complained that since he had been at home this time her mother had been holding him off and preventing his having a word alone with her, although he had attended every prayer-meeting and lecture and sermon as regularly as a psalm-book, and almost broke his jaws keeping down the gapes.

Mary expressed sorrow that he should go to meeting merely to see her, and explained, rather lamely: "Mother thinks, now I'm grown so old, that—why, you know things are different now—at least, we mustn't do as we did when we were children. But I wish you did feel more interested in good things."

"I *am* interested in some good things, Mary, principally in you, who are the best thing I know. Besides, I can't make head or tail of what they talk about in those meetings; it doesn't touch me or help me. You talk about my being a Christian. You have got into that harbor, but is it right to leave a fellow outside and not try to help him in? You could help me, but I don't understand Dr. Hopkins."

"And don't I care, James? If I could take my hopes of heaven from my own soul and give them to you, I would."

James had thought he loved Mary, but that ray of intense feeling showed him the selfishness of his affection for her. He confessed it, and asked her to give him her Bible, for he was to sail that evening on a three-years' cruise. He promised to read it and do what he could toward an upright life. He asked no promise from her, and even advised her to marry, should any really worthy man love her.

She told him she did not mean ever to marry. She gave him her Bible; he claimed one good-by kiss on the score of cousinship and because he might never come back, and was gone.

Mary's love for James had been from childhood so much a

matter of course that it never had disturbed her emotionally; but this interview seemed to have struck some great nerve of her being; she trembled as he departed, and even felt a vague sense of guilt, although she had uttered no word of love, had only spoken of his soul and for his good.

Now came the "tea," which was graced by the ladies first mentioned, by their various husbands, and by the celebrated Dr. Hopkins, whose noble physique and great intellect were coupled with a childlike heart, and who honored the little Scudder cottage by dwelling therein.

Of course the company discussed their pastor's new theological views, which were arousing much interest in New England; also, of course, it was Mr. Simeon Brown, the wealthy slave-trading ship-owner, who led the talk and championed the doctor's interpretations; he had subscribed for twenty copies of Dr. Hopkins's new *Theological System*, and declared of each doctrine that that was just as he himself had thought it out ten years ago. At last all was over, and the guests departed.

When Mary returned to her chamber she saw a letter on the floor from James, with fuller explanations of his trouble in understanding the excellent Dr. Hopkins. He concluded by saying that if by her prayers, her Bible, and her friendship she could help him to be a good man, he was desirous to be brought there. This gave Mary deep pleasure, and while she was thinking it over with tenderness her mother entered. She frankly showed the letter and told her mother all the facts, even to her willingness to send James to heaven in her place; and the mother saw how it was. But Mrs. Scudder did not blame her; she talked tenderly of Mary's father, and her hope that her daughter would marry some such consecrated man.

"You do right to pray for James, Mary, but while he is gone you must think as little about him as possible; he is a man of unsettled character and no religion. But the Lord appoints all our goings, and in His hands, my child, I leave you." And Mrs. Scudder comforted herself with James's three-years' absence and aroused her mother-wit to compass better things.

Dr. Hopkins was a philosopher, a philanthropist, and in the highest and most earnest sense a minister of good. When he was once received under Mrs. Scudder's roof all immediate

necessity for his vague general intention to marry was ended, since every material thing arose under his hand just when he wished it, without his knowing how or why.

As the pioneer of a new theology, he found many opponents; his pulpit talents were unattractive; his religious teachings were so ideal as to discourage ordinary virtue; his church and his salary were small. The real gospel he preached was in his unworldly living, his ministrations to the poor, and his grand humanity. The doctor was happiest in his study, where he lived the ideal intellectual life. But could Love enter that walled seclusion? Even so; but he came so silently, so cautiously, that the good doctor never even raised his spectacles to see who was there. He had lived in a growingly richer life ever since he had the gentle Mary as pupil, household companion, and ministering angel, while he knew it not.

But Mrs. Scudder had her own ideas; and while too wise to move an eyelash prematurely, she thought with joy of one man worthy of her Mary.

Mr. Zebedee Marvyn, the father of James, was a cousin of Mrs. Scudder's, a methodical, successful farmer, intelligent and respected; his wife was a beautiful, sad-eyed, deep-natured woman, as thrifty and orderly as he, but a great reader, especially interested in mathematics, yet filled with longing for the music, the art, the cathedrals, of which she eagerly read but never could know; while she listened with a mother's intensity as Dr. Hopkins unrolled the awful problems of existence which she could not accept with either joy or submission.

Their children had all been exemplary except James, who, as baby, boy, and youth, was an irruption of good-natured mischief and irresponsible activity, until he ran away to sea. But he had risen in his calling and was now mate of the *Monsoon*, expecting soon to command a ship. The only one who seemed to understand James was old Candace, a partly African woman, one of the three slaves owned by Mr. Marvyn. She loved him and defended him, and even when he absconded she told his father that James would yet be the stay of his old age. At each return from his voyages James and his mother drew closer together, while old Candace was as sure of his being "'mongst de 'lect" as if she had seen the record.

Listening to her exuberant talk one morning aroused Dr. Hopkins to see that the enslaving of such people was a sin for him to testify against. Mrs. Scudder tried to dissuade him, thinking of the consequences; instancing Simeon Brown, one of their church's largest supporters, who would surely take offense. The doctor could not believe that so clear a thinker, who readily announced his willingness to give up his eternal salvation for the good of the universe, could hesitate about a few paltry dollars.

"He may feel willing to give up his soul," said Mrs. Scudder naïvely, "but I don't think he'll give up his ships—that's quite another matter."

And Mrs. Scudder was right. Mr. Brown could not see the applicability of either gospel grace or American independence to the African question (except that bringing those heathen hither opened to them Christian instruction not attainable in Africa); and finally frankly warned his pastor that he should stop his subscription and go to Dr. Stiles's church—upon which Dr. Hopkins majestically left him.

He then went to see Mr. Marvyn, who expressed a doubt whether his own servants cared enough for liberty to take it if offered. But Candace was sent for, and the question put. She said: "Mass'r Marvyn an' Missis were as good friends as she wanted, and she didn't want to shirk work; but to *feel free* she did want."

"Well, Candace, from this day you are free," said Mr. Marvyn.

Candace shook and trembled, and finally, throwing her apron over her head, rushed for the kitchen and threw herself down in a tempest of tears and sobs. But she soon returned, announcing that she should go right on doing her work just the same. And Mr. Marvyn did the same for his other two servants.

There was to be a great wedding-party at Wilcox Manor, and Mrs. Scudder, whose mother was a Wilcox, was invited, with Mary. After the necessary conferences and labors with Miss Prissy, the chief dressmaker of the community, the two ladies were duly arrayed for the great event.

The entertainment was grand indeed, for Newport had its families of wealth and position. To Mary it was like an enchanted dream, and she was a marked beauty of the occasion.

As she stood at one door of the central hall, looking out into the illuminated garden, a gentleman passed with a lady on either arm. He was of middle height, with a fine head, a fascinating smile, and especially attractive eyes. Seeing Mary, he inquired about her; Mrs. Wilcox told him of Mary's family connection with them and presently startled Mary by saying: "Miss Scudder, I have the honor to present to your acquaintance Colonel Burr, of the United States Senate."

No name in the new Republic bore greater prestige than that of Aaron Burr. He was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, whose genius has swayed New England even until now, and son of eminent parents, and he united in himself the quickest perceptions and keenest delicacy of fiber with diamond hardness and steadiness of purpose. Mary was charmed by his mingled ease and deference, and readily responded to his pleasant influence. They strolled into the garden. She quietly accepted his delicate flatteries; but when she met his assumption that she should often mingle in such gay scenes with the fear that they would take too much time and thought from the great object of life, he checked a smile and asked what that should be.

Mary answered in the familiar words: "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

"*Really?*" he asked with a penetrating glance.

"Is it *not*?" Mary asked.

With tears in his fine eyes the tactful man gently kissed Mary's hand, saying: "Thank you, my beautiful child, for so good a thought—practicable, however, only to those of angelic natures"; and then talked of the highest things. But they were interrupted by a gay voice behind a clump of box:

"*Eh, bien, mon ami, qu'est ce qu tu fais ici ?*" and out came a lovely, dark-eyed figure, dressed like a Marquise of Louis the Fourteenth's time.

"*Rien que m'amuser,*" he replied, and presented the ladies to each other—Miss Scudder and Madame de Frontignac, the latter the wife of Colonel de Frontignac, one of La Fayette's officers. After a pleasant chat they separated, but Colonel Burr attended Mary to supper and even handed her into the small one-horse wagon with her mother and Dr. Hopkins as they left. Then he returned and made his peace with Madame

de Frontignac, whom, although she was the wife of his friend, he had allured into a friendship that had become dangerous to her peace of mind. She had supposed that she loved her elderly husband until she met Burr and came to a deep-hearted awakening; he meanwhile merely playing with her, as with any charming woman, for his amusement.

Dr. Hopkins was to preach on Newport's great traffic, and the little meeting-house was crowded with gentility; but first families were as invisible to him as to Moses on the Mount. In his discourse he depicted the horrid facts of slave-hunting, transportation, sale, and consequences, and brought home to Newport its share in "this unrighteous and bloody commerce," while also applying the recent American struggle for liberty and its famous Declaration of natural right; and for the time he held his audience under the shadow of God's justice. But then they departed, reassuring themselves that they really were the first families, that thus the world had always gone, and that the good doctor was a radical fanatic.

One day Miss Prissy rushed into Mary's curtained-off garret-corner boudoir and announced Colonel Burr, to call on the ladies; though she had brought the doctor out to talk to him while they dressed up a bit.

Colonel Burr conversed with the doctor as ingenuously as an earnest neophyte, and the good man was expounding his views when the ladies entered. Soon the Colonel tactfully changed the subject and asked them to show him the sea-view from the hill. He won Mrs. Scudder completely and stayed to dinner. Gentle and pliable as oil, he penetrated every joint of the household with his seductive sympathy. He had indeed charmed the whole family, who hoped that they might be the means of drawing him to a Christian life.

Mrs. Marvyn was now to study French with Mary. She never failed to speak of her deeply beloved son, while Mary listened with sympathy. True, she was not to think of James except in her prayers, but that was her frequent frame of mind. Meantime she and the doctor had many religious talks, which Mrs. Scudder noticed with satisfaction.

Colonel Burr came again, this time with Colonel and Madame de Frontignac. The lovely French woman was charmed

with Mary, who was fascinated by her; and this visit was followed by many others. Virginie de Frontignac came often, and would delightedly roam the beach with Mary, and also became a frequent inmate in Mrs. Marvyn's home, but at last returned to Philadelphia.

Toward evening, one afternoon in late June, Mary returned from one of her frequent walks by the sea, and heard Miss Prissy excitedly telling her mother how Mrs. Marvyn fainted dead away at news just brought.

Mary's blue eyes were wide with horror.

"Tell me—what is it? is it—is he—dead?"

Mrs. Scudder opened her arms.

"My daughter!"

"Oh, mother, mother!"

They laid her on her mother's bed—the first and last resting-place of broken hearts—and the mother sat by her in silence.

The next day Mary was at her usual tasks, only very pale, finding relief in work. She and her mother and the doctor drove to Zebedee Marvyn's, where James's mother eagerly took Mary to her own room. The shadow of eternity was upon them all; for the speculative theories of Divine government, retributive justice, and inscrutable "election" to bliss or misery were not mere theories to that generation of believers in logic rather than in love; all was profoundly vital and actual.

But Mrs. Marvyn, who never had been able to accept the current faith enough to unite with the church, now in a frenzy of grief denounced all weddings and childbearing as criminal:

"Every new family is built over this pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes!"

While Mary stood dumb with horror, she continued, more and more excitedly, until Mary called Mr. Marvyn, when she shrieked: "Leave me alone. I am a lost spirit!"

Here Candace burst in and walked up to Mrs. Marvyn. "Come, ye pore lamb," she said, and gathering the trembling form to her bosom sat down and rocked her like a baby.

"Honey, darlin', ye a'nt right. Why, de Lord a'nt what ye t'ink. He loves ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how *I* loves ye—pore ole black Candace, and I a'nt better'n Him as made me. Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb? Who was it said:

'Father, forgive dem'? Dar now, ye're cryin', and dat'll ease yer pore heart. He died for Mass'r Jim, Jesus did. Laws, jes' leave him in Jesus's hands—why, honey, dar's de print ob de nails in His hands now!"

The floodgates opened, and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form. All wept together. They laid the mother on her bed, and sleep came down upon her weary eyes. A long illness prostrated Mrs. Marvyn, and Mary remained with her until she began to amend. They often communed together after that. Mrs. Marvyn had taken Candace's way—she rested her heart on Christ. Mary found the same resting-place, while at home she was more than ever helpful to her mother and tenderly solicitous in her ministrations to the good doctor.

The third spring of apple-blossoms in our story appeared, and with it a visit from Virginie de Frontignac. In her loving confidences she told Mary of her sad love for Burr and her accidental discovery how insincere was his professed affection for her—though still she loved him. Mary opened to her the unecclesiastical, pure gospel of Jesus in the New Testament—a revelation to the sorrowing woman, needing help to tear from her heart the unworthy love; for she had written Burr a letter of disappointment and farewell.

Meantime Mrs. Scudder came to her daughter one day, saying that their good doctor had asked that Mary become his wife. He had long loved her, and Mary acknowledged that she loved him now better than any other man; and so, with tears of regret, and in a dutiful hope of making him happy, Mary consented.

The announcement excited the parish to universal approval. Gifts began to come, preparations to be made; Miss Prissy was in her sublimest element. Old Candace had made one of her famous cakes for the quilting-party which was to make the wedding-quilt, and in talking to Miss Prissy acknowledged her resignation, seeing it was the doctor; but, after all, declared that she couldn't yet believe that Mass'r Jim was really dead.

"Now I feels t'ings *gin'ally*, but some t'ings I feels *in my bones*, and dem allers comes true. Now dat ar feelin' I ha'nt had about Mass'r Jim yit, an' I'm waitin' fur it, to clar up my mind."

A day or two later Colonel Burr called. At Virginie's re-

quest Mary saw him and told him that her friend preferred not to meet him, and that during her stay they would rather not receive his visits. This led to discussion, and Mary very plainly if kindly told him how thoughtlessly and cruelly he had wrecked their friend's happiness for his own amusement, and she broke into uncontrollable sobs, which indeed awoke the diviner part of the man to deep emotion. This, however, he checked, and expressing his gratitude for her words and his realization of the nobility of their friend, he departed.

The wedding-day was fixed for the first of August, and during two previous weeks preparations went on apace. One afternoon Mary was walking homeward from the seashore in the sunset light, thinking—alas!—of James, when suddenly footsteps sounded behind her and a voice of emotion cried: "Mary!" She turned and found herself in his arms.

"Oh, is this a dream?" she cried. "James! are we in heaven? Oh, I have lived through such agony! I thought you never would come—" and she swooned.

But it was no dream; an hour later the manly figure still sat there, cherishing her in his arms. And they talked of death, of love mightier than death, of their great joy. At last, rising to go, James broke the unconscious charm by saying:

"You will allow me, Mary, the right of a husband to watch over your life and health?"

And Mary, shocked to remembrance of realities, had to tell him of her word passed, and of its being the same as if James had come a week later and found her married. The battle of duty and love was on.

Mary had not received James's letter, announcing his return, telling of his voyage, his escape from shipwreck, his change of heart toward God, the new life opened up to him by the Gospels of her little Bible, and his hope to make her his wife. But, though torn by grievous struggles, she firmly stood to her sense of duty, her mother anxiously approving. And when James's delayed letter came she found genuine happiness in his new spirit. At the house James was cordially received by all. Mary hesitated to let him go frankly to the doctor and put the case; but—it was Saturday evening—she promised to answer him finally on Monday.

On Sunday Candace exclaimed to Miss Prissy that it was a shame to let that good man go ahead without knowing that he was breaking the heart of the saint he loved, and she urged Miss Prissy to tell him about it, for no one ever took offense at Miss Prissy. That evening the little woman went to the doctor, and with great embarrassment blurted out the facts. He was thunderstruck; and, only asking whether any of the parties had requested her to communicate this to him, and receiving a negative answer, he bowed her out with ceremonious thanks.

It was a crushing blow to the excellent man, who had a large, passionate, determined nature, and who felt his will rise in rebellion at this frustration of all his wishes and plans. To control himself he deliberately began hunting up proof-texts for one of his theological theories; and when again calmed to reasonableness, found in prayer and self-renunciation the needed strength to accept blessedness in lieu of happiness.

The next morning he conferred long with Mrs. Scudder; and, when James came to claim Mary's promised decision, he sent for them both. He told them that there was evidently a cross to be borne by someone, and as between man and woman it was fitting that the man should bear the burden.

"Mary, my dear child," he said, "I will be to thee as a father, but I will not force thy heart."

Mary threw her arms around his neck and, sobbing, exclaimed: "No, no! I will marry you, as I said."

"Not if I will not," he replied, with a benign smile. "Young man, I give thee this maiden to wife," and he lifted her from his shoulder and placed her gently in the arms of James, who, overawed and overcome, pressed her silently to his heart.

"There, children, it is over. God bless you!" said the doctor.

Before they left James grasped the good man's hand, saying:

"Sir, this tells on my heart more than any sermon you ever delivered. I never shall forget it!"

The doctor saw them slowly leave the apartment, and, following, closed the door.

# AGNES OF SORRENTO (1861)

Mrs. Stowe's own account of the origin of this tale accompanied its first appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in May, 1861: "The author was spending some weeks with a party of choice and very dear friends in an excursion to southern Italy [in April and May, 1860]. At Salerno the whole company were detained by a storm for a day and a night. The talents of all were called in requisition to make the gloomy evening pass pleasantly with song and jest and story. The first chapters of this tale were there written and read, to the accompanying dash of the Mediterranean. The plan of the whole history was then sketched out. When our merry company left Sorrento all the younger members adorned themselves with profuse knots of roses. A beautiful girl sat opposite the writer in the carriage, and said: 'Now I will count my roses. I have just seven knots, and in each seven roses.' And in reply another remarked: 'Seven is the perfect number, and seven times seven is perfection. It is an emblem,' she said gaily, 'of the perfect time of enjoyment we have had.' One month later, and this rose had faded and passed away. There be many who will understand and tenderly feel the meaning when we say that this little history is dedicated to the memory of Annie Howard." After its issue in the magazine the story appeared in book form (1862), and it has always been accounted one of the most poetic of the author's writings.

THE beams of the setting sun slanted over the antique gateway of Sorrento, fusing into a golden bronze the brownstone vestments of old St. Antonio, who with his heavy miter and upraised hands had for centuries kept watch thereupon.

Whoever passed this ancient gateway in the year of our Lord's grace 1497, might have seen under its shadow, sitting opposite a stand of golden oranges, the little Agnes. She was about fifteen years of age, with parted black hair, a high forehead, thoughtful, brown, translucent eyes, and delicate features—a face as fair and pure as that of a Madonna.

By her sat a woman of about threescore, tall, squarely built, with flashing black eyes and vigor in every motion. The *Ave Maria* bell sounded from the Cathedral; the girl's fair head bent in earnest devotion above her beads, while her grandmother repeated the words of the prayer, mingled with thoughts

of worldly prudence, orange-sales for the day, etc.; and suddenly she saw a handsome cavalier standing in the gate, gazing at Agnes with undisguised admiration.

As the wave of prayer passed, the cavalier approached the stand, and with easy confidence said:

"Good even to you, pretty maiden; we shall take you for a saint in earnest if you raise not those eyelashes soon."

"Sir! my lord!" exclaimed the startled maiden; but her grandmother put in her word:

"Agnes, bethink yourself. The gentleman asks the price of your oranges."

"Ah, my lord," said Agnes, "here are a dozen fine ones."

"You shall give them to me, pretty one," and the young man threw down a gold piece.

"Quick, Agnes! run to the stall of Raphael the poulterer for change," said the dame.

"Nay, by your leave, good mother," answered the cavalier, "I make my change with youth and beauty thus"—and he stooped and kissed the fair forehead.

"For shame, sir!" cried the elderly woman, raising her distaff. "This child is named for the blessed Saint Agnes, and is under her protection."

"The saints must pray for us when their beauty makes us forget ourselves," said the young cavalier with a smile. "Look me in the face, little one," he added. "Say, wilt thou pray for me?"

The maiden raised her large, serious eyes, with a childlike look of inquiry, and answered gravely:

"Yes, my lord, I *will* pray for you."

"And hang this upon the shrine of Saint Agnes for my sake," he continued, drawing from his finger a diamond ring, which he dropped into her hand. Then he moved away.

The grandmother and the girl now heard a tittering behind them, and there stood Giulietta, head coquette of the Sorrento girls, her eyes dancing with fun as she laughingly told them that that was the Lord Adrian—some said brother to the King himself, and a handsome and gallant gentleman.

"Let him keep to his own kind," said old Elsie. "Eagles make bad work in dove-cots. No good comes of such gay

gallants." She packed up her oranges to go home, and, seizing Agnes by the hand, stalked away, her orange-basket on her sturdy head.

Sorrento overhangs the sea and looks across the lovely bay to Naples and its villages, with Vesuvius mistily rising beyond, and, nearer is the rocky picturesqueness of Capri, with the blue Mediterranean beyond the bay. On three sides the town is severed from the main land by a gorge two hundred feet deep and forty feet wide, crossed by a double-arched Roman bridge. Not far from the bridge was a stone cottage, with a two-arched arcade in front, surrounded by a cultivated terrace growing fine oranges, the rocky land rising behind it, while in front was the gorge, two hundred feet below. The mossy parapet at the gorge was built of marble from some ancient Roman tomb.

Here dwelt old Elsie and her little Agnes. The maiden sat thinking of the handsome cavalier; and presently, putting some fresh flowers before a little shrine of the Madonna and Child, she kneeled and began praying for the soul of the young gallant, when her practical grandmother called her to supper.

In the evening, while Agnes sat in the same place, lost in reveries, a rich tenor voice began singing from the gorge below a tender song of loneliness and desire for the saintly "dove of the rock," that touched her deeply. But her grandmother promptly brought her in and soon they were both asleep, side by side.

Old Elsie was not born a peasant, but had been the wife of a steward in a princely family of Rome. She had a beautiful daughter, of whom the Princess made a great pet, dressing her exquisitely. But the young Prince fell in love with Isella, and secretly married her. When Isella was about to become a mother the Princess was outraged. An intrigue with her son might have been overlooked, but to claim a princely marriage was treacherous, and Elsie and her daughter were ignominiously expelled. The Prince submitted dutifully, sending money to Elsie, however; while poor Isella panted her little life away, leaving the infant Agnes. Elsie, grim and dauntless, traveled to Sorrento and brought the child up to industry and piety, for, since love was so dangerous, she must never know love. To religion Agnes took zealously, and she frequently visited the convent dedicated to her patron saint, where she was a favorite.

As Elsie often left her at the convent for days together, Agnes grew into familiarity with all pious offices, lovely legends of the saints, sacred stories of the Christ and his Virgin Mother; while the history of the fair St. Agnes, the sweet princess who loved Christ so that she refused the heathen prince, and suffered martyrdom for it, was the one that most delighted her. Thus she became a spiritual and unworldly character, with a poetic, mystical spirit that enjoyed the sweet retirement of the cloister.

Old Elsie, however, had no notion of seeing her granddaughter a nun; for she was working hard to gather a dowry for Agnes, and had selected Antonio, an industrious, handsome, kindly blacksmith, as her proper husband. He never would have thought of it, but amiably accepted the idea when Elsie broached it; while a craving to keep the blessed child for herself had prevented Elsie from suggesting marriage to the unconscious Agnes.

The morning after the serenade Elsie went to her confessor, Father Francesco, for counsel. He was Superior of a brotherhood of Capuchins, was of noble Florentine birth, and had been courtier and soldier, with all the extravagance and dissolute life of that age. But he had chanced to hear the fervid preaching of Savonarola, and, amid the multitude that trembled and wept under those awful denunciations, he too felt the uprising of a new life. Of tremendous passionate power, he had plunged as deeply into asceticism as formerly into dissipation, and now was a meager, strenuous monk, ruling his monastery with vigor, while his sanctity gave him great influence outside. His fine spirit had chafed under the puerilities and bickerings of the monks, and wearied of the stupidities of the common people in the confessional, so that when first the clear, pure tones of Agnes came to his ears, and her words so full of unconscious poetry passed like sweet music through the grating, his heart gave a thrill of joy. As the months passed he felt, for the first time in his life, an influence natural, healthful, and sweet, breathed upon him from a woman; so serene and peaceful that he did not challenge or suspect it as dangerous, but opened his worn heart to it insensibly.

Therefore Elsie's confession and the account of the cavalier shocked him into a passionate agitation, which dismayed

and astonished him. Well he knew the danger from an attractive cavalier; but Elsie's project for quickly marrying the dainty Agnes to the peasant Antonio tortured him even more. In his cell, before his crucifix, he spent the day prostrate in prayer and agonizing self-communion. After long hours he came to recognition of his love for Agnes—but as a guardian angel, who must save her from an unworthy life. She should be the bride of Heaven; the Church should be her career, and *his* the hand to guide her spirit.

He counseled Elsie to delay the marriage, which suited her well; so on the morrow she sent Agnes to the convent with the diamond ring for St. Agnes. On their way home they met the cavalier, who doffed his cap and saluted them reverentially, to old Elsie's disgust.

Giulietta was bewitched with Pietro, a young stone-cutter, who had gone to the mountains and joined the band of Captain Agostino Sarelli, and was now again in Sorrento with his chief. The latter was of a noble Roman house that had suffered from the Borgia family, the reigning Pope then being Alexander Borgia, of evil memory. A daughter ruined, a son slain, their property seized, the family's only representative now was Agostino, who, like many in similar conditions, had retreated to the mountains and gathered a band of bold fellows, despoiling the vicious rich and helping the worthy poor. They were beloved by the people, who all suffered under the oppressors. Agostino had been excommunicated by the Pope. This he regarded rather as an honor. He it was who had been smitten to the heart by the sweetness of our little Agnes.

That evening came Elsie's brother Antonio, an artist-monk from Savonarola's convent of San Marco in Florence. Father Antonio was an itinerant preacher, but gifted with the soul and the skill of an artist. Elsie loved her brother well, for he was sweet-natured and genuinely good, but she had little sympathy with his art, which was a delight to Agnes, who reveled in his portfolio of sketches. She studied them that evening with him and spoke enthusiastically of the convent life, permitting quiet and leisure for such lovely, pious works of skill. Her grandmother pooh-poohed this notion.

"But if the darling hath a vocation?" said the artist mildly.

"Vocation! Suppose I'm going to delve, and toil, and spin, and have her slip through my hands with a vocation?"

"Indeed, dear grandmother, I'll do just as you say—only I don't want a husband," said Agnes meekly.

"Well, well, little heart," said Elsie, "you sha'n't have one till you're willing."

Later in the evening Elsie had gone to see some neighbor, while Uncle Antonio and Agnes sat on the parapet in the moonlight, when suddenly a man appeared, dropped his cloak, and the cavalier stood before them, bearing in his hand a stalk of white lily. Turning toward Agnes, he kneeled and kissed the hem of her robe, then, laying the lily in her lap, he said:

"Holiest and dearest, oh, forget not to pray for me."

Then he rose and disappeared. The suddenness of this, the splendid beauty of the man, and his haughty bearing with his humility, appealed to Father Antonio's imagination. Agnes told the little there was to tell; and the good man rejoiced that the maiden's beauty drew men upward instead of downward. Soon Elsie returned, and all retired.

The next day, crossing the court, Agnes found a heart-shaped locket—a large amethyst—fastened with a golden arrow, and within a poem addressed to her as a sweet saint, praying to lay at her dear feet a weary heart and a constant love, and again asking her prayers. The gentle, half-religious tone of this accorded with her feeling, and she laid all in the little shrine, with a prayer to Mary for the soul of her new friend.

In the late afternoon, Elsie being away with her oranges and Antonio gone, Agnes was surprised to see the cavalier sitting in the garden. He talked with her gently, seriously, yet always with the same strain of loneliness and longing for her love—"if only a little, it shall content me."

She simply said yes, she would love him and pray for him, but begged him to go; and when he spoke of his religious troubles, his loss of faith, she mentioned her uncle, from San Marco in Florence, who could better help him. His eye flashed when Savonarola was named—but Elsie came, and he went.

Meanwhile Agnes was increasingly interested and attracted. At confession Father Francesco skilfully learned all her

thoughts of the cavalier; but he said that the man was captain of a band of robbers, and had been excommunicated by the Holy Father; he must be altogether wicked; she must detest him, as an enemy; she was chosen to be the bride of Christ alone. He did not forbid her holy intercession for the cavalier, but instructed her to shun him. She left the confessional perplexed: even more must the cavalier need her prayers if he were a tempted man, for surely his soul was noble.

Father Antonio now went to seek the cavalier, but in his absence the young man again found Agnes, and urged her to be his wife. She withstood him, and, although innocently acknowledging how weak she became under his pleadings, she told of her conventual purpose. He gained a promise that if ever she were man's wife, she would be his; then put upon her finger his mother's ring, and with loving words departed.

When Father Antonio at last found Sarelli, an explanation of the young man's sufferings at the hand of the Borgias and the cause of his excommunication gained the good man's sympathy, for his master Savonarola had endured much from that evil crew, and looked to be done to death by them. He strove to show the youth the worth of the Church, despite unworthy leaders, and, as to Agnes, counseled time and patience. He talked with Agnes—whose faith in the Holy Father he would not disturb, but told her of Sarelli's troubles, and of his own hopes for the youth.

Meantime, Elsie thought it seasonable to have the marriage with Antonio now understood, and managed to bring the young folks together. The kindly fellow offered his suit, but Agnes told him of her wish to enter the convent, and he parted from her in all friendliness. Elsie was bitterly disappointed when she learned that her scheme was thwarted; but she went down to discuss it with Antonio's mother, leaving Agnes at her devotions. Soon Uncle Antonio came from Sarelli, announcing that he was to depart for Florence next day, in the cavalier's company—both for his own protection and for the young man's good—as far as the mountain retreat.

On the other hand, Agnes told him that she had vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, praying at all the shrines and holy places. She had faith that her grandmother would accompany her.

They sang some of the sweet hymns of the Church together, and she sent to Sarelli the message that she prayed daily that he might be a worthy soldier of the Lord Jesus.

The child's life was now depressed by an interview with Father Francesco in the confessional. That much-shaken soul had spent an awful night in penance on Vesuvius, and had returned in an ecstatic tension which he mistook for victory and peace. Her voice thrilled him; he seemed to feel her presence through the very wood of the confessional. Torturing himself, he probed her innocent soul, finding the image of the cavalier enshrined in holy desires for his salvation and in personal tenderness as well. He warned her against this earthly love, threatened the peril of her own soul and the cavalier's damnation should she fail to become the bride of Christ, but found relief in her vow for the pilgrimage to Rome. He also commanded old Elsie to accompany Agnes on the journey, much to the dame's discomfiture.

One evening two horsemen approached Florence from the south—Father Antonio with Sarelli, who had come not only by friendship for the monk but by a longing again to see and hear the great prophet. They were heartily welcomed at San Marco, where they learned of the strife between Savonarola and his churchly foes. They had goodly converse with the Superior, interrupted by an uproar from the inrush of friends and defenders before a hostile attack on the outside.

Savonarola gathered the monks in order, and they moved in solemn, white-robed procession into the church, where they intoned the holy offices. But the mob forced the doors and rushed in, while friends and many of the monks themselves fought valiantly, but in vain. Savonarola and two of his most active companions surrendered themselves, to avoid the destruction of the convent.

Sarelli, who had been foremost in the defense, now hastened to Milan to beseech his uncle—a counselor with the King of France—to urge his master to interfere for Savonarola's protection. But he found that none of them would act in favor of the fanatical Savonarola. So he sadly returned to his mountains.

Elsie and Agnes began their pilgrimage, the old woman

dreading both the toilsome walk and the return to Rome, where she had been so embittered. Passing through Naples, they traversed the beautiful but malarial Pontine Marshes, and after many days found themselves in a somber dell of the mountains, near sunset. Several horsemen appeared, and, despite Elsie's vigorous protests, Agnes was mounted on a led palfrey and Elsie behind a trooper. They were taken to the courtyard of a huge stone building, where they were separated, Elsie being cared for by some kind women, while Agnes was conducted to a luxuriously furnished apartment. Here, to her amazement, she was received by Giulietta, who soothed her, served her with dainty supper, and put her to bed, assuring her of her grandmother's comfort, and telling her that she was in the retreat of the Prince Sarelli.

Agnes slept soundly from fatigue, but in the morning remembered with terror the warning of Father Francesco against an earthly love, imperiling both her own and her lover's salvation. After Giulietta (who was now Pietro's wife) had served her breakfast, Sarelli entered the apartment.

Agnes had lost much of her bloom, and with her large dark eyes looked almost like a disembodied spirit. Their interview was painful to her, for he essayed to make her comprehend the distinction between Holy Church, which now he gladly served, and the vile Roman leaders; but it shocked her indescribably, and in remembrance of her confessor's dread warning she entreated him—even because he loved her, and she him—to leave her, and let her and her grandmother depart. He yielded, and they went, well mounted, and escorted by horsemen to a safe place upon the highroad. Sarelli said that her most sensitive nerves were in tension, and that she must go to Rome and herself see what that sink really was. But he followed, with some of his band, to watch over and protect her.

The splendor and squalor, the glory and shame of Rome were then at their extreme potency. Agnes entered the city in a trance of enthusiasm, nursing the dream of finding in the Holy Father the image of her Redeemer. The travelers went to a church devoted to pilgrims in Holy Week, where ladies of rank sought merit by serving them. They were attended by a tall lady dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female servant;

and the woman saw in Agnes a strange likeness to the family of her mistress. The Princess Paulina served Agnes, and Monica the attendant, old Elsie, washing their travel-worn feet, putting on fresh shoes and stockings, and supplying their wants at supper. Agnes confided to the Princess her desire to seek the Holy Father; but the lady said that it was difficult, and that she wished first to see Agnes in her own home.

The next day Elsie and Agnes went to see a grand ecclesiastical procession. As they left their dormitory a tall figure, clad in white, with a peaked cap drawn over his face save for eye-holes, rattled a box for contributions, into which they dropped a few coins; and when they had secured a front place in the crowded church, they saw the same quaint figure not far behind them. As the procession passed, Agnes dropped to her knees with the multitude, and a handsomely dressed young man in the Papal suite marked her beauty, while after passing he called a servant and whispered some command about her. Long and dazzling were the ceremonies in which Pope Alexander VI received the homage of ambassadors from Christian nations, and to Agnes it was the enthronement of all virtue.

As all was over, and the crowd separated, a servant in gorgeous livery said to Agnes: "Young maiden, your presence is commanded."

"Who commands it?" said Elsie fiercely.

"Are you mad?" cried several poor women. "That is the servant of the Pope's nephew. They'll pull your tongue out," and they forced her back, while Agnes trustingly followed the man to a splendid equipage and was driven away.

The white figure now spoke to Elsie. "Listen," it said. "Don't turn your head. Your child is followed by protectors. An hour after the *Ave Maria* come to the Porta San Sebastiano, and all will be well."

The villa of the Princess Paulina was one of those idyllic paradises near Rome, but fear of the Borgias had poisoned its air for her. She had that morning learned from the confession of a dying Capuchin that little Agnes was the daughter of her younger brother, whom the Capuchin had married to Isella; so that when, early in the evening, she heard the tramp of horsemen, and young Sarelli came in, bearing the unconscious Agnes

in his arms, with old Elsie in company, she was delighted. Sarelli told her who he was, and gave the story of his following Agnes to the Borgia palace, and with his men, admitted by a bribed servant, rescuing her from vileness which she could not believe but at last knew for herself. He was now on his way to Florence with her, where he could find protection. He also told how he desired to marry her, and how her conscientious scruples against abandoning her vocation he hoped to nullify through the counsels of her uncle, a holy monk of San Marco.

The Princess sanctioned Sarelli's intention toward her niece, but asked to go with them, since now she would be open to renewed oppression from the Borgias.

By midnight the travelers and their escort set out, and on the way Agostino talked freely with Agnes of the Florentine troubles and Uncle Antonio's and his own part in them. Her experience in Rome had shown her the fallacies of her early beliefs, and she more and more found her heart going out toward her noble protector.

They arrived in Florence on the morning of the day when Savonarola yielded up his great life in martyrdom. A few days later Father Antonio held a serious conversation with Agnes. The Princess Paulina, acting for her family, wished to give her hand to Prince Agostino Sarelli, but the maiden's scruples still stood. Since Agnes frankly confessed her love for the Prince, Father Antonio instructed her that marriage was a sacrament, as well as holy orders, and if there were a strong and virtuous love for a worthy object it was a vocation unto marriage, which should not be denied.

Thus the next day the wedding took place, and the bride and groom wended their way to family friends of Sarelli in France, where preparations befitting their rank awaited them. Old Elsie accompanied them, remarking that *this* pilgrimage to Rome, at least, had turned out satisfactorily.

# RUTH McENERY STUART

(United States, 18—)

## CARLOTTA'S INTENDED (1894)

This story treats of Italian life among the fruit-venders of New Orleans, its pivotal incident bringing into relief the discipline and power for vengeance of the Mafia. It was written just before the sensational execution in the prison, by a committee of reputable American citizens, of eleven Italian murderers who had been fraudulently acquitted of complicity in a series of crimes, notably the murder of the chief of police, and whose liberation was regarded as a menace to public safety. The story was declined by the editor of one of the leading magazines, who hastened to try to recall it a few days later, after the tragedy; but he was too late, as it had found ready acceptance elsewhere. We present the author's own shortened version of the novel.

ENIAL Patrick Rooney was a one-legged cobbler who pursued his trade in a corner of the Di Carlo fruit-shop, a privilege for which he paid by doing the family cobbling—a fair enough arrangement at the time it was made, when the beautiful daughter, Carlotta, was an infant, but a steady increase from one to nine shoe-wearing boys and girls made Pat's rent come high now, even with the added concession of a room in the garret. Here he had moved his few belongings, including a much-framed photograph of Carlotta in her first-communion dress, a rosary, a crucifix, the moth-eaten remains of a bright uniform and a broken torchlight—for before the accident that left him a cripple Pat had been a live Irishman, a Fenian, and a ward politician. From the day she had put up her pretty red lips for the shaggy old fellow to kiss, his heart and purse had belonged to the baby Carlotta.

"Say, Carlo," said Carlotta's mother to her husband one day—this was when Carlotta was about six—"wad you say eef we geev-a C'lotta to Meesta Pad fo' wife one day, eh?"

"Indade, me respected mother-in-law," replied Pat, "ye're too late shpakin'. Lottie an' me's engaged six months come Mardi Gras!"

And so it came about that he called the dark-eyed child "me swateheart," "me intinded," "me future," and the like, while she would leave father or mother to go to "Woona," her best baby effort at his name.

When Carlotta was in her seventeenth year she was a beauty, and young men and old, and even boys, had begun to hang about the shop when there was nothing to buy, and all the time were looking at her. Conspicuous among the habitués of the place was a repulsive, toothless old Sicilian, Pietro Socola by name—a widower and rich—and while he talked with the old people Pat saw that his eyes followed the girl.

One day, soon after the beginning of Socola's visits, Carlotta flitted through the shop, her face like a storm-cloud. Pat suspected that the old Sicilian had somewhat to do with her displeasure, and called to the girl.

"Come here, Lottie!" he cried. "What ails ye?"

"I don't like ol' Pietro Socola," she flashed.

"Norr me, naythur. But tell me what he done ye?"

"He mashed my chin."

"Squazed yer chin, did he? An' may the divil snatch his mother from heaven!"

"Yas—an' try to kiss me. I hate him!"

"Thried to kiss ye, did he? Bad luck to his lonesome mough! An' who seen 'im?"

"My paw an' my maw was a-talkin'. I don' know if my maw seen 'im or not. She laughed. I hate 'im!"

There was no longer any doubt. Socola, the rich, the honored guest for whom the Di Carlos opened their best wine, was coming for Carlotta.

That same evening, when Socola was holding a whispered conference with her parents, Pat overheard Carlotta's name, and then something about "a thousand dollars," to which the father and the mother of the girl nodded assent.

Pat staggered as he hobbled to the stairs, and when he reached his room he sank into a chair, bewildered, trembling. All night long he sat as one dazed. For more than a year he had

not been able to speak of the girl as his sweetheart, and he had not dared ask himself why. The ludicrous view of such folly which his Irish perception afforded had been a safeguard.

For three days he did not trust himself to go downstairs, and on the morning of the fourth he was startled to discover the Signora trudging up to his garret.

"Hello, Meesta Pad," she called while still invisible, "'m come talk weeth-a you. God-a so much-a troub'!" Dropping into a chair, she put the baby she was carrying on the floor beside her. She had come to pour out her complaint of Carlotta:

"For two days can'd do northeen weeth-a C'lotta!" She wailed, "God-a fine chanze, C'lotta! Pietro Socola ees-a wan reech-a man! Wan'-a marry weeth-a C'lotta!"

"The divil's pitchfork! An' what does — what does she say?"

"Say she won'-a marry weeth-a heem! Can'd do northeen weeth-a C'lotta! Her pa ees-a w'ip 'er. Me, I ees-a w'ip 'er, an' the mo' we ees-a beat 'er, the mo' she ees-a sassy me to my face! 'm goin'-a call 'er talk weeth-a you. C'lotta do anytheen fo' you. Please talk sense weeth 'er! Tell her she haf to marry Socola."

Pat saw the futility of opposition. He let her call Carlotta. Paler than he ever had seen her, her pallor exaggerating a dark bruise upon her cheek, she appeared before them.

"What ails yer face, Lottie?" Pat drew a stool forward as he spoke, but the girl remained standing while the mother answered:

"W'en somebody slap-a company in-a face mus'-a show 'er how it feel to have-a face slap!"

"An' who done ut?"

"Me, myselve, done it. Slap 'er face good for 'er! Muz-a teach-a my chil' some manners. Hit 'er good weeth-a tin cup. Take plenny pains, yas, teach-a C'lotta manners—an' raise 'er nice."

The tension here was happily relieved by the voice of the father calling for his wife to come and light up the shop. She rose hastily and bidding Carlotta to mind the baby, left her with Pat. The child began to fret, and Carlotta took it upon her lap.

Sitting thus in the tender twilight with the beautiful babe

in her arms she looked not unlike the statues in the churches of the Virgin Mother and Child. Pat saw it and felt like crossing himself. The habitual spirit of joyousness had passed out of her face, which seemed clothed with modesty and sadness. She did not speak nor even look at Pat.

"Well, mavourneen," he began at last, "me poor child of sorrow, the throuble's come quicker nor I thought for. Forgive me now while I talk to ye plain, Lottie."

She inclined her head slightly.

"'R ye goin' to marry Peter Socola?"

She shook her head.

"An' why not? D'ye know he's rich an'll make a fine lady of ye?"

"Yas."

"But ye don't want 'im, not if 'e should come wud the golden keys o' the kingdom of this airth?"

"No, I don't want."

"Ye don't want an' ye sha'n't have the antiquated ould pill coated for a sugar-plum! But is there onybody else ye'd like to marry?"

She looked at him in silence, and his heart thumped.

"Is it Joe Limongi?"

She shook her head. Neither was it Antonino, it appeared, nor yet Nicolo, nor the baker's boy.

"Is it onybody, Lottie? An' are ye engaged to 'um?"

"I don't know."

"Is it makin' a fool of me ye are, Lottie?"

The girl saw he was wounded and suddenly became aroused.

"You don't *like* me no more!" she flashed. "Since two years you never call me no more 'intend.' I don't care, me. But you took me when I was little an' know no better an' speak love-words with me—say I am for you; an' now when I know to love you turn your back; like to see me marry some strange man!"

After a moment's silence Pat raised his face and hands and said reverently:

"Holy Mary, an' all the saints, wutness this mericle in the little shanty on S'int Andthrew Street!" Then he said softly: "An' did ye think yer ould 'Woona' turrned ag'in ye? Sure 'twas love that sent me from ye. For two years yer name

trimbled on me lips, an' I feared to own the truth lest ye'd hate me for a dizzy ould fool. But I niver have thrifled with ye an' I won't do it now. If I was fit for ye I'd thry for ye; but as I am I'd be a dog to do it. But from this day till he comes that ye like betther nor me, *ye're mine*; I'm bound to ye be me own will, to love ye, to help ye, to fight for ye—to die for ye, the day me grave'll be a safe bridge over yer throubles. But ye must be free, me little innocent, till ye've listened to love at its best. Let purrty young lips tell the story, an' then come an' tell yer ould Woona all about ut. Now go an' tell yer mother I urrged ye to marry ould gumdrops, but that ye'll die firrst. I'll see ye through ut. Good night an' God bless ye!"

During the week following, while he worked at his bench in the Di Carlo shop, Pat saw the old suitor, Socola, and the young men come and go, with only a passing smile. At the end of a week in which he had had hardly a word with the girl, he called to her one day as she passed through the shop:

"Pst! Come here, Lottie! Sit down an' putt up yer fut till I do take yer measure."

She obeyed, blushing; she knew the request to be a ruse, for did not Pat have lasts made for her feet at every stage of her growth?

"Now," said he, "while I do thrick the inquisitive wud me tape-line I want to talk wud ye, Lottie. Don't let on, but I'm goin' off forr a trip. I'll say I'm goin' for me health, but it's wealth I'm afther."

"I'm glad!" she said, and the rosy color in her face turned to scarlet. "When you goin'?"

"I'm off airly Monday morrnin', plaze God, an' look for me whin you do hear me peg upon the banquette, and—" lowering his voice—"be a good girrl till Woona comes back, an' let no one bully ye into listenin' to the ould man's complaint. Remimber, *nobody can make ye, if ye won't!* If they helt ye up before the praste, sure ye could shtiffen out in a dead faint an' they'd be compelled to carry ye out *Miss Di Carlo*, an' don't ye forget that."

"I'm not afraid," she drawled. "My maw an' my paw knows me. They won't try nothin' like that on me."

"Ye're solid on that. I'll l'ave me adthress on a shlip o'

paper in case ye do nade a frind. An' now"—in a louder tone, raising his tape-line—"nine inches an' a quarter across the inshtep—the same from heel to toe"—then lower again—"I seen the madam peepin' twicet. Mebbe ye betther run off, now—*me purrty little intinded!*" This last, in a whisper, just reached her ear, spreading a fresh blush over her face.

Pat's business trip extended over several weeks. It was dark when he returned to the city, and as he approached the Di Carlo shop a row of carriages before the door startled him. Something unusual was happening. If anyone had died he would have heard. It could not be a wedding!

He paused a moment to still the thumping of his heart. The windows were up and he perceived a scene of great confusion. Socola, attired in evening clothes, bloodless as yellow wax and blue of lip, was walking up and down the room while groups of frightened people whispered and gazed, awe-stricken. Finally Pat saw a young woman whom he recognized as a cousin of Carlotta, and, by a coincidence, one who bore her full name. She had crossed the room and was speaking to Socola. They stood near the window.

"I'm shore I wou'n-a grief myself aboud C'lotta, Signor," she said, as she fanned her dark, fat face with a blue feather fan.

So Carlotta was dead! Pat leaned against the house for support. But wait! The old man was answering, in Italian:

"Grieve? I grieve not for her. She may go to the devil. I care not for her, but for myself. It is the disgrace. I have come to marry her, and if I wait all night I will have her. Money is nothing to me. I can pay the police—"

The girl shrugged her shoulders:

"Oh, well, 'z got-a just-a so good-a fish in the riv' as come oud. Carlotta Di Carlo is-a no gread name. 'Z my name, just-a same as-a my cousin. Neva is-a bring me such-a gread good luck."

Just here a door opened, and fearing discovery, Pat entered the house, where a chorus of exclamations greeted him:

"Carlotta ees-a run away!"

"'Z—jump oud-a window!"

"—run off—!"

In the back room the mother bemoaned her misfortune:

"Oh, Meester Pad!" she wailed. "Come loog! Such-a troub' thees-a day! Loog—loog here!" She pointed to the bed, upon which was spread an array of finery. "Loog! Everytheen-a so fine. Signor Socola ees-a bring C'lotta fo' marry weeth-a heem to-night—an' C'lotta *ees-a run away!* Sez to me, 'Mus'-a lock the door fo' wash myself'—just-a ligue thad—an' ees-a climb oud-a window an' gone! Oh, my God! Me, I am-a crezzy!"

"An' had she given her consint, ma'am?" Pat managed finally to ask.

"Consen'! No! Geeve-a nothin'! C'lotta ees-a got only six-a-teen year. Wad a child ligue thad knowce aboud consen'?"

"That's what I say, ma'am!"

It was all Pat could do to hold himself, but in the interest of her he loved he said no more. Presently the door opened and Socola, leading by the hand the cousin Carlotta, entered and approached the bed. With an inclination of the head to the company first and then pointing to the display of gifts, he said slowly in Italian:

"I present to Carlotta Di Carlo those presents which are marked in the name of Carlotta Di Carlo, and when she is dressed as my bride we will drive to the church. The notice in to-morrow's papers will prove that Pietro Socola has not been disappointed!"

Then he added emphatically:

"What happens here to-night is in the bosom of the Mafia society!" They could have heard a pin drop now. "Mafia's children can keep her secrets—but if there is a Judas—" Then he pronounced the anathema of the Mafia, ending with, "And I am Pietro Socola who speaks!" thus proclaiming himself head of the band of Mafiosi.

Pat was first to break the deathlike stillness:

"An' accept me warrmest congratulations, Mr. Socola!" He stepped forward and grasped the old man's hand.

And so a fresh wedding-stir arose, but beneath it all was a suppressed current like the irresistible undertow of a playful sea. Pat was the happiest person present, except possibly the fat little creature who was in the next room, holding her breath

while one squeezed and another burst off hooks and eyes in the determined effort to prove that the bridal dress designed for Carlotta Di Carlo had not proven a misfit.

It was a relief when the wedding-party set off. When they had gone Pat mounted the stairs to his own room, whither in a moment he heard the Signora following. She would not be denied, although Pat turned from her in anger for the first time.

"*Haf to lis'n ad me!*" she began as she appeared before him, resembling nothing so much as a hyena at bay. "God Almighty ees-a turn 'is back on me to-night—pud-a me down biffore all-a doze nasty Toney Di Carlos!"

"God Almighty done ut, d'ye say? Ye're payin' yersel' a pretty round complimint for a wake-day, Misthress Di Carlo! I'd kape that for a Sunday, till we could buy ye a tin halo an' putt on our Sunday clothes to say our beads to yer holiness!" His wrath oiled his tongue. Of course she did not understand.

"'Z no time fo' play, Meester Pad. Fo' God sague, you god-a no heart?"

"I have, ma'am, a palpitator in the vicinity of me left lung, but it's engaged at prisent in behalf of the child that's turrned out of her father's house on a darrk night to escape worrse nor a livin' death at the hands of her mother. 'Tis a black night, ma'am—an' where is the child?"

"My God!" Her voice was heavy with passion. "You tague-a side weeth-a C'lotta? Me, I don' care where ees! Hope-a the dev's got her!"

"An' I'll warrant ye, ma'am, he has an orrganized detective forrce out in search o' the likes o' her to-night, ye may be sure o' that! An' plinty illuminated transums above hell's sky parrlors'll open their thrap-doors to welcome her in, wud music borrowed from heaven to enthrap an angel! The divil has a shtandin' order out for brides, ma'am, an' the city streets of a darrk night are his harvest-field; an' when an angel is thrapped unbeknowinst to his bed he does mock heaven wud fresh fireworks an' ring the bells of hell for a holiday! 'Tis tin o'clock, Mother Di Carlo, an' rainin' cats an' dogs this minute. Ye have a child, a fair bit of a daughter, out hidin' from ye. 'Tis the firrst time nine o'clock iver missed her from her little trundle-bed. Can ye tell me in whose back alley I'll find 'er skulkin'

like an odd cat, an' bring her home to the mother that's grievin' afther 'er?"

His passion calmed the woman. She looked dazed, but answered nothing.

"If yer divinity'll parrdon me shirrt-sleeves till I do putt on me rain-coat, I'll shtep out mesel' an' see if bechance her ould granny can thrace her."

He proceeded to raise the lid of his trunk, but it resisted. It was fastened—*on the inside*! Here had been Carlotta's old hiding-place where as a child she had escaped many a whipping.

Bowing politely, he said: "Ye'll excuse me manners, ma'am, forr lavin' me saloon parrlor whin I have company, but—wull ye walk firrst, Misthress Di Carlo?"

Sniffling, the woman rose and preceded him down the stairs.

Pat hurried into the street but returned in a moment, mounted the stairs, entered his room, and tapped gently upon the trunk:

"Whist!" The girl's head pushed up the lid. Aiding her to rise, he whispered: "Glory be to God Almighty!"

Standing in the trunk, Carlotta gave him a hasty, whispered account of the affair which was soon interrupted by loud voices from below. The wedding-party had returned. In the tumult the father's voice prevailed.

"What am I that my wife lies to me? You said the child consented. You *lied*! I told you I would not compel her. You are paid. I am glad. But I want my daughter. Where is the child? What can I do? Where I go to seek her I spread an ugly tale—Carlotta, the pretty daughter of Di Carlo, is not in her father's house at night. A sweet story that! Oh, my wife is a fine schemer—got a rich husband for Toney's ugly girl with the pimply face. Ha! She is kind, yes! I am glad, but only—I want my little girl."

"I'm goin', Woona." Carlotta started suddenly and began to cry: "I never knowed my paw liked me before. Haf to go to him." The girl flitted through the window and merged into the shadow of the tree by which she had come up over the shed. Soon Pat heard a timid knock at the street-door. Carlotta was "a cute one." She was entering from without—even now preserving her secret.

There was a rush of boys' heavy feet, a clank of iron as the

hook was lifted, and now came a sound of loud crying, like the heart-sobs of a little child. So Carlotta met her father and was folded in his arms.

Pat's business trip resulted in an engagement which took him away from town. He still kept his room at the Di Carlos', with whom warm relations were quickly reëstablished, and during the next year it was his habit to return at the week-ends.

Carlotta was still to her fond old lover a dainty saint within a high niche. He told himself she was free, and yet, as he put by small sums of money, he would think: "How purrty it'll shtuff out her little pocketbook!"

He expected to find young men around the shop, and the sound of an accordion or a flute or tambourine served but to identify the crowd. It was only when the accordion became his invariable greeting that he began to wonder why Carlotta never had spoken of this particular player. She artlessly told him of others who came and spoke of love. But Pat saw her little alone. He had promised himself and her to wait till she should pass her eighteenth birthday before binding herself by formal promise. She knew that he loved her—that he was working early and late for her. One day, when both were in a street-car with the children, growing weary of his silence she invited a declaration, asking: "You like me yet, Woona?"

"Like ye yet?" He chuckled. "Arrah, musha! an' what're ye sayin', darlint? Like ye? Sure I *love* ye from the crown of yer purty little black head to the soles of yer two feet, an' all the way, wud a lap over. An' why d'ye ask me that?" She only colored like a rose and said: "I'm glad."

"Begad, I'm glad ye're glad, mavourneen," said Pat. "Sure sorrow'll dim my day whin ye're sorry." As he raised his eyes he saw a young man who smiled and tipped his hat to Carlotta, and under his arm he carried an accordion. Pat felt a shiver pass through him, for he never had seen a youth so beautiful.

"That's Giuseppe Rubino," said Carlotta, looking into his eyes with the directness of a child.

"Is it, indade? Sure I tuck him for a vision of Saint Joseph or wan of the angels. An' isn't he a beauty?"

"He sings pritty. He comes every evenin', pass the time away."

"An' what does he do for a livin'? Sure there's little money in the machine he carries, wud all its puffin' an' blowin'."

"He's pore. He works for ol' Socola. He's savin' up. Bimeby he's goin' to start for hisself. He says he seen me first in his sleep. He talks funny. I don't pay no 'tention."

When they rose to leave the car the young man stood also, and as they passed out together Carlotta said:

"Please to make you 'quainted with Mister Rooney, Mister Rubino," and the three, Carlotta in the middle, followed the children home.

As the evening wore on Pat grew restless and went out alone for a walk. He had not gone far when he came upon a crowd of young Italians, and as a familiar voice accosted him he joined them. Several of the habitués of the Di Carlo shop were there and they were bantering one another in Italian about Carlotta. All went smoothly until one Tramonetti, an ugly fellow, suddenly turned in anger:

"I could get her to-morrow if I had money!" he sneered.

"Haf to get a new face on you first!" laughed another.

"My face is just as pretty as old man Socola's. She tried hard enough to catch him. Myself saw her try for him—make sheep-eyes and pass before him."

Pat could stand no more.

"An' I say ye're a liar!" He faced the speaker.

This was unexpected. A stillness fell upon the crowd. After a while an old man broke the silence.

"Wath-a you knowce abouth?" he drawled apathetically.

"I do just happen to know that this young man is a liar."

Then another spoke: "Socola ees-a tell all-a mans on Picayune pier she ees-a try for eem, all-a-same."

"An' he's another liar, an' I'd tell it to his gums—the toothless ould macaroni-sucker!"

"For God sague, don'-a mague-a no troub'," suggested another. "Blief Socola ees-a just talk for play."

"Thin I'm playin' whin I tell ye that he thried wud all the perrsuasion of his money-bags to get her." Pat gave a full account of the affair of the wedding, sparing the old man's dignity not at all. When it was done and the men were moving away, the light from the gas at the corner fell upon a visage, sinister,

one-eyed, and lowering, which Pat instantly recognized as the face of the man at the Socola wedding who had been sent to him as interpreter of the Mafia curse—but he did not care.

As he turned away another man arose out of the shadow. He, too, had been a guest at the wedding. When the two Sicilians were alone, the last to rise gave the sign of the Mafia. The answering word was given and the two sat down together. Presently one said, in Italian:

"I wish I had gone home to-night."

"And I, too. He is a good friend to the Di Carlos, that Irishman. Last year, when the babies all took smallpox, he signed for the rent—and he paid it all."

"Yes, and Carlotta's schooling, always."

"And when the old man was stung with a tarantula in a bunch of bananas, while everybody cried and ran every way, the shoemaker threw his hat on the spider and sat on it; then he took the old man across his knee and sucked the poison from his neck."

"Yes, and all the people laughed because he said, while he sucked the poison: 'Let me kiss you for your mother!' If Tramonetti had only kept his mouth shut to-night!"

"Yes, he made all the trouble."

"Well, easy or hard, I am good for my duty. *Domani!*" ("To-morrow").

"*Domani!*" And so they parted.

Before reporting the case the man with the sinister face took the trouble to send an anonymous word of warning to Pat, admonishing him to flee for his life. This was followed by other mysterious warnings, some written to his friends the Di Carlos advising them of Pat's danger. But to all advice he turned a deaf ear. He dealt with the situation in his own characteristic and unique way and feared nothing.

It was at last Carlotta's birthday—the day of days for her impetuous if patient old lover. He came to town earlier than usual that day, thinking to take her out alone, for the first time. They would go to the park and sit together under a tree, and when they came home, they would have something to tell Carlotta's father and mother.

The family sat as usual at the door, but Carlotta was not

there. She was out walking with Giuseppe Rubino. On the three consecutive Saturdays preceding this the same thing had happened. But to-night! Had she not remembered? Pat was restless, and after a little friendly talk he strolled toward the river. He would sit here in his favorite retreat, alone, until such a time as he would be sure to find her at home.

As he left the Di Carlos' he could not see that two Sicilians moved stealthily after him in the shadow of the wall.

To sit in a dark corner while he waited for Carlotta to come home suited him.

Suddenly he heard the notes of an accordion, broken snatches of tunes he knew only too well; then came an interval, and then a voice—her voice—rose in protest:

"No, no, Giuseppe! I can't lis'n at you!"

Then indistinct low pleading, and again the girl said:

"Hush, I say, Giuseppe! I *mus'n't* lis'n at you! I wish I was dead. I hate you! I hate myself! I hate your music! I hate everything! Before you came I was satisfied. Everything was promise good, an' I knowed no better. Now, when I put my fingers in my ears, I hear you sing—I hear that music. Oh, I hate it all! To-night I ought to be at home, and I am here with you—always with you."

He spoke more clearly now, in Italian.

"It is not true that you hate me. You love me. I know it, I feel it. Since first I saw you I knew we were for each other."

"But no, Giuseppe. Hush, I say! Since two years I am promised. My word is passed."

"And who is it that holds a child by her word when she loves him not?"

"Oh, hush, I say, Giuseppe! He holds me not. I hold myself. He is the best man in all the world. Since I was *so big*, he loves me—and I loved him. He trusts me, same as the Blessed Mother—he even put my name by her name once; but you have all broken my heart, Giuseppe. Oh, I wish I was dead—and you—and him! You talk about God! For what does God let us make mistakes? How can we be *sure*? I was crazy for him, and I made him love me. And now—if you will only go away, Giuseppe! If you love me true, go—and let me have peace and not trouble. I love him. I am not a liar.

Only I am like in a dream, and in my dream I see only you. Now I know what you meant when you said that in your sleep I stood always before you. But I will soon wake. It will pass. He will never know."

"And who is this coward for whom you put me away?"

"He is no coward, Giuseppe. Better you never know him. Go far away."

"I go not away without you, Carlotta. Every day I will come till I get you. I will walk by your side before this man, and when he looks at us he will see that he is a fool."

"I walk with you no more, Giuseppe. To-night finishes. Come, let us go. I heard a noise, and over there a shadow moved. I am afraid. Come!"

As they rose to go, the accordion, opening by its own weight, sent out an attenuated, discordant wail. To Pat, in the shadows, it sounded like a banshee's weird shriek.

For a long time after they had gone the timbers over his head were not more still than he. Once he thought he heard soft steps. If he had risen he might have seen two dark figures peering stealthily about. But he did not glance upward. The water was so near—so inviting. It seemed almost to call him. There would be only a few bubbles, fit emblems of his life and its story. Had he not promised her his grave whenever it would be a safe bridge over her troubles? The time had come. Or had it come? Would the plunge be for her sake or his own? Was he, after all, a coward—he who had fought and vanquished his potheen with a flask in his pocket?

Distinct, rapid footsteps on the wharf above startled him, and he raised his eyes just in time to see a bundle fall before him into the water. There was a struggle as the dark object twisted for a second within the rings of the eddy that engulfed it. Then he heard the wiry cry of a young kitten. The struggling contents of the whirling bundle were explained. One little unfortunate had slipped from the bag, and hung suspended on the outside of one of the timbers, its own weight and struggles imprisoning it more securely each moment.

For a moment only Pat regarded the writhing form:

"Sure we're in the same boat, kitty, you an' me—wan too many in a crowded worrld," he said. "But, plaze God, I'll

give ye the same chance I take meself—in the name o' Him that shaped the two of us."

He swung himself over the timbers and reached upward by means of a broken oar.

At the voice two shadows rushed noiselessly across the wharf and peered over. What they saw was only a whining young kitten crawling feebly back to life along the raft.

The Mafia had been cheated.

The upward reach of the broken oar which had released the kitten had thrown its deliverer backward, the grip of his one leg being strong enough only to let him down, down, gently, noiselessly into the eddying current. There was not even so much as a gurgle of the waters as he sank.

On the second day afterward a boy in the shop read from the newspaper that the body of a one-legged man had been washed ashore. Di Carlo hurried to investigate the matter, and when he returned and the family gathered around him he only shook his head, and, taking from his pocket a baby's old red shoe, he said: "It was in his inside pocket."

# MARIE JOSEPH EUGÈNE SUE

(France, 1804–1857)

## THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS (1842)

On this novel rests principally the fame of its author. Imbued with the emotional socialistic literature of his time, he wrote this, the first French novel treating of the conditions of the working people. Primarily its object, as shown by many interpolated reflections, was to point out the social iniquity of present conditions in general; especially the inability of the poor to obtain redress from the civil laws, thus leading many to careers of crime. The author insists throughout upon the natural inclination of the human character to develop emotions of love of all that is good in social life, and hatred of injustice. Incidentally he brings out the necessity for reform in the penal system and protests against the abuse of the poor in the public hospitals. The novel became popular and produced legislative reforms, doing for the poor of Paris what Dickens's novels did for the poor of London. It first appeared serially in the *Journal des Débats*. Later it was dramatized by the author himself and presented on the stage. The moral appeal in the novel is best expressed in a letter that Sue wrote to the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, published with the last instalment. "Unfortunately, many years will, perhaps, pass before these great (social) questions, of such vital interest to the masses, will be solved. Meanwhile every day brings forward and unveils new miseries. I shall regard myself recompensed beyond my hopes whenever I feel that I have inspired by my writings any generous action or charitable thought. There is generally in France much commiseration for the suffering; but very often the occasion is wanting to exercise charity in a manner profitable to the heart, and, if it may be said, in an interesting way."

IT was a cold and rainy evening in the year 1838. A man of athletic form crossed the Pont du Change and plunged into the *cité*, a labyrinth of obscure streets which extend from the Palais de Justice to Nôtre Dame, the criminal quarter of Paris. The man of whom we speak was called the Chourineur, meaning, in the slang of the quarter, one who stabs. Known as ex-galley slave, of gigantic strength and ferocious disposition, he was much feared by the denizens of the *cité*.

"Ah, is that you, La Goualeuse?" ("the singer") he said, recognizing one of a group of girls sheltering themselves from

the rain under an arcade. "Come, you shall pay for my brandy."

"I have nothing; even for my clothes I owe the Ogresse," replied the trembling girl. The Chourineur grasped her arm, but she wrenched herself loose and fled down a dark alley, pursued by the enraged desperado.

"Now I have you," he roared, diving into a doorway.

A sudden blow sent him sprawling. He regained his feet, but the stranger, a man of slight build, threw him down again. Once more the Chourineur rose, but a blow with the fist sent him to the pavement for the third time, stunned.

"Don't kill him," said the girl to her protector, "if he has enough."

"Enough?" said the stranger.

"Yes, yes, enough," growled the brigand. "You've rinsed me well, but who the devil are you? Only the Maître d'Ecole has done that before."

"Have I played fair?" demanded the unknown, threateningly.

"I do not complain," replied the Chourineur peevishly—"no hard feelings."

"Then let us drink together."

"Agreed. And you, too, Goualeuse, you said a good word for me."

The three went to an inn, a low drinking resort. The Chourineur seemed reconciled to his defeat, the three became intimate, and over the drinks each related his history.

The Chourineur had grown up on the pavements, sleeping in cellars and lime-kilns. Later he had enlisted in the army, and in a quarrel had killed a sergeant. He had been condemned to death; but for several meritorious feats he had performed, one the saving of a drowning comrade, this sentence had been commuted to fifteen years in the galleys. He had served this term and tried to find work, but was everywhere refused on account of his record. As yet he had remained honest, earning a bare living as a wharf laborer.

La Goualeuse likewise did not know her parents. She had been brought up by an evil, one-eyed woman, La Chouette, who had beaten her, and one day, as a punishment, pulled out a

tooth. Then she had fled and been imprisoned in a house of correction, from which she had been liberated only a few months before. Reduced to extremities, she had come to the *cité*, and for clothing and shelter mortgaged herself to the mistress of this inn, known as the Ogresse. Despite her life, her face had retained a look of virginal purity, therefore she was also known as Fleur de Marie.

The stranger represented himself as Rodolphe, a painter of fans. He was beyond thirty, handsome, and possessed of a dignity to command respect.

As the three sat conversing there was a noise at the door, and a huge, ruffianly fellow entered. His nose was gone, and his face was frightfully scarred. With him was a woman of unsavory appearance, one green eye glowing in her hideous face.

"The Maître d'Ecole," whispered the Chourineur, "the only fellow besides you that has rinsed me. He was in the galleys with me, and escaped. Since then he has disfigured his face; even his old comrades can't recognize him."

As the pair advanced into the inn Fleur de Marie gave a start and instinctively drew close to Rodolphe.

"La Chouette!" she whispered.

The Maître d'Ecole looked about him for a moment, then came striding toward the table where Fleur de Marie sat, followed by the one-eyed hag.

"Eh, you I want," he growled. "You," addressing Rodolphe, "my jockey, throw me that blonde over the table."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried La Goualeuse, in terror, "protect me."

Rodolphe rose, and so threatening was his aspect that the Maître d'Ecole instinctively stepped back. Just at this moment a man hurried in from the street, apparently a coal-dealer. He came up to Rodolphe and whispered in English:

"My lord, Sarah and Tom are coming."

Rodolphe turned with a start, then followed the collier hurriedly toward the door. But the Maître d'Ecole, recovering himself, sprang forward.

"You don't get off so easily," he growled.

Rodolphe's fist shot out, and the brigand fell backward across a table. Then Rodolphe disappeared through the doorway.

A moment later two strangers entered; one a tall man in riding costume, the other apparently a lad, but, to an observant eye, evidently a woman in a man's costume. They ordered drinks, meanwhile keenly scrutinizing the inmates of the place. The man pulled out a purse to pay, revealing to the keen glance of the Maître d'Ecole a roll of bank-notes. His attention was immediately attracted away from Fleur de Marie, who took this opportunity to quit the room, and the Chourineur followed, going into the street.

The two strangers left shortly afterward, followed by the Maître d'Ecole and La Chouette. They passed down the street, and had arrived before a ruined house when they were grasped and held from behind.

"Your purse or your life."

They made no resistance. As they were being relieved of their money the disguised woman said suddenly:

"Do you wish to earn some more money—two thousand francs?"

"Yes, how?" demanded La Chouette.

"Did you see the slender young man with blond moustache who left just before we entered?"

"Well?"

"It concerns him. Meet me somewhere to-morrow."

"You wish to lay a trap?"

"Come to the plain of Saint Denis at noon to-morrow. From a distance you can see I am alone."

"Good. I shall be there," said La Chouette.

The robbers and their two victims parted. But an invisible witness had been present. The Chourineur, who had taken shelter in the cellar of the deserted house, had caught most of the dialogue.

Next day Rodolphe appeared again at the inn and held a private conversation with the Ogresse. The result was, he paid her La Goualeuse's debt. The young girl was called, and Rodolphe invited her for a ride to the country with him. The girl had impressed him as unusual; in her he had inspired a sense of awe, a recognition of his superiority over the men she usually came in contact with.

They spent the day roaming about the fields. Toward eve-

ning he took her to a farmhouse, situated in a pretty green field near a village.

"We shall meet my old nurse here," he told her.

A middle-aged, prematurely gray-haired woman met them with a friendly smile. Together they wandered over the place, seeing the cows, the chickens, the dairy. Fleur de Marie's delight was unbounded.

"I leave you here in care of Madame Georges," said Rodolphe finally.

"But, Monsieur Rodolphe, what does this mean—to stay always?"

"Always; it shall be your home."

Madame Georges accompanied Rodolphe to the gate.

"I shall seek out your boy," he spoke to her.

"May the good God help you, Monsieur. His father would never reveal to me whether he lives. The monster, in escaping from the galleys, met his death, they say. But who knows, he may yet be alive. He may seek me out here on this farm where you have so kindly placed me."

Rodolphe met the Chourineur that evening, and the latter revealed to him the conversation he had heard between Sarah and the two robbers.

"*Mon Dieu*, but I like you already too well to see you come to harm," said the ex-convict. Rodolphe then asked the Chourineur to see the Maître d'Ecole that night.

"Tell him to meet me at the flower-market to-morrow morning. I shall have, you can say, a profitable business on hand for him."

Rodolphe strolled into the market next morning and came upon the Maître d'Ecole. The brigand was suspicious.

"Quick," he said, "if you have business, we will let the matter of last night rest. You have a fist like a cannon-ball. What is it?"

They went into an inn, where La Chouette met them. Rodolphe unfolded his scheme of entering a house in the Allée des Veuves, the residence of a doctor gone to the country. The Maître d'Ecole agreed, but insisted on their remaining together till the evening. On leaving the inn Rodolphe dropped a note, which he saw picked up by the collier of the evening before, now attired as a gentleman.

The three retired to an inn of evil appearance, while La Chouette went out to reconnoiter the house and grounds. She returned with a favorable report. Suddenly the Maître d'Ecole threw himself on Rodolphe and hurled him into a cellar, locking the door behind him.

Rodolphe's efforts to free himself were in vain; the place was hermetically sealed. For hours he lay there, gasping for breath. Suddenly, when he was about to suffocate, the door was broken open, and he found himself fainting in the arms of the Chourineur.

When he recovered consciousness he was in his house, attended by his doctor, a negro, and the Chourineur.

The Maître d'Ecole and La Chouette had come to enter the house. La Chouette had remained at the gate to watch, but the Chourineur, who had observed all, had silenced her with a blow. Following the Maître d'Ecole in, he came upon him as he was choking the portier, and had downed him with another blow. Then the two robbers, being bound, were carried in.

"Bring him before me," said Rodolphe calmly, and the Maître d'Ecole was carried in.

"Brigand, your last hour has come," said Rodolphe. The Maître d'Ecole paled.

"Unless," continued Rodolphe, "you confess to me certain matters of importance. You are the husband of Madame Georges; what have you done with her son?"

The ruffian quailed. He confessed all, even his crimes, his murders, speaking now in the grammatical French of his guiltless days.

"He lived in the Rue du Temple, Number Fourteen, known there as Monsieur Germain. He left there; now I do not know where he is."

"Good; your life shall be spared. But I shall render you harmless. Doctor David, do as I have told you." The Maître d'Ecole was seized by two servants and carried into another room. A few minutes later he was brought back.

"What will you do with me?" he cried angrily. "Is it the rack? Why have you pricked my eyes, and turned the lights out?"

"You are blind," said Rodolphe. "Go now. Here are fifteen hundred francs. You are harmless."

Rodolphe was the reigning Duke of the German State of Gerolstein. While he was a boy a Scotch adventuress, Lady Sarah, and her brother, Tom McGregor, had appeared in the little German court and begun an intrigue that resulted in a secret marriage between Sarah and Rodolphe. The old Duke, then alive, on hearing of this annulled the marriage. To his son he gave a letter from Sarah to her brother, betraying her cold-blooded ambitions. The young Prince's love had frozen. Sarah gave birth to a child in England, whither she had fled. To all Rodolphe's appeals for this child she gave no answer. She had turned it over to a Monsieur Jacques Ferrand, a notary in Paris. Six years later he reported the child's death, and this letter Lady Sarah had forwarded to Rodolphe.

It was she who now, having learned of Rodolphe's presence in Paris, had hurried thither to seek an interview with him, hoping to effect a reconciliation, now that the old Grand Duke was dead and Rodolphe sovereign Prince of Gerolstein. Rodolphe was known for his fondness for strange adventures, and Lady Sarah had hoped to catch him during one of his visits to the lower quarters of the city.

Rodolphe, grateful to the Chourineur for saving his life, presented him with an estate in Algiers; and soon afterward the Chourineur was on his way to Marseilles to embark.

Rodolphe was determined to find the son of Madame Georges, the unfortunate wife of the Maître d'Ecole. He had saved her from starvation and he meant to satisfy the great longing that still possessed her. One day, disguised as a clerk, he presented himself at Number Seventeen, Rue du Temple. There he learned, in conversation with the portier, that Monsieur Germain had left no address and that he had been on intimate terms with a young seamstress in the house, Mademoiselle Rigolette. Rodolphe engaged a room next to hers. He learned also of the presence of a quack doctor, Brodamonte, in whom Rodolphe recognized the tutor of his boyhood, now degraded by his evil habits.

Meanwhile, unknown to Rodolphe, misfortune had come to Fleur de Marie. While on a visit to a neighboring farm one evening she was suddenly seized by two persons and put in a carriage, which set off rapidly toward Paris. One of her ab-

ductors she recognized as the hateful La Chouette. They forced an oath of secrecy from her and liberated her near a police station. La Chouette then informed the police that a vagrant had passed down the street, and Fleur de Marie was arrested and sent to St. Lazare. A forged note was sent to Madame Georges, signed by Rodolphe, explaining Marie's absence by his having taken her to Paris.

Rodolphe became intimate with Rigolette, but quite by accident he learned of Germain's address through a second-hand dealer who had bought his furniture. He was employed as cashier in the office of a notary, Jacques Ferrand. Rodolphe had heard evil reports of this man, though he was highly respected and known as a pious man.

One of Rigolette's friends, a girl of seventeen, was a servant in Ferrand's house and had been drugged and outraged by him. Then he had her sent to St. Lazare as a vagrant.

When Rodolphe finally attempted to communicate with Germain he learned that the young man had been accused of theft and imprisoned. Rigolette went to see him every day in prison.

La Chouette, who had recently been discharged from the hospital—for Rodolphe had not had her arrested after the burglary—conceived of a scheme to blackmail the notary Ferrand. His housekeeper, ten years before, had turned over to La Chouette a child which she was to care for in consideration of one thousand francs. She obtained an interview with Ferrand, but he denied all knowledge of the child.

Ferrand was, in fact, thoroughly frightened. He learned that Fleur de Marie was in St. Lazare, and determined to paralyze La Chouette's threats by removing Fleur de Marie.

On an island in the Seine lived a criminal family, the Martials, who throve by thieving and murder. With Nicholas Martial Ferrand arranged that Marie was to be conducted across the river and upset. His housekeeper was to meet the girl at the prison door after the notary should procure her release and, pretending she had come from Madame Georges, bring her down to the river.

"Both the women must be disposed of," whispered Ferrand.

Fleur de Marie's abduction had been caused by Sarah, who,

believing Rodolphe too much interested in her, decided to rid herself of a possible rival. La Chouette had been her tool.

The Marquis d'Harville, a dear friend of Rodolphe, had secretly suspected his wife of infidelity. Rodolphe had cleared this matter with much delicacy, and so won the deep regard of the young wife, Clémence. They agreed to seek worthy objects of charity together. Thus it was that the Marquise went one day to St. Lazare and had Fleur de Marie pointed out to her as an unusual girl. She held a half hour's conversation with her, and, being convinced of her sweet, pure nature, promised to obtain her liberty. But that day her husband fell victim to a fatal accident and the young widow hurried off to Normandy to her father's home.

Some days later Fleur de Marie was informed of her release, and naturally thought it due to the influence of the Marquise. At the door she met an elderly, stout woman.

"Ah, you come from Madame d'Harville," cried she.

"Yes, yes, but hurry. I shall conduct you to your friends."

"To Madame Georges?"

"Yes, my dear. She waits you—ah! but a surprise awaits you. You must ask me no questions."

She hurried her out into a cab, and they drove off. Marie was surprised to observe that they approached the river.

"Ah, what a beautiful island lies there!" she cried with sudden rapture.

"It pleases you? Well, we are going there."

"But—that is not—is Madame Georges there?"

"Yes, yes, but yes, I shall tell you; they prepare a feast for you there."

Once on the shore, the old woman signaled, and two boats came from the island. Fleur de Marie felt an instinctive uneasiness on beholding the foul face of Nicholas Martial. But she seated herself in the boat with the old woman, and they shot out into the stream.

Half an hour later two gentlemen strolling along the opposite river-bank saw the body of a young girl floating by and rescued it. One was a doctor. Discovering signs of life, he set to work and presently a faint glow of vitality revived. Then she was carried to his home.

That same night La Chouette appeared at the home of Lady Sarah, keeping an appointment. Lady Sarah took the creature into her private room and locked the door, leaving open only the passage from the garden whence they had entered.

"Listen," said the scheming noblewoman, "I want you to find me a girl of about seventeen, one who has lost her parents when young, of agreeable face, a foundling."

La Chouette showed her astonishment.

"*Ah, ça;* but say, my little lady, have you forgotten La Goualeuse?"

"I want nothing of her," said Lady Sarah impatiently.

"But listen a moment. Take La Goualeuse; she was only six years old when this *gueux* of a Jacques Ferrand gave her to me, with a thousand francs, to get rid of her."

"Jacques Ferrand!" cried Sarah, "the notary!"

"Yes, what of it?"

"A little blonde?"

"Yes."

"Ah, *mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" cried Sarah, falling on her knees. Suddenly she rose. Hastily opening a secretary, she took from it an ebony casket, which she opened. She took from it diamond necklaces and bracelets, throwing them on the table in her hurry to reach the bottom.

"Is this she?" she cried, producing a small miniature on blue enamel.

"Yes."

Sarah took out paper and pen and began writing.

"Come," she said, "as you dictate, so I write. A written declaration—"

She did not finish. La Chouette brought down her arm and her dagger entered Sarah's back between the shoulder-blades. She threw out her hands and fell forward.

Hastily gathering the jewels, the murderess slipped through the door into the garden and escaped into the dark streets.

That night the police made one of the most notable hauls of the year; they captured a group of notorious criminals in the act of murdering a diamond-agent in a low-class resort on the banks of the Seine, among them all the Martial family. In the cellar they found the blind Maître d'Ecole, chained to a pillar. He

had evidently been confined there by his former comrades, who perhaps feared that in his helpless state he might fall under the care of honest people and reveal to them the habits of his associates. He was mad; in his arms he gripped, almost crushed, the dead and mangled body of La Chouette, who, seeking to escape down the cellar, had stumbled within the captive's reach.

Jacques Ferrand engaged a new housekeeper. She was young, beautiful, possessed of hypnotic powers of fascination. On the third day the notary, his first advances having been repelled, became possessed of a mad desire for her. She played him well; one evening, in a frenzied outburst, he offered her his papers, proofs of crimes he had committed, only to possess her. She grasped the papers. When he entered her room her window was open, she was gone. Jacques Ferrand fell to the floor in a fit of apprehensive terror.

A week passed. His clerks noticed in the notary a curious change. He denied admission to his clients, though they knew his interests suffered heavily thereby. His face thinned, his temples hollowed, his complexion became ghastly yellow. In constant company with him was a red-bearded man, known as Monsieur Brodamonte.

Then came the announcement that Germain had been freed from prison, the charges against him being dropped. Also that Monsieur Ferrand gave a million francs to found a workingmen's bank where the poor could borrow without paying interest. Germain was to be cashier.

Ferrand's sufferings were intense. Brodamonte, discovered in a criminal act by Rodolphe, was now his slave, and acted as his agent. Both were watched by a well-concealed circle of spies. Brodamonte forced Ferrand's system of restitution, under Rodolphe's directions. This was his punishment: a miser, he must give; a thief, he must return what he had stolen from his victims; and, always a pious fraud, he was now compelled to place all his money in trust with the good, simple old abbé he had long deceived.

Rigolette had met Fleur de Marie in the street as she had left St. Lazare. Being old friends from the house of correction, they had exchanged some words, though Ferrand's housekeeper had not given them time for a long conversation.

Rigolette had mentioned this meeting by chance to Rodolphe. Much alarmed, he at once sent a servant out to Madame Georges on the farm, and thus learned of the absence of the girl and the deception that had caused Madame Georges to make no inquiries.

Rodolphe truly guessed that La Goualeuse's abduction had been instigated by Sarah. But who had caused her release was still a mystery. He inquired at the prison, and, to his astonishment, was told that the Marquise d'Harville had taken the girl under her protection. But Clémence was with her father in Normandy. He obtained a detailed description from the matron of the woman who had met Fleur de Marie, and found it agreed with Rigolette's.

Suddenly an idea burst upon him. Looking over the papers taken from Ferrand, he saw that the notary had reason to fear the existence of a certain child he had turned over to La Chouette ten years previously. These suspicions changed to conviction when he learned that on the day of Marie's release two women had been drowned in the Seine. So great was his rage that he now determined to revenge himself doubly on the criminal notary.

Lady Sarah was recovering slowly. Rodolphe, believing her to be dying, consented to visit her. He found her sitting up, dressed, but pale and weak.

"Rodolphe, I am dying," she said; "I have something of great importance to tell you." He observed her intense agitation, and waited patiently.

"Our child is not dead!" burst from her suddenly.

"Our child!"

"I tell you, she lives!"

"Enough, Madame, you cannot deceive me. I know your schemes."

"But listen, I have proof!" she cried eagerly. "I have told you the truth. You remember I had left the child with my notary to superintend her education. He was false to me. She had not died, but was disposed of to a woman known as La Chouette, and—"

"Hold!" cried Rodolphe, "stop!" He pressed his hands to his throbbing temples.

"See," she continued, "here is the portrait."

He seized the miniature. Yes, in the child's face were recognizable the blue eyes, the oval face, the fair hair, so familiar to him in Fleur de Marie.

"God!" he cried, "you wretched woman! La Goualeuse our daughter! Found, only to lose her again. Dead!"

"No, no, she lives, Rodolphe."

"Enough, vile woman! Your child is dead, murdered. May the knowledge curse your last moments!" And he rushed from the house, leaving Sarah in a fainting, and, as he thought, dying condition.

Meanwhile the Marquise d'Harville had returned to Paris and, chancing to visit her friend, Dr. Griffan, learned of the presence of La Goualeuse in his house. The poor girl had long been in a critical condition, therefore had not written to her friends of her escape from death. She could barely walk now, and meant to write.

Madame d'Harville, knowing Rodolphe's interest in Fleur de Marie, determined to take her with her in her carriage to convey the good news to Rodolphe in person.

Some days later she appeared at Rodolphe's magnificent apartments and announced to him that Fleur de Marie was below in the carriage. Rodolphe rose, pale, supporting himself by the table. Madame d'Harville's surprise restrained him.

"Ah, Clémence," he murmured, "you do not know what you have done for me. Fleur de Marie is—my daughter."

"Your daughter, your Highness?"

Then suddenly she understood. Fleur de Marie was brought up, and it required Clémence to restrain Rodolphe so that he broke the news gently. Fleur de Marie was even then overcome, for she had loved Rodolphe as she would have loved her God.

Sarah died soon afterward. Rodolphe asked Clémence to become mother to Marie, now the Princess Amelia, and they returned to Germany. On setting out they passed in their carriage through a crowd attending an execution. Several criminals in the crowd, recognizing Rodolphe, attempted to attack him. Suddenly a man sprang forward in his defense, but was stabbed by one of the crowd and fell dying. It was the Chourineur.

"I could not go to Algiers," he murmured; "I wished to be near you, Monsieur Rodolphe."

A noble prince sought the hand of the Princess Amelia, but she, feeling her past degradation, retired to a convent, where she died, beloved by all, mourned deeply by Rodolphe and Clémence.

Ferrand, the notary, died in convulsions, killing Brodamonte with a poisoned dagger. Germain, restored to his mother, married Rigolette, to whom Rodolphe had given a dowry.

## THE WANDERING JEW (1845)

The legend of the Wandering Jew is somewhat uncertain in its origin and its significance. It is to the effect that when Christ was on the way to Calvary, bearing His cross, He wished to rest before the house of a Jew named Ahasuerus, who drove Him away; that the Saviour then said to the Jew, "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I come," and that he has wandered ever since, falling into a trance once in a hundred years and finding his youth renewed when he awakes. A variation of the legend makes him a servant of Pontius Pilate and his name Cartaphilus. Also in the fourteenth century he was called Isaac Lakedion. The tradition has been interpreted as an allegory—one commentator taking it to represent heathenism, another applying it to the dispersion of the Hebrew race.

IN the confines of Poland the last rays of the setting sun shine on a desolate hill. As the darkness deepens the sound of funeral bells and hymns wails up from the valley where funeral torches glow in the deepening gloom. The dread scourge of cholera is over the stricken land, advancing day by day at a pace such as a man would make in a day's journey.

Down the rocky declivity comes a strange, weird figure. His countenance is noble, gentle, and sad; his jet-black eyebrows, united in one, extend in a curve from one temple to the other over his high forehead and give to his face one ray of sinister aspect. Wherever he passes the cholera accompanies his footsteps. There are seven large nails in his shoes, and when he walks they imprint the figure of a cross in the soil.

As he passes on he is absorbed in these thoughts: "The thirteenth of February approaches—they come, those days when the descendants of my sister, those last branches of our race, will assemble in Paris. One hundred and fifty years ago persecution scattered over the earth for the third time that family over which I have watched for eighteen centuries. When they are in danger instinct tells me, and I would go to them; but

too often an invisible power hurries me on, and I cannot save them."

Then he hears a voice: "Onward! Onward!" and caught in a sudden blackness of storm the weird figure is hurried down the slope.

It is the wandering Jew, that artisan of Jerusalem who smote Christ and bade Him "Go on!" Condemned to wander undying over the face of the earth, he is journeying now with his face set toward Paris.

From the farthest wilds of America journeys another undying creature, a woman, with her face likewise toward Paris. About twenty-five years of age in appearance, with a face of great beauty and great sadness, she is impelled Onward! Onward! by the same mysterious power that drives, as with a tempest, the steps of the Wandering Jew. It is Herodias, condemned for demanding John the Baptist's head on a charger to the same punishment as Ahasuerus, the artisan of Jerusalem.

Strong in the heart of both these strangely accursed beings is the desire to protect the heirs of Marius Rennepont, the seven surviving representatives of the scattered race of the sister of the Wandering Jew; but also strong in them is the agony which tells them that little will be permitted them to achieve.

Shortly before, in far Siberia, the mystic being whom we have seen descending a hill on the confines of Poland had appeared to François Badouin, called Dagobert, a faithful old soldier of the Empire, and warned him that it was time for him to take to the French capital the daughters of General Simon, Rose and Blanche, twins of fifteen years, whose mother, a Polish lady, had just died in exile there, and whose father was far off in Java, where he had fled upon the overthrow of an Indian king whose army he commanded—fled with the King's son, Prince Djalma, who had also been mysteriously warned that he should be in Paris on the thirteenth of February.

"Once before," Dagobert was saying to his charges as they journeyed, "has this strange man with the black, arched brow crossed the path of your family. It was on the field of battle. A gunner was aiming a cannon point-blank at your father, my beloved general. Suddenly appeared this strange man and threw himself between my general and the gun. The gun was

fired; but when the smoke had cleared away the strange man stood there unharmed—and then, with a look of sorrow and resignation, he went on."

"And this medal; this strange medal!" asked Rose. "What, my Dagobert, do you imagine this to mean?"

"What it says," answered Dagobert.

Rose raised the medal that was attached to a chain around her neck and read: "In a century and a half you will be in Paris, on February 13, 1832, at No. 3 Rue St. François. Pray for me."

Far, far away from the northern wilds, under the tropic sun a beautiful Indian youth, the Prince Djalma, was reading the same inscription on a similar medal as he took ship for France from Batavia, grieving at the same time that his father's faithful friend, General Simon, who had gone to a neighboring island, was not to accompany him on his mysterious journey, but comforted by the General's assurance that he would follow him soon.

Another traveler to whom had descended a like medal was also sailing across the waves to keep the tryst made by his ancestor, Marius Rennepont, the exiled Huguenot, at the old walled-up house in the Rue St. François. It was Gabriel Rennepont, a young Jesuit missionary, returning from his labors in America.

In Paris itself were living already three others to whom similar medals had descended. One was the beautiful Adrienne de Cardoville, orphaned daughter of the Count-Duke de Cardoville; the other two were Monsieur Hardy, a manufacturer of Plessis, and Jacques Rennepont, a drunken vagabond.

A century and a half earlier Marius Rennepont had intrusted the remnant of his fortune, 50,000 crowns, to a faithful Jew to be invested, and the resulting fortune was to be distributed among his heirs on February 13, 1832. But an evil power more formidable than the passionate good wishes of Herodias and the Wandering Jew was actively opposing itself to the assembling of the Rennepont heirs on the designated date.

In a large and plainly furnished room in an unpretentious house in the Rue du Milieu-des-Ursins, Monsieur Rodin sat at an ebony table littered with papers, writing. M. Rodin was fifty

years old. His gray hairs fell limp and flat on his temples and crowned his bald forehead; his eyebrows were hardly marked; his upper eyelids were shriveled and fell low like the membrane of a serpent's eye. His eyes were small and black, sharp and piercing; his lips, thin and absolutely colorless, were lost in the wan hue of his lank visage. His finger-nails needed cleaning and his hands washing.

Within that unlovely exterior was concealed a boundless ambition, a strong and remorseless will, and such an absolute penetration into the hearts of men that he could play upon them as upon stringed instruments.

M. Rodin was secretary to Monsieur l'Abbé d'Aigrigny, Provincial of the Jesuits, who presently entered the room and haughtily began dictating letters. M. l'Abbé was formerly Monsieur le Marquis d'Aigrigny, an emigré in the days of the Revolution and the Empire, a colonel serving against France, who received his reward upon the Restoration. But though not yet forty, the Marquis d'Aigrigny had suddenly taken the habit of a Jesuit.

The Abbé d'Aigrigny fancied himself powerful and a master of intrigue. As a matter of fact, he was a tool in the hands of Rodin, who used him until the time should come to destroy him.

"Well, Rodin," said the Marquis, "all goes well with regard to the Rennepont inheritance. The daughters of General Simon have arrived in Paris in spite of my endeavors, it is true; but the wife of Dagobert is a pious woman, and in her husband's temporary absence I have persuaded her to place the girls in a convent for religious instruction—where they will be kept until after to-morrow."

"And Monsieur Hardy," insinuated the secretary, "is, I believe, now traveling in the south of France?"

"Yes," replied D'Aigrigny, "I have certain incriminating papers concerning his bosom friend, Monsieur de Blessac, and by this means have induced that estimable person to lure Monsieur Hardy away from Paris. Jacques Rennepont is in jail for debt and Adrienne de Cardoville has been placed by her aunt, the Princess Saint-Dizier, in an insane asylum. Prince Djalma, as you know, will not trouble us, though my agent in Batavia blundered and let him arrive in Paris. Gabriel has returned

from his mission to America, is now in Paris and awaits my orders to appear to-morrow and receive the inheritance which he has already assigned to me. It is success, Rodin, success!"

The snaky little eyes of the secretary regarded the vain Marquis with a sidelong glance of contempt. Ah, that Rodin!

This master of intrigue conspired against his own order, the Jesuits, and against the papacy. He would first become General of the order, then Pope; and being Pope he would destroy the order. He was using the order now; subsequently he would be to it what Mahmud II was to the Janizaries and Mehemet Ali to the Mamelukes.

The possession of the Rennepont inheritance, which must now have grown to an enormous sum, was the lever by which he would move those wheels that had not already been set in motion in his complicated machinery. The vast wealth once in his hands, added to his own marvelous skill in intrigue, would give him that which alone he coveted—power.

The morning of February thirteenth saw the custodian of the closed house in the Rue St. François, an aged Jew named Samuel, seated in the porter's lodge in the wall that divided the disused garden from the street, and putting his papers in final order for the ceremonies of the day. For three generations his family had been the custodians of the walled-up house and of the inheritance of the Renneponts. Owing to their remarkable longevity this guardianship had extended over one hundred and fifty years.

"Bathsheba," said the old man to his wife, "check off the items as I read," and when this had been done he said: "That is all. The inheritance has grown from the fifty thousand crowns intrusted to my ancestor to two hundred and twelve million one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs" (more than $40,000,000).

Soon arrived M. l'Abbé d'Aigrigny and his secretary, Rodin. Then arrived Father Gabriel, the good priest, the missionary recently returned from the Rocky Mountains; and following him came the notary and workmen to open the doors of the house in the courtyard and take the leaden covering from the windows of one room, the red chamber, according to the written instructions left by Marius Rennepont a century and a half before.

Gabriel Rennepont had the countenance of an angel and a disposition as sweet as his countenance. His virtues were solid and rare, and though now only twenty-five years old, he had done heroic work as a missionary in the wilds of America.

With no regard for worldly wealth, he had given up willingly to the Marquis d'Aigrigny his part of the family inheritance, but now announced to the Provincial that he desired to leave the order and henceforth be a country curate.

The house having been opened by the workmen, the aged Jew conducted his visitors to the red chamber. A table covered with crimson velvet stood in the center of the salon.

"Here," said the Jew, "is the account, and according to the instructions of my father I am to place it on this table before the arrival of the heirs." A bright ray of light streaming through the window shone full upon two portraits. One was the portrait of that strange being whom we have seen, his footsteps dogged by cholera, descending the barren hill on the confines of Poland. The other portrait was that of a woman of twenty-five or thirty years old, with a face at once beautiful and sad, expressive of supplication and resignation.

Gabriel Rennepont started as he beheld it and uttered a slight cry. "It is just eight months since!" said he, in a voice profoundly agitated. "I was in the power of the Indians in the Rocky Mountains. They had fastened me to a cross and had begun to scalp me when Divine Providence sent me unexpected succor. It was that woman who saved me. Or at least," he added, recollecting the century and a half the old house had been sealed up and confronted with the apparent age of the painting, "it was a woman who was her exact counterpart in face and form."

The hour of ten having arrived—the hour appointed—the notary declared that the only heir of Marius Rennepont who had arrived being Gabriel, he opened the will in his presence. The will was read. Rodin, forgetting himself in his exultation, clasped the box in which the securities were contained with both arms and could hardly refrain from a cry of triumph. But just at that moment came the noise of an opening door, and a woman glided into the salon.

She approached a desk, and, taking from it a paper, placed

it on the table. Then casting a look upon Gabriel, she left the room amid a profound silence.

This was she who had saved Gabriel in the Rocky Mountains, the original of the picture over the mantelpiece. It was Herodias. With trembling hands Samuel took the paper and with the notary compared the signature with that affixed to the will.

"It is a codicil," he said, "signed by Marius Rennepont, and it adjourns till June 1, 1832, the dispositions mentioned in the will."

Adrienne de Cardoville would undoubtedly be released upon the return of the Count de Montbron, a close friend of her father. General Simon was about to arrive in Paris and would claim his children; Djalma, who had been drugged the day before by his attendant, must be already awakening; M. Hardy was on his way home; and Jacques Rennepont might be released from prison by some relative.

So when Rodin and the Marquis were again alone together, and the latter said, "We are defeated!" the former, pointing to the table, said, "Write!" and took from his pocket an order from the General of the Jesuits appointing him Provincial, with D'Aigrigny as his secretary.

Rodin now began to work on a plan to destroy the heirs, each by his own passions and vices, his loves and his hates. First, he hastened to release Adrienne de Cardoville, who was nearly twenty-one years of age, with a countenance of remarkable beauty. Her love of beauty was almost overwhelming, her fortune immense. Her independent mode of life and her free thought had made it comparatively easy for her aunt, the Princess St. Dizier, under D'Aigrigny's influence, to spread reports of her niece's strange actions, and then, by bribing a doctor, to have her conveyed to an asylum.

From documents in her possession Adrienne knew that Prince Djalma and the daughters of General Simon were her relatives, and learning that they were on their way to Paris she had ordered one part of the house then occupied by her aunt, the Princess, to be prepared for the residence of the Prince, and another part for that of Blanche and Rose Simon. But before these orders could be executed she had been spirited away to the asylum.

On the ship from Batavia had sailed with Djalma an East Indian, Faringhea, whom the Prince, not knowing his antecedents, had taken into his personal service. This man was of the sect of the Stranglers, who kill for the love of killing. He had found on the corpse of one of his victims certain letters that let him into the secret of Rodin's conspiracy against Djalma and, outlawed in India and Java, he was seeking Paris with the idea of seeing Rodin and reaping advantage from this knowledge.

D'Aigrigny had sent a man to poison Djalma, but the wily Indian had prevented the deed and given the Prince a strong narcotic instead, which, unless the antidote he himself alone knew was applied, would keep Djalma asleep until after February thirteenth. This he had done upon their arrival in Paris, and had reported at once to Rodin. But on the morning of February fourteenth of what avail were the expedients by which D'Aigrigny had managed to bridge over the preceding day?

"The fool!" sneered Rodin. "But he has some usefulness."

Rodin worked quickly. When he repaired to the asylum where Adrienne was confined he took a magistrate with him, to whom he made a charge of conspiracy against D'Aigrigny, the Princess St. Dizier and the doctor who kept the institution.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said he in honeyed tones, "I have been forced through poverty long to remain in the employ of a most unscrupulous rascal, the Marquis d'Aigrigny. But his machinations against you were too much. I have left his employ and will, through God's help, now attempt to undo some of the wrong in which I have been an unwilling participant."

The old rascal knew that his charge against D'Aigrigny and the Princess could not be proved without his testimony, and that testimony, of course, he never would give. He knew, also, that if either of them dared to do anything except acquiesce in what he did he could bring charges against them which could be proved and ruin them. And he knew that they knew it.

"And, my dear young lady," continued Rodin, "I wish also to make my work of repentance more complete by restoring to General Simon his two charming daughters, who are confined in the neighboring convent. I have therefore written to him to be here, where this reunion will take place."

Adrienne, who had instinctively feared and distrusted him,

now hailed him as the deliverer and preserver of her family. Rodin then visited the convent and returned, leading Rose and Blanche, just as General Simon entered the room.

This happy group, amid their tears and embraces, hailed Rodin as their liberator and confided to him in their gratitude the deepest secrets of their hearts.

"Ah," sighed Rodin, "that I ever should have been the tool of that wicked D'Aigrigny!"

"D'Aigrigny," cried General Simon, starting, "that villain! I will have his life!"

"Yes, in due time," thought Rodin, as he saw his way clear to one "removal." D'Aigrigny and Simon were old enemies.

"My next duty," purred Rodin, "is toward that injured man, the Prince Djalma."

"Djalma!" cried Adrienne. "Is he, then, safe in Paris?"

"Yes," replied Rodin, "he is at a hotel where he is recovering from a dose of narcotics administered to him by an agent of the wicked Marquis."

"Go to him at once, my kind preserver," said Adrienne. And then she gave directions that Djalma should be taken to a house that she had been fitting up for her own occupancy.

When M. Hardy arrived at his factory at Plessis accompanied by his bosom friend, M. Blessac, he was met by Rodin. "I would speak with you alone," said Rodin.

"I have no secrets from Monsieur Blessac," replied Hardy, "speak on."

"Well, then, you are betrayed by a man whom you regard as your friend. I refer to Monsieur Blessac." Blessac's shaking hands and faltering tongue admitted his guilt. At the same moment a letter was handed to M. Hardy which informed him that a woman with whom he was deeply in love, and who had a husband in America, had been suddenly stricken with remorse and had taken ship for the New World. With hypocritical tears Rodin poured out to Hardy the entire and true story of the machinations of D'Aigrigny against the Rennepont heirs.

Shortly afterward trouble fomented by Rodin broke out in the form of strikes and discontent in the factory of Hardy, and finally riots in which his property was destroyed.

"Ah," sighed the crushed and miserable man as he sat in

the gloom of a religious retreat to which Rodin had taken him. "I have no longer the power nor the desire to encounter the world again."

"Then why do so, my dear friend?" said Rodin gently. "Seek some remote monastery, where the woes of this sinful world can never enter. Come, my brother, prayers, vigils, macerations, fasts—and joy ineffable. Come."

In less than two months the half-crazed penitent, worn out by his penances and fasts, died in the most gloomy monastery in France, leaving his share of the Rennepont inheritance to Rodin "for the good of the order."

"Take one from seven, and six remain. *Serò papal*" ("I shall be Pope") said Rodin.

As for Jaques Rennepont, his destruction was too easy. He was simply supplied with all the money he wanted and drank himself to death in short order. "Two from seven, and five remain," said Rodin.

Next to his children General Simon worshiped the memory of that splendid dream, the Empire, that throne-toppling demigod, Napoleon. Skilfully playing upon this loyalty to the heir of his beloved Emperor, Rodin arranged that General Simon should depart for a personal interview with the captive Prince, leaving his daughters behind.

Just at that time a scourge fell upon Paris. That weird figure which we have seen descending a hill on the confines of Poland came down the slopes of Montmartre, and with him came cholera. Rodin was one of the first to be attacked. He was in the salon of the Princess St. Dizier, where she was entertaining the Cardinal Malipieri, when the attack came on.

As he fell to the floor, writhing in agony, he fixed his eye upon the Cardinal and cried out: "You have poisoned me! You are of the race of Borgia."

The Cardinal was astonished and perplexed. What was this man plotting, that he fancied himself poisoned by a prince of the Church? That Rodin was a thorough-paced rascal the Cardinal had abundant proof. He visited the sick man.

"How are you feeling to-day?" inquired his Eminence.

"Oh, I am suffering all the tortures of the damned," groaned Rodin.

"What! Already?" murmured the Cardinal; but he surprised no secrets from M. Rodin; and by sheer force of will the plotter recovered from his illness.

Rodin skilfully appealed to the kind hearts of Rose and Blanche Simon. A faithful attendant was sick in a cholera hospital; would they not go to soothe her last moments? Such an appeal was an imperative command to the gentle girls; and in the loathsomeness of the temporary hospital to which they were taken Rodin saw to it that they were exposed to every danger of infection. Thus their tender feelings destroyed them, and they died in agony.

"Four from seven, and three remain," said Rodin, "*Serò papa.*"

General Simon, returning to France, was frantic at the news of his loss, and an anonymous letter, added to his own suspicions, caused him to charge the death of his daughters to the Abbé d'Aigrigny, with whom he at once sought an interview.

"Here are swords!" said the bereaved father. "You have been a soldier! Fight!"

"My sacred profession forbids," replied the Abbé, and broke the sword the General had handed him.

"Coward!" cried Simon, snapping his own sword off to a length with that broken by D'Aigrigny. "It is now a matter of poniards—" and he slapped the Marquis in the face. The two men fell upon each other with fury. Soon Simon sank to the floor, stabbed through the heart, while the Abbé fell dying beside him.

Just at that moment came a knock at the door. A voice said: "May one come in?" and the face of Rodin appeared.

"Fiend! You have killed me!" cried D'Aigrigny.

"I think I hear the bells of Saint Peter's striking the hour," said Rodin.

It was Rodin's plan that Djalma and Adrienne should love each other. If they did that, with their passionate, wild natures, a jealousy created between them would cause their ruin. They did love each other wildly, fiercely, as Rodin wished; but the black clouds of jealousy which he threw continually between them were ever and again swept away by the bright sun of their passion.

"Ah, Djalma," said Adrienne, as the young Indian knelt at her feet and devoured her hands with fevered kisses, "in a few days we shall be united. We will live or die together."

The very next day Faringhea told Djalma that the woman he adored would meet that night a clandestine lover. If he doubted it let him be at a certain house in the Rue de Clinchy. The Oriental allowed himself to be conducted to the designated place, and there, through an opening in the wall, saw a figure, apparently that of Adrienne, enter an adjoining room. After her came a youth dressed as a mechanic. Hardly had he entered when Djalma sprang into the room and with his dagger struck the woman dead at his feet and so injured the man that he also fell, apparently lifeless. Then the Indian attendant hurried him away, whispering: "You are avenged."

In a frenzy, Djalma rushed to the house of Adrienne and forced his way into her bedroom, which he found vacant. Standing beside the bed, he put a vial of poison to his lips and drank. As he did so, the door opened and Adrienne appeared. In wild, incoherent words he told of what he had done, and the lovers realized that what he had witnessed was a scene arranged by Rodin.

"It is murder!" cried Adrienne. "And I am dying!" said Djalma.

"You shall not die alone," said Adrienne, and, seizing the vial, she drank what remained of the contents.

"My husband!" sighed Adrienne.

"My wife!" murmured Djalma—and the lovers expired in each other's arms.

"Take six from seven, and one remains—and I have his assignment of the Rennepont millions," said Rodin, "*Serò papa.*"

The next day was the first of June, and the old house of the Renneponts saw another gathering. Just as Rodin came forward to claim his prize, smoke was observed coming from the box of lattice iron that contained the Rennepont securities, and in another moment they were consumed before his eyes.

"This property is not mine, but the codicil gave me power to destroy it, and I have exercised that power," said Samuel.

Before Rodin could speak a tremor ran through his body,

he fell writhing to the floor and died in agony. Faringhea, the Indian attendant of Djalma, had poisoned him.

The dawning light shone on a giant crucifix set high upon a lonely hill. Below the raised cross two figures met—the Wandering Jew and Herodias. As they gazed at each other they saw that for the first time age had set its mark upon them. Before each other's eyes the life and youth to which they had been doomed fled from them.

"Our punishment is ended!" said the man. "Glory to God!"

"Yes, glory to Him!" said the woman. "After the centuries of wandering we shall find rest at last."

"And for you, also, my brothers," said the Jew, extending his arms toward the land below, "who for the long centuries have been ever driven onward by the cry of 'Work! Work! Work!' for you also the day of relief is approaching; for God is just and oppression shall cease!"

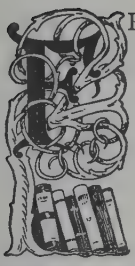
# JONATHAN SWIFT

## (Ireland, 1667–1745)

## GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (1726–1727)

*Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver*, was written by Swift while he was Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in his so-called "exile" to Ireland which began with the accession of George I and the downfall of Swift's party, the Tories, in 1714. In this year Swift had founded in London the Scriblerus Club, of which Pope, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Gay were members. Their object was to collaborate in a satire of literary incompetence written in the form of memoirs of a pedant. Arbuthnot asked Swift to work upon it in his retirement. But the Dean's literary cynicism broadened with years into a misanthropy that embraced the whole human race, and his book deepened into the same complexion. Little by little he wrote it, until the whole was completed in 1726, when, on a visit to England, Swift published Part One; the rest appeared in 1727. The authorship was carefully concealed, yet it was recognized by everyone. It was "so new and so strange," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was read by the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate." The fame of the book passed to the Continent, and it was translated into French at the suggestion of Voltaire. Swift made no secret of his motive. He wrote *Gulliver*, he said in a letter to Pope, "to vex the world rather than to divert it." He "hated and detested that animal called man." "I love only individuals," he confessed. "No word," says Sir Walter Scott, "drops from Gulliver's pen in vain. Where his work ceases for a moment to satirize the vices of mankind in general it becomes a stricture upon the parties, politics, and courts of Britain; or presents a lively picture of the vices and follies of the fashionable world, or of the vain pursuits of philosophy; while the traveler's own adventures form a humorous and striking parody of the manners of old voyagers, their dry and minute style, and the unimportant personal incidents with which their journals are encumbered." Swift was greatly pleased to hear that some readers accepted the story as true. Arbuthnot had an acquaintance who sought for Lilliput on the map. A shipmaster declared that he knew Gulliver well. But the Dean was most delighted when he heard of an Irish bishop who thought the book full of lies, in fact, "hardly believed a word of it."

### A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT



ROM my youth I was bent upon becoming a sailor, in order to visit strange lands and peoples. Accordingly I applied myself to the study of navigation and the languages, wherein I made great progress, owing to my native ingenuity and excellent memory. I also studied physic, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

In May, 1699, I accepted an offer from Captain Prichard, of the *Antelope*, to go with him as surgeon on a voyage to the South Seas. The venture was prosperous, and we were returning with full cargo in November, when a violent storm drove us to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land, where our vessel split upon a rock. What became of my companions I know not. I saved myself by swimming, for I had great endurance. Both wind and tide drove me a considerable distance, until I came in sight of a low-lying, seemingly desolate shore. Then the storm subsided. I was, however, too spent to swim the remaining distance to land. Letting my legs drop from exhaustion, I found myself within my depth. I waded ashore and dropped in deep slumber upon a little plot of remarkably short, soft, and delicate grass.

When I awoke and attempted to rise I found that my legs and arms were bound to the ground, even my hair, which I wore long, being fastened in the same manner. I could look only upward, and saw nothing but the sky. I heard a confused noise all about me. In a little while I felt something alive moving along my left leg and advancing gently over my breast to my chin. Bending my eyes downward, I perceived it to be a miniature archer, not six inches high. I felt what I took to be forty of his kind streaming behind him. I roared so loud in astonishment that they ran back whence they came, some laming themselves by leaping from my sides to the ground, as I learned afterward.

I struggled to arise and finally tore my left arm from its fastenings. As I raised the hand to unbind my head I felt it sharply stung by many pricks. At the same time a flight of tiny

arrows fell upon my face from the air, paining me severely. Protecting my face with my hand from further assault, I had the wisdom to lie quiet and suppress my groans so far as possible, for the pain was most severe. Each prick had drawn blood, and the thought came to me that in their fear my captors might resort to poisoned arrows.

Soon I heard a knocking near my left ear, like that of carpenters at work. This continued more than an hour, when the top of a stage rose within my depressed vision. The strings that bound the hair upon my left were then loosed, permitting me to turn my head to view the structure. I beheld a manikin mount the stage by a ladder, and he addressed me in an oration of which I understood never a word, yet in which I could discern many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. Indeed, he acted every part of an orator.

I lifted my eyes and my free hand to the sun, as if to call him for a witness to my submission, and then pointed to my mouth to indicate that I wanted food.

My signs were understood, and soon afterward a train of servants mounted my sides and deposited many baskets on my chest, containing quarters of meat smaller than larks' wings, and loaves of bread about the size of musket-bullets. I dropped the quarters and loaves into my mouth, three and four at a time, whereat I heard a buzz of astonishment from the spectators, who by this time had greatly increased in number.

I then pursed my lips, and drew in my breath to indicate that I was thirsty. Thereupon they slung up one of their largest hogsheads of wine, and, setting it on end, beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, for it did not hold half a pint. It tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but was much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner. and made signs for more; but they had none at hand to give me. They made signs, however, that I should throw the barrels down to be refilled. The crowd retired out of harm's way, and I tossed the empty hogsheads in the air, whereat there was a universal shout of "*Hekinah degul*!"

In a little while a personage in robes of state, followed by a retinue, came walking over my body up to my face. He presented credentials, signed with the imperial signet, close to my

eyes, and pointed with his hand to indicate that I must be conveyed to the Emperor at the capital city. I gave tokens that they might do with me as they pleased.

Soon afterward a number of servants came and applied to the wounds on my hand and face an ointment that removed the smart, and at the same time all the cords on my left side were relaxed, enabling me to turn upon my right side. In a few moments I fell into a deep sleep, induced, I afterward learned, by a drug in the wine.

While I was unconscious a great engine was brought, such as they use to convey their men-of-war from the forest where they are constructed to the sea, and I was hoisted thereon by a score of derricks, directed by as many engineers and operated by nine hundred workmen. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about a hand high, were employed to draw me to the metropolis, which was distant about half a mile, or a day's journey.

Here I was lodged in an ancient temple, which had been polluted by an unnatural murder, and therefore was devoted to profane uses. Its dimensions just sufficed for me to lie at length within it. My left leg was fastened to the temple by a cable about two yards long, composed of fourscore and eleven chains, each as large as a European lady's watch-chain. It gave me about as much liberty as an English watch-dog is permitted in and around his kennel.

When I found myself on my feet I looked out toward my right over the country. It appeared like a continued garden of flower-beds, each about forty feet square, interspersed with woods, the tallest trees in which were about seven feet high. The town on my left looked like the painted scenes of a city in a theater.

The Emperor and his court paid me a visit that afternoon. He was a man of spirit, as was indicated by his management of his horse, which reared and plunged in fear at the animated mountain that rose before him. The ladies and courtiers were magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon resembled a cloth of embroidered gold and silver.

After the court had departed the rabble pressed around me. As I sat myself down on the ground six of them let fly with ar-

rows, one of which narrowly missed my left eye. The captain of my guard, however, arrested the offenders, bound them and turned them over to me for punishment. I put five in my pocket, and made a countenance as if I would eat the sixth alive, at the same time opening my penknife. The poor man squalled terribly, and the crowd and guard were aghast, but I relieved all alarm by cutting the bonds of the fellow and setting him gently on the ground. Away he ran, and I released the other prisoners in similar fashion. This clemency made me a popular hero and secured me the favor of the Emperor and his court.

Sleeping within the temple was very uncomfortable, so I was greatly pleased when the Emperor ordered a mattress to be made for me of six hundred of their beds, and sheets and coverlets by the same computation. Every day six beeves and forty sheep, with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine, were delivered to me, to be prepared and served by six hundred servants.

The six greatest scholars of the empire were assigned to instruct me in the language of the country, and in three weeks I was able to converse with the Emperor. He informed me that the laws of the land required me to be searched; to this I agreed. His officers went through my pockets by my assistance, and made an inventory of my possessions, to wit:

INVENTORY OF POSSESSIONS OF QUINBUS FLESTRIN (MAN-MOUNTAIN)

(1.) One great piece of coarse white cloth, large as the carpet of your Majesty's room of state.

(2.) A huge silver chest filled with coarse, pungent dust, which set us all a-sneezing.

(3.) A comb of prodigious teeth.

(4.) A hollow pillar of iron with movable iron attachments, all mounted on a huge piece of timber.

(5.) A fisherman's net made in the form of a bag with clasp, containing nine circular disks of gold and ten of silver. They represent an enormous and incalculable value.

(6.) Two great folding knives, with one of which Quinbus Flestrin slices off his growing beard, and with the other cuts his meat.

(7.) A great silver chain, attached to a wonderful spheroidal engine, composed half of silver and half of a transparent substance, behind which may be seen two rods radiating from a common center and moving at different speeds. These rods point in their circuit to twelve differing signs situated at regular

intervals near the circumference. The engine makes an incessant noise like a water-mill, and probably contains the god of Quinbus Flestrin, for he calls it his oracle and says it points out the time for his every action.

(8.) A girdle made of the hide of an enormous animal. To this is hung a scabbard containing a sword of the length of five men.

(9.) A huge bag, also of hide, with two cells; one containing twenty-one heavy metal balls each the size of a man's head, and one many small lumps of charcoal impregnated with unknown substances.

I explained to his Majesty as well as I could by signs the use of all these implements. I loaded the pistol, for my ammunition-pouch had been so tightly tied that the sea-water had not wet the gunpowder, and fired it in the air. All present but the Emperor fell flat on the ground at the report, and even his Majesty did not recover himself for some time.

I reserved in a secret pocket a pair of spectacles, a small spy-glass, and some other personal conveniences, which, being of no consequence to anyone but myself, I did not feel bound in honor to discover.

I represented to his Majesty that my assent to this disarmament indicated that I was peaceably inclined, and I asked for my enlargement, which he graciously granted, the more readily because he required my services in an attack that he contemplated upon a neighboring kingdom.

Lilliput, for this I discovered was the name of the country to which I had come, was on a continent, separated from which by a strait was the island of Blefuscu. These two kingdoms had been at war for six and thirty moons past. It began over the question of the proper mode of eating boiled eggs. The grandfather of the present Emperor of Lilliput, when a boy, cut his fingers in breaking an egg upon the larger end, according to the ancient custom of the kingdom. His imperial father therefore commanded that in eating eggs the little end should be broken. The people so highly resented this law that six rebellions ensued, wherein one Emperor lost his life and another his crown. Eleven thousand persons in all suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. These civil commotions were fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu, whither the exiles of the Big-endian party were wont to flee. These monarchs accused the reigning house of Lilliput of offending against a fundamental doctrine of the great prophet

Lustrog, as set forth in the fifty-fourth chapter of the *Blundecral*, the sacred book of both kingdoms, which says that all true believers break their eggs "at the more convenient end." The Little-endians, however, contended that the construction of the term "convenient" lay with the chief magistrate.

Blefuscu, I was informed, had prepared a great armada to descend upon the shores of Lilliput and dethrone its Emperor. As his humble vassal I promised to protect his person and state against the invaders.

Going to the coast lying over against Blefuscu, I took out my spy-glass, and descried the enemy's fleet of about fifty men-of-war and transports lying at harbor in its chief seaport. I had as many cables made of rope, each fastened to a heavy iron hook. Taking these and a box of the healing ointment, and putting on my spectacles and leathern jerkin for protection against arrows, I waded out into the strait. It was high tide, and for about thirty yards in the middle the water was over my head and I was compelled to swim.

My arrival in the harbor created the greatest consternation among the Blefuscuans. They manned their vessels with archers, who sent a hail of arrows from the tops against my face. My spectacles, however, protected my eyes, and I bore the smart of my skin wounds with equanimity, knowing that I could relieve them at my leisure with the ointment.

I cut the cables of the vessels and then fastened to each a hook and line. Gathering the ends of the lines, I threw them over my shoulder and waded back toward Lilliput, drawing the entire fleet after me. Arrived at the middle of the strait, I waited an hour for low tide, when I waded through the mid-channel in water to my neck.

At this point the fleet, but not my head, became visible to the Lilliputians. Seeing the vessels moving forward in a crescent, they surmised that I had been slain and that the armada was approaching in regular line of battle, whereat they were thrown into great confusion. I relieved their fears, however, by raising my hand and shouting: "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput, ruler of the waves!"

This great Prince received me at my landing with all

possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac*, which is the highest title in Lilliput.

But so immeasurable is the ambition of princes that his Majesty was not satisfied with my victory, and desired me to assist him in reducing Blefuscu to a subject province. This I refused, saying that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. Accordingly I fell into his disfavor, seeing which, certain subservient courtiers preferred articles of impeachment against me, with the result that it was decreed that my eyes be put out, in order that thereafter I might "see by the eyes of the ministers—since the greatest princes do no more." Learning of this decree in advance of its promulgation through a friend at court, I went to the fleet, seized one of the captured vessels, placed my clothing in it, and, drawing it behind me, swam to the royal port of Blefuscu. There I was received with scant welcome, for the Emperor, having lost his navy, feared the vengeance of his Majesty of Lilliput for shielding an outlaw.

Accordingly he was relieved when a great boat, which proved to be a European yawl, was cast on the shore of the island on the farther side from Lilliput, and I proposed that it be fitted out with sails for me to take my departure therein. These were made by five hundred tailors, who quilted thirteen folds of their linen together. I made the ropes by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of their strongest cables together. I took a great stone for an anchor, and cutting down some of their tallest trees, shaped them into oars and masts. I stored in the boat the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, with their forage, to propagate the breed in my own country. I wished to take along several natives, but this the Emperor refused.

I steered northeast toward the China seas. About twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu I fell in with an English vessel returning from Japan, and I put my cows and sheep in my pocket and climbed on board. The Captain, Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, asked me whence I came, and on my reply he thought me raving. But when I showed my cattle and sheep he believed me.

I landed in England with all my live stock but one ewe, which the rats killed and ate on the voyage. I turned them loose to graze in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass enabled them to feed very heartily. I exhibited them at considerable profit and then sold them to several stock-breeders for six hundred pounds, which I used as capital for my second voyage. Since my return I find that the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I trust will prove much to the advantage of the woolen manufacture by the fineness of their fleeces.

### A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG

On the twentieth day of June, 1702, I took shipping in the *Adventure*—Captain John Nicholas, commander—bound for Surat. We had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar, when a gale arose that drove us before it for twenty days to the east into uncharted waters.

The wind subsided, and on June 17, 1703, we came in sight of a great island or continent. A few of us landed and set out separately in search of fresh water. I found the country all barren and rocky and devoid of springs. Returning to the boat, I saw it on the sea, filled with the rest of the party, who were rowing for life toward the ship. I was about to call to them, when I observed a huge creature wading with prodigious strides after the boat. The sea, however, was full of sharp rocks, which delayed the monster, and my comrades reached the ship, which immediately sailed away with an offshore breeze.

As the giant turned to come back, I ran as fast as I could into the interior. Finally I came to a region as rife in vegetation as the shore was barren, the grass being twenty feet high. Plunging through this, I entered a field of gigantic barley, the stalks reaching an altitude of forty feet. I fell into what seemed a highroad, but which really served the inhabitants as a footpath. After an hour's walking I came to a hedge at least one hundred and twenty feet high. There was a stone stile to pass into the next field, which it was impossible for me to climb, since

each lower step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. While I was seeking to find a hole in the hedge, a giant as tall as a church spire appeared on the top of the stile, and, turning, called in a voice of thunder to others of his kind, who shortly appeared, each with a sickle in hand. I had run back into the grain, where I lay trembling. The barley was here laid in a tangle, having been beaten down by the rain, which, I afterward found, is of prodigious force in this country. It was impossible for me to advance a step. The reapers set their hooks into the corn, and soon one of them came where I lay. So, to escape death, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. The reaper paused, looked close in the laid corn, and finally spied me. Cautiously, as an English laborer lays hold of a weasel, he pinched me cruelly by the middle between forefinger and thumb, and lifted me within three yards of his eyes. I folded my hands in supplication and appealed to him for mercy in a humble tone, whereat he appeared pleased. Noting that I was in pain from his pinching, he placed me in a fold of his coat, and ran with me to his master, the man whom I had seen on the stile. The farmer blew my hair aside to see my face. He then placed me on all fours on the ground, while the reapers gathered in a circle about me. Standing up, I made a low bow, to indicate I had no intent to run away. Then I fell on my knees, raised my hands and spoke as loud as I could. I humbly presented my purse to the farmer, who received it on the palm of his hand, held it close to his eye, and then, taking a pin from his sleeve, turned it over several times with the point, but could make nothing of it. He handed it back to me on his open hand, placing this on the ground. I then opened the purse and poured forth its contents. He wet the tip of the forefinger of his other hand and took up one after another of the larger pieces. Shaking his head, he handed purse and coins to me, making signs that I should retain them.

Sending his reapers to work, he spread his handkerchief on the ground and motioned to me to step upon it. Then he wrapped me up to the head in it and carried me to his home.

He called his wife and showed me to her; but she screamed and started back as women in England do at the sight of a spider. However, when she noted how well I observed the signs her

husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was, however, their daughter, a girl of nine, who made me an especial pet. She took the greatest care imaginable of me, mincing my food, making me clothes of the most delicate fabrics to be obtained, which, nevertheless, were coarse to me as sackcloth, preparing my bed in her doll's cradle, and teaching me the language of Brobdingnag, which I learned was the name of the country.

She was small of her age, being only forty feet high. She gave me the name of Grildrig, or Manikin, and I called her Glumdalclitch, or Little Nurse.

It soon became noised around that my master had found a little animal in the field, about the size of a *splacknuck*, but shaped exactly like a man. The neighbors crowded in to see me. I was placed on the table, where I performed ordinary human actions, and addressed the spectators in a few expressions of their own language. The amazement of the beholders gave my master the idea of exhibiting me for pay in the neighboring town, whereat the dear girl, knowing how nicely I regarded my honor, was greatly grieved. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found that they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher.

Next market-day my master rode to town, with his daughter on a pillion behind him. She carried me in a box, which she had padded with her doll's quilt. Nevertheless I was terribly shaken, though the journey was but of half an hour, for the horse trotted about forty feet at every step.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. But thirty people were permitted to see me at a time. I went through my performances, such as drinking the company's health in a thimble, fencing with my hanger, and exercising a straw as a pike, and I made my silly speeches, for twelve sets of company, until I was half dead with weariness and vexation. It was three days before I recovered strength to give another exhibition.

I was taken by slow stages of about eight score miles a day

through the towns of the kingdom to the capital city, giving performances at each stopping-place. Glumdalclitch often took me from my box to show me the country. We forded six rivers, each many degrees broader and deeper than the Ganges, and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge.

We reached the capital city after a journey of ten weeks, on October 26th. It is called Lorbrulgrud, or Pride of the Universe. Here I was shown ten times a day, for the whole city was wild to see me. I was worn to a skeleton by my exertions, and would certainly have died had not the Queen heard of me and commanded that I be produced at court. Here she became very fond of me and bought me from my heartless master, who was quite willing to sell me, since it seemed I had not a month to live—for a thousand pieces of gold, each as big as eight hundred moidores, which amount is about as valuable in purchasing power as a thousand guineas are in England. At Glumdalclitch's earnest request, in which I joined, she was retained as my caretaker.

I became a great favorite with the King as well as the Queen. He took pleasure in inquiring into the manners, religion, government, and learning of Europe. Once when I became very animated in talking of my beloved country and her institutions, her marvelous trade, her glorious wars by land and sea, and the ferment of her religious and political controversies, into which I entered at some length, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and, taking me up in his right hand and stroking me with his left, asked me whether I was a Whig or a Tory? Turning to his prime minister, he observed how contemptible was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I. Then addressing me he said:

"My little friend Grildrig, you have spent the greatest part of your manhood in traveling, and so must have escaped many vices of your country; but from your own relation, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Then he stated what he considered were the right principles of ruling a nation. He confined the knowledge of governing

within very narrow bounds—to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

This contempt of my kind, as well as the humiliation I endured because of my helplessness, so preyed on my mind that I began earnestly to desire to return to England. To further this end I feigned illness and expressed a wish to be taken to the seacoast to recover, hoping there to find some means of escape such as I had procured from Blefuscu.

My rescue came about in most unexpected fashion. Glumdalclitch had taken me out for a walk on the seashore. I was in my new box, for I had acquired at court a handsome and convenient one, made of tortoise-shell. Placing it on the sands and carefully closing me within, she wandered off a short distance of ten or fifteen miles, gathering pebbles and shells. Poor Glumdalclitch! she was never to see her Grildrig more; for, as I lay in my hammock, an eagle, supposing my little house to be a tortoise or shellfish, swooped down and, seizing it by the ring with which my mistress carried it, raped it high in the air with an intent to let it fall on a rock, and then to pick out from the fragments the body enclosed and devour it.

I heard the scream of other eagles, as if several were contending for the prize, and then felt myself falling. My box alighted upon the sea, where, after a brief submergence, it floated like a corked and empty bottle.

I now gave myself up for lost. Hour after hour I lay in my hammock expecting and wishing death. Then I heard a grating noise above me, as if a chain were being passed through the ring of the box, and a voice called in English: "If anybody be below, let him speak." I answered that I was an Englishman who had suffered unbelievable miseries, and I pleaded to be released from my dungeon. The voice assured me that I was safe, that the box was being towed by the ship, and that the carpenter would shortly saw an opening for my release.

I murmured at the needless delay, and said that there was no more to be done but to let one of the crew put his finger in the ring and lift the box upon the deck, and so into the Captain's cabin, where the door on the side could be opened.

I heard one man say: "Poor fellow, he's mad." Others laughed. The carpenter came, sawed a hole in the top of the box, and then let down a ladder, descending by which, he took me in his arms and carried me out in a very weak condition.

I was confounded by the sight of so many pygmies, as I took the sailors to be, after having accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left.

The Captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest, worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, put me in his bed, and, giving me a cordial, bade me go to sleep.

In the morning I began to tell him of my experiences. He thought I was demented, until the sailors brought to him certain curiosities they had found in my box: needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp-stings like joiner's tacks; one of Glumdalclitch's milk-teeth, big as a surgeon-dentist's sign; and the Queen's gold finger-ring, as large as a horse-collar.

When I arrived in England I thought myself in Lilliput, so small did the houses, the trees, and the cattle, as well as the people, appear.

When I came to my own house I bent down to enter the door like a goose under a gate. My wife ran to embrace me, and I stooped lower than her knees to enable her to kiss me. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I did not notice her, so accustomed was I to throw my head back in order to see faces sixty feet above me. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

### A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA

On my next voyage I was captured by a Dutch pirate in Japanese waters, and marooned upon a rocky island. While I stood upon it, gazing out to sea, and hoping for the sight of a friendly ship, my deliverance from certain starvation came from a most unexpected quarter. The sun was suddenly obscured,

and the air became chill as when that luminary descends behind a mountain. I looked up and beheld a vast opaque body moving in the air toward the island. It appeared to be about two miles high and hid the sun six or seven minutes. As it came above me, I noticed that the bottom was flat and smooth, shining very brightly from the reflection of the sea beneath it. On the edge were men fishing with long lines in the sea. I shouted to them, and they disappeared. Shortly afterward the island gently descended toward me, and a rope ladder was let down from it. Upon this I ascended to the floating island, and found myself among a most singular race of mortals. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or to the left; one of their eyes turned inward and the other up to the zenith. The garments of the superior persons among them were embroidered with figures of musical instruments, and of suns, moons, and stars. Servants with blown bladders at the ends of flails kept flapping the mouths and ears of their masters, who, I afterward learned, are so spellbound by their cogitations upon celestial matters that they must be continually reminded of mundane affairs.

I was led before the Prince of the island, who, being gently flapped on the mouth by a page, took languid notice of my presence and invited me to dinner. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp.

After dinner a tutor was assigned me to teach me the language of the country. I very quickly discovered its principle, which is mathematical. The speech is absolutely literal, and therefore easy to learn.

I was next measured for clothes such as they wear in that country. The tailor took my altitude with a quadrant, and then, with rule and compasses, described my various dimensions, which he entered upon paper. In six days he brought me the clothes, very ill fitting through a mistake in calculation. But such accidents are frequent and are little regarded.

I found the island, which is known as Laputa, to be a per-

fect circle, containing ten thousand acres. The locomotive power is a great lodestone placed in a cave in the exact center of the island. The stone has two poles, positive and negative, and being set on a pivot is either attracted or repelled by the earth beneath, or propelled along its surface obliquely by alternations in its position.

The houses are very ill built, owing to the abstruse geometrical instructions that they give to their ignorant workmen. They themselves are very clumsy in the common actions of life, and are slow and perplexed upon all other subjects than mathematics and music. Imagination and invention are wholly foreign to them, and they are bad reasoners, though very prone to dispute about politics—a disposition which I have observed also among European mathematicians, who think, seemingly, that because the smallest circle contains as many degrees as the largest, therefore the management of the world requires no more ability than the handling of a school globe.

They live in constant dread that the sun is approaching the earth to swallow it up, or is losing its heart, so that we shall all be frozen, or that the tail of the next comet will sweep through our planet, reducing it to ashes. So they have no relish for the common amusements of life, and when they meet they inquire not about each other's health, but about the condition of the sun or the approach of the comet. They have a belief in astrology, though this they are ashamed to profess openly.

The women are very vivacious; they contemn their husbands, choosing gallants from the continent of Balnibarbi, to which Laputa belongs. The husband is always so rapt in speculation that mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarity before his face.

Arriving above Lagado,[1] the metropolis of Balnibarbi, I received permission to descend to *terra firma.*

I noted that the houses were greatly out of repair; that the people in the streets walked rapidly, looked wild, and were generally in rags. I went out into the country, and, though the soil seemed rich and there were many laborers in the fields, I

[1] Under the names of Balnibarbi and Lagado, Swift satirizes England and London.

saw no signs of crops. I made the acquaintance of a nobleman, who privately deplored this condition of the country, saying that it arose from the influence of the mathematicians of Laputa, who had founded an Academy of projectors in Lagado, by which the entire systems of agriculture, manufacture, and architecture had been overturned.

Under his guidance I visited the Academy. The first projector I saw was a gaunt man in rags, with sooty face and hands, and long, unkempt hair and beard singed in several places. He had been engaged eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, in order to supply the Governor's garden with sunshine in winter.

I saw another at work endeavoring to calcine ice into gunpowder. He likewise showed me a manuscript upon the malleability of fire, soliciting a contribution to its publication.

There was a most ingenious architect, who, taking a hint from the bee and the spider, had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning with the roof and ending with the foundation.

There was a man, born blind, who was instructing others like himself in the art of mixing painters' colors through distinguishing them by feeling and smelling.

I was highly pleased with an agricultural projector who had invented a device for plowing without implements. This was to bury acorns in the ground in rows, for hogs to furrow up with their snouts, at the same time manuring the ground with their dung.

There was one man engaged in softening marble for pincushions; another in producing a breed of naked sheep; and still another in developing the chaff in wheat, contending that this, rather than the grain, contained the nutriment.

There was a professor who had evolved a method for producing treatises on every subject mechanically. All the words in the language were written in their due proportion of verbs, nouns, prepositions, etc., on movable blocks in a vast machine. By turning a lever a row of words would appear as numbers do by chance in a gambling-device. These were copied down by clerks, and afterward pieced together, forming a cyclopedia of universal knowledge.

The next room I visited was of a professor who taught his pupils mathematics by writing demonstrations on thin wafers with a cephalic tincture, and having them swallow these. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to the brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But this bolus of learning appears so nauseous to the lads that they usually steal aside and discharge it upward before it can operate.

The professor of politics was a physician. Arguing from the analogy of the natural and political body, he had prepared a plan for purging Parliament at the beginning of every session, and relieving orators of their excessive wind. He proposed that the occiputs of opposing party leaders should be opened, and half of the brains of each be transferred to the other's head, producing a desirable equanimity in the councils of the nation. As to the difference of the politicians' brains, in quality or quantity, the doctor assured us that it was merely a trifle.

There were two conflicting schools of taxation. One professor proposed to levy on vice and folly, the rating to be fixed by the citizen's neighbors; another, to tax estimable qualities, such as wit and valor, upon the possessor's own valuation Both professors agreed that honor, justice, wisdom, and learning should go untaxed, since no man will either allow them in his neighbor or value them in himself.

Leaving Balnibarbi, I visited a small island known as Glubbdubdrib, or the isle of sorcerers. Here I talked with the spirits of the dead, and so learned many secrets of history. A general confessed that he got a victory purely by the force of a fortunate blunder; being a coward, he had ordered a retreat, which turned out to be an advance. An admiral confessed that for want of proper intelligence he defeated the enemy to whom he intended to betray his fleet. Three kings [1] protested to me that they never had preferred a person of merit, unless by mistake; they defended this policy by urging that virtue in a minister was a perpetual clog to business.

From the land of magicians I journeyed to Luggnagg, an island about one hundred leagues southeast of Japan. Here I sought an audience with the King. To approach him I was compelled to crawl on my belly and lick the floor as I advanced.

[1] Charles II, James II, and William III are thought to be referred to.

On account of my being a stranger the floor had been swept. Sometimes when the suitor has enemies at court dust is thickly strown before him; I have seen a great lord with his mouth crammed so full that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne he was not able to utter a word. Occasionally, when the King himself is inimical, he causes poison to be mixed with the dust.

The King very courteously discoursed with me upon the interesting and peculiar features of the country. Among other things, he asked whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals. I said I had not and desired to be informed about them. He told me that sometimes, though rarely, a child was born with a red circular spot on the forehead, which was an infallible mark that it never would die.

I cried out in rapture: "Happy nation that enjoys living examples of ancient virtue, and teachers in the learning of the ages, and thrice happy *struldbrugs*, who are free to enjoy the world without the constant depressing reminder that they must leave it!"

The King and his court laughed at my enthusiasm, and his Majesty informed me that the habit and purpose of life with the *struldbrugs* were far different from my supposition. They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old, after which they grew more and more melancholy till they came to fourscore. Then they had not only the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the prospect of never dying, such as a lack of all natural affection, a total incapacity for pleasure, and an envy of everyone, especially in the case of a dying person. They remember only what occurred in their youth, and this so imperfectly that it is safer to depend on common tradition than on their recollection.

The state is very commiserate of the evil lot of the *struldbrugs*. Thus, if one is married he is freed from his wife when the younger of the two reaches the age of eighty, the law considering that a man who is condemned, without fault of his own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have his miseries doubled by the load of a wife. Indeed, after eighty the *struldbrug* is relieved of all responsibility. His heirs succeed to his property, a portion being reserved for his support.

I afterward saw several *struldbrugs* and found them horrible beyond description. Although it was told to each that I was a great traveler, he had no curiosity to ask me a question; instead, he begged a *slumskudash*, or "token of remembrance," which is a modest way of evading the law made against their begging, as the state provides for their support. Since avarice is the besetting vice of old age, the laws forbidding the accumulation of property by *struldbrugs* are necessary for the preservation of the kingdom. Otherwise these immortals would own the whole nation and wield the civil power to its utter ruin. I desired permission of the King to take a *struldbrug* home with me to England, to arm our people against the fear of death, but his Majesty informed me that this was against the law.

From Luggnagg I sailed to Japan with a letter of the King to the Mikado representing me as a Dutch merchant and requesting that the ceremony of trampling on the crucifix as a condition of entering the country be excused in my case. At this his Japanese Majesty was quite a little surprised, saying that I was the first of my countrymen that ever made any scruple on this point, and therefore he doubted whether I were a real Hollander, but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, out of regard for the King of Luggnagg he granted the request.

From Japan I came in a Dutch merchantman to Amsterdam, whence I crossed to London in a packet. I reached my home at Redriff on April 16, 1710, after an absence of five years and six months, and found my wife and family in good health.

### A VOYAGE TO THE HOUYHNHNMS

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months in a very happy condition, when I was tempted again to try the sea, this time as a principal. Our purpose was to go to the Bay of Campeachy to cut logwood. On the voyage thither we lost most of our men by an epidemic and were forced to ship what was virtually a new crew at the Leeward Islands. Unknown to us, these were pirates; they seized the ship and set me ashore on an unknown island.

As I journeyed inland I was amazed to see cultivated fields of oats and hay, with paths between, whereon I discovered many

tracks of naked feet and horses' hoofs. At last I beheld several apelike animals sitting at the foot of a tree. At my approach they bounded up the tree, leaping from branch to branch with great agility; for, as I saw, they were provided with strong claws with sharp, hooked points. As I stood looking up at them they screamed discordantly at me, distorted their evil visages, and spewed upon me like vultures. As I walked onward they came down from the tree and followed me, as if from curiosity. Suddenly they scattered, running away in all directions. Looking forward, I saw the cause of their flight—a noble dapple-gray horse approaching softly over a meadow. He came up and walked around me several times, viewing me with great intelligence. I extended my hand to stroke his neck, whereat he drew back with seeming disdain. Then he began to neigh in so measured a cadence that I began to think he was trying to converse with me in a language of his own.

By this time another horse, a bay, had come up, and the two struck hoofs together, as if in greeting, and began neighing responsively to each other, as if conversing about me. I was amazed to see such actions in brute beasts, and inferred that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people on earth.

Thinking the horses might be magicians who for purposes of their own had assumed the forms of animals, I made bold to address them, telling them my condition. The dapple gray answered in an inquiring, and at the same time incredulous tone, "Yahoo?" To this I replied "Yahoo," in a confirmatory tone. Then, nodding his head, as if referring to himself, the horse said, as nearly as I can transcribe the word, "Houyhnhnm." After several trials I succeeded in repeating this word, whereat they were greatly amazed.

Preceded by the dapple-gray, I walked about three miles farther and came upon a long log building with a straw-thatched roof. To my surprise there was no creature in the house save horses. I saw a comely mare, with a half-grown colt and a foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, clean and artfully made. The mare rose and inspected me as had the other horses. Finally she gave a snort of contempt, pronouncing

the word "Yahoo." At this I looked up at the dapple gray inquiringly, and he signed that I should follow him. He preceded me to a filthy outbuilding, and there I saw several creatures like those that had assailed me from the tree, hitched to a beam and eating carrion. To my horror, they appeared to be human beings, and I understood why the mare had applied the term *Yahoo* to me with such disgust. Observing that the sight of the carrion filled me with loathing, my guide ordered a mare-servant to bring me some oats in a wooden tray. From these I rubbed the husks and then boiled the grains in milk, making a most palatable and healthful dish, upon which I chiefly lived during my stay with the Houyhnhnms.

I quickly learned the language, which, being pronounced through the nose, is very like German in sound. My proficiency amazed the Houyhnhnms, because the Yahoos, whom I resembled, were regarded as the most unteachable of brutes.

My master was curious to know about my own country, asking whether we had many of his kind. I replied that we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds.

"It is very plain," said my master, "that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters." But when I described how we harnessed his kind and scourged them to labor, and bitted and bridled and mounted them, and rode them forth to war, my master was filled with indignation, although upon reflection he concluded that if Houyhnhnms were deprived of reason and Yahoos endowed with it, as I assured him was the case in my country, the situation might be as I described it. Still, he deplored that reason should be given to a creature so unfitted in body to use it as a Yahoo. He instanced my clothing as a ridiculous makeshift for a coat of hair, rendered necessary by my tender skin, and my shoes, which seemed to him a very poor substitute for hoofs.

He was curious to know what I meant by "war," to which I had referred, and when I had informed him of this he asked how wars arose. I answered that the causes were innumer-

able. Thus, a difference of opinion as to whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire.

"Surely, creatures of the same kind will not kill each other over these trivial matters!" he objected; and I replied that the closer the kinship of peoples the more bitter the hatred was between them, especially if one nation were powerful and the other weak.

"A soldier," I said, "is hired to kill, in cold blood, as many as he can of his own species, who personally never have offended him. It is therefore held to be the most honorable of trades."

Here my master commanded me to silence. He said that, although he hated the Yahoos of his own country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities than he blamed a *gnnayh* (a vulture) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself.

In my discourse I had mentioned the word "law" as something besides nature and reason by which human conduct was ruled, and he asked me what I meant by it. I said that there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in proving, by words multiplied for that purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves, for no man is permitted to plead his cause himself. If I as a suitor have right upon my side, I am at a disadvantage, for my lawyer, being practised in deceit, is quite out of his element as an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office that he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill will. The judges, too, are prejudiced against the just side, the maintenance of which lessens the practise of law. And therefore I have but two methods to win my cause: the first, to fee my adversary's lawyer to insinuate that he has justice on his side, and so prejudice the judge against him; and the second, to bribe the judge himself in my favor. But the latter course is not always effective, since judges, who are lawyers that won their honorable position by preëminence in deceit, lie under such a fatal necessity of favor-

ing oppression that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

Here my master, interposing, said it was a pity that creatures endowed with such prodigious ability were not rather encouraged to be instructors in wisdom and knowledge. I assured his honor that in all points out of their trade they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us; the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies of learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind on every other subject as on that of their own profession.

My master asked me whether these judges made the laws, and I replied: only in so far as they do so by interpreting them. The lawmakers, I said, were noblemen who are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury, and when, by their excesses, they have been brought to penury, they recoup their fortunes by marrying some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, but with money, whom they despise. Thus they increase in their offspring their own imperfections of body and mind. Without the consent of this illustrious body, I remarked, no law can be enacted or repealed, and all our possessions are thus wholly subject to their decision.

The existence of such a senate was incomprehensible to my Houyhnhnm, for these creatures are entirely governed by reason. Their administration is wholly practical. Thus every four years, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which inquires into the state of the several districts, whether they be deficient in crops or stock; and whenever there is any want, which is but seldom, it is supplied by unanimous consent and contribution.

Their chief concern is the training of the young. Temperance, industry, and exercise are enjoined upon both sexes; and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the women an inferior education to that of the men, whereby one half of our natives were rendered good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and he considered it a still greater instance of brutality to trust the care of our children to such useless animals.

The buildings of the Houyhnhnms are rude, but comfortable. There is a kind of tree in the county which at forty years old loosens in the root and falls to the ground. The boles of these they sharpen with stones, and stick them in the earth like palisades, weaving wattles between them. The roofs are of thatched straw.

These creatures use the hollow between the pastern and the hoof as we use our hands, becoming remarkably dexterous in it. They milk their cows and reap their oats, and form implements of flint and vessels of clay by this means. They use the Yahoos chiefly as beasts of burden. There is no sickness among the Houyhnhnms, and they die contentedly of old age at about seventy.

It is worth observing that there is but one word in the language to express anything evil, and that is the epithet *Yahoo*. Thus foul weather is known as *ynlhmndwiklma Yahoo*.

At the next general assembly the chief subject of discussion was what disposition should be made of me. It was thought that my master's receiving me into his home upon a degree of social equality was a dangerous example, which might lead to insurrection among the other Yahoos, and it was decreed that I should go back to the place whence I came.

I swooned when my master gently informed me of this sentence. When I came to my senses, I uttered my despair at passing my days among Yahoos and relapsing into my old corruptions for want of examples of virtue. However, when my agitation subsided, I thanked my master humbly for his kindness to such an inferior creature as I, and accepted gratefully the offer he made of having a boat built according to my directions.

In this, when it was finished and stored with provisions, I set out, purposing to find a desolate island on which to spend the remainder of my days; for in such a solitude I could at least reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable Houyhnhnms, without an opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

However, such a tolerable fate was not in store for me. I was picked up by a Portuguese vessel. When, in response to the Captain's inquiry who I was, I answered in Portuguese, "A

poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms," they were greatly perplexed, and at the same time could not refrain from laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse.

When I told my story in full they refused to accept it as true, whereat I was greatly incensed, for I had forgotten that there was such a thing as lying in the world.

On December 5, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs about nine in the morning, and at three that afternoon I got safe to my house at Redriff. My wife and family received me with great joy, because they had believed me to be dead; but I must confess the sight of them filled me only with contempt and disgust, and the more by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them.

# NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

(United States, 1869)

## THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA (1899)

This fine portrayal of modern life in the middle West is considered as the author's masterpiece. It was dramatized a few years after its appearance as a novel.

N college John Harkless had been called "the Great Harkless." He never had understood his immense popularity; he had been chief editor of the university daily and he had done a little in athletics; the rest of his distinction lay in college offices his mates had heaped upon him without his being able to comprehend the reason why they did it. Yet, in spite of himself, they had convinced him that the world was his oyster; that it would open for him at a touch. But seven years after his graduation he was in a little town in Indiana; and for five years his introspections had monotonously hurled one word at him: "Failure!" Two years after graduation he had bought with all his capital, from an agent in the East, the Carlow County *Herald*, and its building in the county-seat, Plattville. In spite of the bitter depression that settled upon him when he found how vastly he had overpaid, he went to work with energy upon the paper, which was nearly extinct. In the first month of his proprietorship he attacked the local political dictator, Rodney McClune, whose name was to come before the convention for nomination for Congress. To everyone's astonishment the politician withdrew his name, after he had issued from the *Herald* office in a state of palsy. In reality Harkless had received proofs of McClune's crooked dealings; and to avoid exposure he had agreed to retire permanently from politics.

The years drifted slowly by. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one; but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the Six-Cross-Roaders who called themselves "whitecaps" and were wont to perpetrate outrages of all sorts upon the farmers. Six-Cross-Roads was a squalid settlement seven miles away, made up of the descendants of families who had, in pioneer days, been driven out of Plattville. Against a peculiarly dastardly crime Harkless had succeeded in stirring the whole state against the Cross-Roaders, and had had eight of them sent to the penitentiary, some for twenty years. For this the Cross-Roaders had sworn vengeance. Harkless laughed at their threats, refused to arm himself, and continued to take long solitary walks into the country. So the young men of Plattville arranged that each day one should be on guard and follow him at a distance, a plan known to everyone in Plattville save Harkless himself.

Soon after his arrival in Plattville Harkless had engaged as a reporter a patriarchal old scholar named Fisbee, who had some years before drifted there to teach in the High School, having previously been connected with some university. He was a dreamer and had been discharged for incompetency, then had drifted into companionship with Wilkerson, the town drunkard, from which Harkless had rescued him. He had been a rich man, had married an ambitious woman who died after he had given away his fortune in most eccentric fashion, leaving an only child, a daughter, who was adopted by her sister, Mrs. Sherwood, and called by her name. Mr. Fisbee was allowed to visit his daughter only once a year; but finally Helen, determined to see more of him, came to Plattville as the guest of a school-friend, Minnie Briscoe, her relationship to Fisbee being known only to the Briscoes.

One evening, a few days after Miss Sherwood's arrival, Harkless found himself, after a long walk, in front of Judge Briscoe's house. As he leaned on the pasture-bars opposite, a woman's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade" brought an ache of delight and the twinge of reminiscences of the old, gay days of careless youth. The voice touched him with the urgent personal appeal that a present beauty always had for him. He had long known himself for a sentimentalist, a born lover; he had always

been in love with someone. Somewhere, he dreamed, a girl was waiting for him who was everything he longed to possess. Until he should find her he could not help adoring others who possessed little fragments and suggestions of the ideal woman. For five years in Plattville the lover in him had been starved of all but dreams. But to-night he heard a voice for which he had long waited. The song ceased, but still he lingered; and fifty yards away the barrel of a rifle was lifted out of the white elder-blossoms and then was laid along the fence. He saw two white dresses come out to the veranda of the house opposite. He started across; a streak of fire leaped from the elder-blossoms and the sharp report of a rifle rang out. William Todd, Harkless's guardian for the evening, answered the shot and Harkless himself turned toward the bushes; but a girl's voice quavered close behind him:

"Don't run like that, Mr. Harkless! I can't keep up!" He confronted a vision, a dainty little figure about five feet high. "Go back!" he shouted.

"You mustn't go," she panted.

John caught her up in his arms and ran toward the house as the rifle rang out again and a ball whistled overhead.

"But you came with me," gasped the girl triumphantly.

"I always thought you were tall," he answered, thinking of the ideal she.

The Six-Cross-Roader escaped and Harkless went into the garden with Helen Sherwood. He set a watch on his lips, for he felt it a question of minutes when he might present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile.

The next day was circus-day, and Harkless and Lige Willetts, a devotee of Minnie Briscoe, walked into town with the two girls to see the parade. In the court-house yard two swarthy, shifty-looking gentlemen were operating what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have called a game of chance. After many young fellows had lost their money Harkless was sent for. He made the gamblers give up their spoil, and when the men were arrested one threatened that they were not through with him.

After the circus was over, seeing Helen grow pale in the pushing and shoving crowd, John placed her with her back

against a tent-pole and, bracing himself, kept a little space about her. There was something in the moment that suddenly touched him with a saddening sweetness too keen to be borne. He knew that he should always remember that moment. She knew it, too.

That evening, walking in the Judge's garden, Harkless talked to Helen of his work, in which she expressed great interest, saying that she herself had a desire to do newspaper work; and finally, with tears just below her voice, she told him that, though it was her desire to stay in Plattville, though her conscience told her she ought, she was to leave the next morning to accompany her family to Dresden.

Harkless felt something strike at his heart. He wakened suddenly: the thought of how surroundings that had to-day been touched to beauty would appear to-morrow gave him a faint physical sickness. There was a long silence while the thunder rolled ominously nearer and darkness fell. He was so full of the prophetic sense of loss of her that, finding too much to say, he could not say anything.

"Come," he said gently, "I am going now."

She moved with him toward the house, but just behind it she stopped short.

"Will you tell me why you go so early, when I shall not see you again? It is not late."

"Don't you see," he broke out, all his long-pent passion of dreams rushing to his lips, "it is because I can't bear to let you go? I hoped to get away without saying it. It is because I don't want another second of your sweetness to leave an added pain when you've gone. It is because I don't want to hear your voice again, to have it haunt me in the loneliness you will leave—but it's useless! I shall hear it always, just as I shall always see your face. I understand what you think of me for speaking to you like this."

In a second of lightning he saw that she had taken a few startled steps away from him.

"You are glad enough now to see me go," he said. "You will not think a question implied in this," he added, more composedly. "I believe you will not think me capable of asking if you care—"

"No," she answered, "I do not love you."

"Ah! Was it a question, after all? But if I asked, I knew the answer. Good-by."

She went toward him and stopped, without his seeing her.

"Won't you say good-by and tell me you can forget my—"

She did not speak.

"No!" he cried wildly. "Since you don't forget it. I have spoiled what might have been a pleasant memory. You were already troubled, and I have added—and you won't forget, nor shall I. God bless you—and good-by!"

He ran out of the orchard gate, setting his face to the storm, dimly glad of its rage, until he found himself nearly two miles from town, and took refuge under a tree from the coming rain.

Helen called to him as he left her, but the wind took the words from her mouth. When she reached the house and told her three companions that Harkless had gone away alone, she looked at them slowly and with growing terror.

"Ah!" she cried sharply, "I had forgotten *that!* Do you think—"

The Judge tried to reassure her, talking while the slow hours dragged by, until at last there was a lull and Lige, who in his anxiety would have rushed after Harkless at the first moment if the Judge had allowed, set out for town.

Helen stood at her window. She had forgotten the danger that always beset Harkless and had let him go alone. She had run to him the night before—why had she let him go into the unknown and the storm to-night? But how could she have kept him after what he had said? She peered into the night through her tears.

Suddenly Minnie was startled by her friend's loud scream as a staggering flame clove earth and sky. Helen had seen in that flash a long line of white forms, as if clad in gowns and cowls, in the field opposite and crossing the fence. Minnie declared that it was only Mr. Jones's scarecrow, that Helen had imagined the rest. At length the hush was broken by the far clamor of the court-house bell, and then the sound of a horse galloping like mad over the wet road; and someone came to ask the Judge what time Harkless had left there.

"Wiley," said the Judge, "they haven't— You don't think they've got him?"

"By God, Judge!" said the man on horseback, "I'm afraid they have."

The loud alarm of the court-house bell roused the country-side. The news went over the town, it was cried from yard to yard, and reached the farthermost confines. The "whitecaps" had got Mr. Harkless!

In the foreglow of dawn a great crowd of men gathered in the square and as Warren Smith, the prosecutor and the editor's most intimate friend in Carlow, was bidding them do nothing rash, news came that the two gamblers had broken jail and escaped. This complication, in consideration of the gamblers' threats against Harkless, diverted attention from the Cross-Roads and parties were made up to search. Every grove and clump of underbrush was ransacked; the waters of the creek were dragged at every pool. Toward noon a telegram from the chief of police of Rouen gave notice that the gamblers had probably reached that city by the one-o'clock freight, which had stopped across the field from the Briscoe house. Judge Briscoe's account of what Helen had seen, and the discovery of deep boot-prints in the sand and broad brown stains leading up the embankment, seemed to indicate that Harkless had been wounded and then dragged to the track. Answering the summons of the bell, a mob gathered and marched to the terror-stricken Cross-Roads, aware of what was coming. The Cross-Roads was to be wiped out! The assault was sharp; the wretched hovels of the settlement were in flames and the Cross-Roaders were trying to escape when Smith rode up waving a slip of yellow paper and ordered them to stop. Horner, the sheriff, had arrested one of the gamblers who was disposing of some of Harkless's clothing, and he had found the other in an empty freight-car from Plattville, badly hurt, shot, and dying. The Cross-Roaders, conscious of guilt, were dumfounded by the miracle that had saved them.

That night Helen, having decided to remain with her father in Plattville, let her cousin, Tom Meredith, in Rouen, know that the man for whom the great search was being carried on was his old college friend, John Harkless. Meredith went to the

hospital where the injured man lay and was allowed to see him with the men who went to try to take a statement from him. The man's head was a shapeless bundle swathed in bandages; but when in his delirium he spoke, Meredith, with a loud exclamation of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot.

"John!" he cried. "John! Is it *you*?"

From Harkless's ante-mortem statement it was learned that the Cross-Roaders had attacked him when he took shelter under a tree. He had torn off the disguises of some of them and recognized many of his assailants. He was shot and then hammered over the head. After a long time, while the "whitecaps" were under shelter, during which he was at times conscious, they dragged him to the embankment and placed him in an empty freight-car in which were already the two gamblers, who stole his clothes but did not harm him.

The next day Helen came to Rouen and with her a large number of the people of Carlow County. The truth was kept from them until every member of the Cross-Roads whitecaps was lodged in the Rouen jail. After an encouraging bulletin of two or three days later, most of the Carlow people returned home, having decided that their idol might safely be left to the care of the two eminent surgeons. At the same time McClune was informed that Harkless was dying; his paper was dead; and his name would go before the convention in September.

Meanwhile the staff of the *Herald* struggled to bring out the customary three issues weekly. After two weeks they, Mr. Fisbee, Parker the foreman, Schofield the typesetter, and Bud Tipworthy the "devil," were at the end of their resources and in despair at the limitless plains of white paper that stretched before them. Helen had seen copies of the *Herald* and realized their difficulties; so, as Harkless was progressing toward recovery, she returned to Plattville and assumed the place of editor-in-chief. The little editor worked hard; she made some mistakes at first, but soon developed experience. She believed that Harkless had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests, and she brought a fresh point of view to the situation. After a time she began to realize that, as his representative, she had become a factor in district politics.

After weeks of alternate improvement and relapse, Harkless passed the crucial point and was convalescent. Fisbee wrote to him that the crippled force of the *Herald* had been almost distraught in the effort to carry on the paper, and had made bold to accept the services of a young relative of his (Fisbee's) from a distant city. Harkless sent a hearty and grateful approval of their action, and received a typewritten rejoinder full of errors, signed "H. Fisbee," in a strapping masculine hand that suggested six feet of enterprise and muscle. He groaned and fretted over the writhings of the *Herald's* headless fortnight, but with the issues produced under the domination of "H. Fisbee" came a feeling of vast relief; and when the question of "H. Fisbee's" salary was settled and the tenancy assured, he sank into a repose of mind that grew into apathy pierced at times by a bodily horror of the scene of his struggle.

He rejoiced less and less in his recovery. One thought alone thrilled him: his impression that Helen Sherwood had come to the hospital to see him was not a delusion, as he learned from Meredith.

At last Meredith took Harkless from the hospital to his home; he grew daily stronger, but his apathy and listlessness only deepened. Thinking he needed rousing, his host invited some young people for an evening; but he felt it a failure, for the conversation hung persistently about Helen Sherwood and Brainerd Macauley, a journalist to whom gossip said she was engaged; and Meredith had guessed a good deal from Harkless's delirium and Helen's manner. The next evening they went to the country-club dance. A sudden thrill of exhilaration rioted in Harkless's pulses when he found that Helen was there; but when she saw him coming toward her and nodded to him pleasantly, in just the fashion in which she was bowing to others, a pang of hot pain went through him like an arrow, and he cried out upon himself for a fool. But after a dance with Meredith she took him out on the terrace, where they talked about the *Herald* and he joked about Mr. Fisbee's relative, to whom he acknowledged his debt. He was happy to sit beside her and talk on any subject—nonsense and idle exaggeration about Fisbee's raw young man answered as well as anything. To his surprise, she appeared to take his laughing criticism

seriously; but when he confessed that he did not wish to return to Carlow she declared mysteriously that he should not.

"I care for only one thing in this world," he said. "Have I no chance?"

"There is one thing," she said gently, "you must always understand—that a woman can be grateful. Will you always remember that I give you all the gratitude there is in me, that my every act and thought that has borne reference to you—and these have been many—came from purest gratitude?"

"Yes," he said simply.

"For the rest—I do not love you."

The next day Harkless could not leave his bed; his wounds were feverish and his weakness had returned. Helen returned to Plattville and called together some of the leading men in politics in Carlow, Amo, and Gaines counties. McClune had risen, and the old ring that the *Herald* had crushed had quietly reorganized. McClune's successor, Halloway, was already badly defeated. But the Harkless forces woke to find that they had a leader. Helen managed the political conference so diplomatically that the suggestion to nominate Harkless came from the Amo and Gaines county people; and when it came it was greeted with intense enthusiasm. Harkless had entrusted to H. Fisbee the entire policy of the paper, and the plan was to induce Halloway to retire gracefully. The important thing was to keep the matter absolutely quiet, and particularly to let Harkless himself know nothing of it, and Halloway as well, until the convention was held. Helen determined that the *Herald* should advocate no one very energetically, though printing as much of the truth about McClune as would be consistent with delicacy and honor.

When Harkless saw that the *Herald* editorials for Halloway were lukewarm, and that the McClune papers, which had been turned over to his representative, were not being used, he woke to some interest and wrote to H. Fisbee a request that the paper advocate Halloway enthusiastically. When a telegram asking for help came from Halloway, Harkless wrote a sharp command that McClune be exposed at once. The answer to this was an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, in which no name was mentioned. It referred of course to John Hark-

less, but he took it for praise of McClune and telegraphed to Plattville the order that Warren Smith relieve young Fisbee immediately.

The date of the convention had been changed, and the fact was kept from Harkless; so the next day, that of the convention, when he had tossed and fretted himself into what the doctor pronounced a decidedly improved state, Meredith was astonished to find Harkless dressing and packing, about to set out for Plattville. Meredith saw that his cheeks were reddened with an angry, healthy glow; his shoulders were squared, and in spite of his thinness they looked massy. Whatever his ailments they were gone. He was six feet of hot wrath and resolution. H. Fisbee had refused by telegram to be relieved of duties on the paper, and Halloway had implored him to come to the convention.

They missed the express train and had to take the accommodation, which wandered languidly through the early afternoon sunshine. As they came into Carlow County all at once the anger ran out of John Harkless, and in place of it a strong sense of home-coming began to take possession of him.

As they drew near the town they heard the detonating boom of a cannon, then the clash of a band, the cannon again, and a cheer from three thousand throats as the train pulled in. The people rushed into the car and Harkless rose to meet them.

"What does it mean?" he said. "Is Halloway—did McClune—"

Warren Smith seized one of his hands and Briscoe the other.

"What does it mean?" said Warren; "it means that you were nominated for Congress this afternoon."

It was one of the great crowds of Carlow's history; and when Harkless stepped out of the car the cheering echoed and re-echoed, horns blared deafeningly, whistles added to the din, the court-house and church bells pealed out welcomes, the cannon thundered, and cheer on cheer shook the air.

And when Harkless was taken up to the court-house steps after the parade, and stood speaking to the attentive, earnest throng, the thought kept recurring to him that this was the place to which he had dreaded to return; that these were the people

he had wished to leave; and this made it difficult to keep his tones steady.

About five o'clock he went out to Briscoe's, where he was told he could find young Fisbee, for whom he had been eagerly asking. It had been a strange and beautiful day to him. Smith's first words had lifted the veil of young Fisbee's duplicity, had shown him with what fine intelligence and supreme delicacy and sympathy young Fisbee had worked for him, had understood him, and had *made* him. And he longed to see him as he longed to see only one other person in the world. He had felt Helen near him that afternoon, and he yearned for a sight of her.

When he came to the Judge's he was sent to the garden, where he found Helen. She asked him to forgive her telegram of the morning, which had been signed "H. Fisbee," and then slowly came to him a realization of what she had done, and she told him it was all done in gratitude for his care of her father; that he must see that had she loved him, she could not have done it; that, even if she had wished to, she could not have said yes to him that time in Rouen.

"You promised to remember it was all from purest gratitude."

"And there is nothing else?"

"If there were," she said, her voice growing unsteady, "can't you see that what I have done—ah, it would have been brazen."

He made a singular gesture of abnegation and dropped on the bench.

"You mustn't worry. I know you're sorry. I'll be all right in a minute."

Suddenly she ran to him swiftly, with her great love shining from her eyes. She sank upon her knees beside him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on the forehead.

"Oh, my dear, don't you see?" she whispered.

# JEMIMA MONTGOMERY, BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS

(Wales, 1807–1893)

## THE INITIALS (1850)

This love-story has passed through many editions, and after six decades of existence its potent but simple merit has lost none of its appeal. It is a vivid portraiture of German life and manners in Munich half a century ago. The author was the wife of the Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, and was as familiar with the Bavarian peasantry and middle class as she was at home in the Court circle. *The Initials* was published ten years after her marriage.

MR. ALFRED HAMILTON found on his table at Havard's hotel, "The Golden Stag," in Munich, after a week's stay there, the following letter addressed to "A. Hamilton, Esq.":

"DEAR MR. HAMILTON: I have this moment read your name among the arrivals in Munich, and write to tell you that we are at Leon for the present, as our house is not habitable. I can easily secure an apartment for you in this hotel, which was once an old monastery. Perhaps we can arrange a tour in the Tyrol together. John, I know, has joined his regiment, but probably Mrs. Hamilton is with you, in which case I am sure you will not leave Germany without visiting your sincere friend, "A. Z."

Hamilton was the second son of a distinguished English family, spoke French fluently, and after six years' study of German had come to the Bavarian capital with the idea of writing a book. It was August, and people were out of town, so that he had surfeited himself with paintings and statues, but he was unacquainted with German manners and habits.

The letter puzzled him. The initials "A. Z." were not those of any of his acquaintances. A small coronet surmounted them on the seal, but even that did not help him. At all events he went to Leon, a day's journey by carriage, and stopped at an

inn midway for dinner. At one of the tables sat a gaunt woman, three young boys, and two young girls, about sixteen and seventeen, who were personifications of German beauty, though the elder was much the handsomer. Having discovered that they were going to Leon and that their carriage was uncomfortably packed with seven, he placed the empty seats in his own at their service. As a result, the maid, the youngest boy, Peppy, and the younger sister accompanied him.

Crescenz, for that was her name, thawed out after a while and prattled quite volubly. Her father had married a second time, and she and her sister had been at a boarding-school ever since, six or seven years. Their mother had been of noble birth, though their father was not. Their name was Rosenberg.

At Leon Hamilton found a Count Zedwitz and family, but investigation proved that his letter was not from them. His next venture was with a Baron Z—— and his wife, and here he found the writer of the note, the Baron's wife. He was most pleasantly received by them, invited by the Baron to a chamois hunt at Berchtesgaden, and enjoyed his wife's pleasant interest (she was an Englishwoman). But her calling him "John" led to his correcting her and to the ultimate statement from her that "A. Hamilton, Esq.," had stood for Archibald Hamilton, the son of an old friend of the Z—— family. However, this misunderstanding led to a pleasant friendship between them; the Baron Z—— declared that one Mr. A. Hamilton was as good as another, and Alfred Hamilton went on the hunt.

When he returned to Leon he found that Count Zedwitz's son, Max, had arrived, a tall, well-built young fellow, prepossessing, but almost ugly, with his prominent forehead and bushy red moustache. Hamilton felt that the handsome Hildegarde was more friendly to this young fellow than toward himself, doubtless on account of a little flirtation he had had with Crescenz. The two sisters interested both the young men greatly, for they seemed to be troubled. Hamilton finally secured a chance to talk with Crescenz, and learned that Major Stultz, an elderly, stout, retired army officer, forty-six years old, had asked her hand in marriage, and that she was engaged to him. He also learned that the gallant Major had first made love to Hildegarde, who had boxed his ears for kissing her hand.

Hamilton, in an excursion to Chiem Lake, which he induced the Rosenbergs to take, endeared himself to Madame Rosenberg by saving Fritz's life when he had fallen overboard in a scuffle with Gustle, his brother. Mr. Rosenberg arrived soon afterward, a youthful-looking man who had been eminently handsome. Hamilton soon saw that Hildegarde, who snubbed him so severely, adored her father. The Zedwitzes, having discovered Max's penchant for Hildegarde, had left Leon. They were too proud to dream of associating with the Rosenbergs. Max remained, but in a few days departed, after mournfully confiding to Hamilton that Hildegarde had refused him, coolly and with decision. There was an excursion after this, to which Hamilton was invited; but Hildegarde treated him constantly with the utmost coldness, and expressed herself to him with a frankness that was almost rude. The reason for this, in part, may have been her sister's willingness to accept the Englishman's attention despite her engagement and Major Stultz's evident disapproval.

When they returned to Munich Hamilton, at his request, was accepted by Madame Rosenberg as a lodger in the family. There he learned and good-naturedly fell in with certain German habits to which he had been a stranger. For instance, he was expected to use the same napkin for a week.

Crescenz's betrothal was an interesting ceremony. A very flirtatious young widow, Madame Lina Berger, who had been a school-friend of the Rosenberg sisters, appeared on this occasion. She had been in love with a young man, Theodore Biederman, and took slight pains to conceal the fact that she still considered him her slave.

"Hildegarde, you must introduce me to your Englishman. But you must maneuver a little, and not let him know that I requested it," she said.

"I never maneuver," replied Hildegarde bluntly.

"*Mein Gott!* What a fuss you all make about him. Crescenz is afraid of him too!"

"I dislike him, but am not afraid of him, as you shall see."

"Mr. Hamilton," she called out distinctly, and when Hamilton approached, somewhat surprised, she remarked coolly:

"Madame Berger wishes to make your acquaintance because you are a foreigner and are supposed to be clever."

Hamilton seated himself, and he and the widow were soon amusing themselves highly. Madame Berger certainly understood flirting.

Hildegarde called Crescenz's attention to the pair quietly.

"If you are not blind, can you not see the expression of his face I have so often described to you? He is making a fool of her."

But Crescenz could not see it at all.

Zedwitz had called on Hamilton, and they resumed their intimacy. One day as they came out they found two young officers looking at the house, though they pretended to be interested in a brazier's shop. Zedwitz joked with one of them, a young and good-looking fellow.

"Are you an admirer of kitchen utensils, Raimund?" he asked.

"I ought to be, as my father says I am to be married. My *fiancée*, whom I have never spoken to as yet, lives in that house, on the first floor."

This young Raimund, Hamilton learned later, was cousin to Hildegarde on his mother's side.

One day Hamilton discovered by chance that Hildegarde could read English fairly well, though she could not speak one word of it. She had picked it up herself.

"Mamma says you read too late nights, and that if you were her son, she would come to your room every night and put out your candles," she remarked.

"I do not want her as a mother to have my candles extinguished," laughed Hamilton, "but I should have no objection to your being my sister. My sister and I studied together. Why should not you and I learn English together? I should like to help you."

"Oh, that would be delightful," said Hildegarde. "It is what I have long wished. But then—perhaps—you will expect me—not to say—what I think, not to quarrel."

"Oh, there is no condition. We can fight our battles just the same," he said smilingly.

Hamilton's sitting-room was converted into a study. He

engaged a young man to teach them German also, in which, singularly enough, Hildegarde had not received much instruction, strictly speaking. So a truce was effected.

One evening Hildegarde spent the evening with the Hoffmans, the wealthy mother and daughter on the first floor. She returned delighted and mentioned having met her cousin Raimund, who meant to call on Madame Rosenberg the next day, she said.

"I have heard that he is a very wild and profligate young man," said Major Stultz stiffly.

Hamilton recalled what Count Max Zedwitz had told him of this young gallant's deliberate and systematic rôle of seducer. He listened impatiently as Hildegarde animatedly described the feeling and facility with which her cousin improvised at the piano. He read beautifully, too. He had lent Hildegarde Heine's poems.

Madame Rosenberg, to whom Stultz had been talking, remarked severely: "I forbid him our home! He has brought dishonor into two respectable families, and his last exploit was running away with the wife of one of his friends!"

"It is true; but he is thoroughly repentant. He confessed these things to Marie de Hoffman and to me to-night. He is too much encouraged by women. Why, Madame de Sallenstein actually herself proposed going off with him," said Hildegarde.

"I should hardly have imagined that, even if you can overlook conduct like Count Raimund's, through some false generosity, you could help being shocked at his boasting of his villainy and throwing the blame on his victims," said Hamilton vehemently.

Hildegarde blushed furiously and silently turned away. Not long after this Hamilton took occasion, when she was present, to set forth clearly the miseries of a younger son in England, and the handicapping it was to such an one regarding marriage.

Shortly after this Hamilton found Hildegarde reading a French novel Raimund had lent her, and his intense protest made her promise to discontinue it. One day, however, left alone in the house, with nothing else to read, and curious to learn the *dénouement*, she was turning its pages when he

chanced to enter. She tried to conceal it. Thoroughly roused, he forcibly held her hand till he read the title, when she dealt him a resounding box upon the ear. He grasped her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly with a violence that terrified her, and she burst into tears. He apologized so deeply that she forgave him. Then, carried away, he poured forth his best excuse.

"It is because I love you passionately, devotedly, as you must have known this long time. Tell me that our perpetual quarrels have not made you absolutely hate me, Hildegarde."

She darted away to her room, without a word. Soon a furious ring, then talking in the hall, which after a while was followed by a scream. He went to his door. Hildegarde was holding her cousin Raimund's hand and cried out: "For Heaven's sake, Oscar, do not frighten me so horribly!"

"One word!" he replied furiously, as he saw Hamilton. "Is it Zedwitz? or—" He paused, with his fierce gaze on the Englishman.

A ring at the door interrupted the scene, and Raimund ran down the stairs and out, giving the impression that he had been calling on Hamilton.

"Did you see—the dagger?" Hildegarde asked. "He threatened to kill himself!"

"What contemptible acting!" Hamilton returned, with a sneer.

He left for a visit of a fortnight to the Zedwitzes, as Count Max's sister was to be married. When he returned Raimund was established on terms of friendly intimacy in the Rosenberg family. Hamilton also learned that Hildegarde had refused the devoted Zedwitz's formal offer of marriage, and discovered that her feeling toward her persistent and passionate cousin was one of absolute fear.

At a ball at the Museum Count Raimund, whose passion for Hildegarde had reached such a point that prudence played little part in his conduct, sought to precipitate a quarrel with Hamilton by claiming, as promised him, a galop which she had really given to the Englishman. Hildegarde protested against his conduct. Suddenly his face cleared, when the contention seemed destined to end in a serious quarrel, and bending, he

whispered in her ear. She blushed, looked at the two, and then said to Raimund, with some embarrassment:

"I accept the condition—perform your promise."

"Time and place to be chosen by me?" asked Raimund.

Hamilton, disgusted, was about to leave them, when Raimund called him back.

"Hildegarde has convinced me that I have been altogether in the wrong. If I have offended you I am sorry for it. I hope you do not expect me to say more!"

"I did not expect you to say so much," replied Hamilton coldly.

Some tranquil days followed. Crescenz was to be married in a fortnight, and she and Hildegarde were to be bridesmaids to Marie Hoffman the beginning of the following week. Arrangements had also been made for the masquerade ball on Monday, at the Opera. Little Lina Berger had put Dr. Berger's carriage and horses at Madame Rosenberg's disposal for a visit to that lady's father, the ironsmith, and her husband and Major Schultz were to accompany her. None of them knew of the plot for the ball. Madame Lustig was to look after the two girls.

"I expect you to do whatever she desires, and consider her as in my place," Madame Rosenberg remarked.

Hildegarde had not been let into the plan as yet. When she did hear of it she objected a little, though confessedly eager to go. Hamilton would do no more to decide her than to say laughingly:

"I give no advice. I only wish you to go."

"Then — I — will — go," replied Hildegarde thoughtfully, "though I have a kind of misgiving which I cannot overcome. But, thank goodness, Oscar must spend the evening with Marie, since they are to be married to-morrow."

Just then Raimund's voice was heard, and Hamilton strode away.

"Oh, stay!" she cried anxiously. "But, no! no! It is better. After he has been here a minute, however, please ask Madame Lustig and Crescenz to come, and to remain!"

Hamilton went, but both the ladies were too busy making a cake to comply with Hildegarde's request, so he returned by him-

self to find Hildegarde—in her cousin's arms. She did not struggle nor move, and Raimund, not in the least disconcerted by his presence, passionately kissed her two or three times. At last she suddenly and vehemently pushed him from her, exclaiming: "Go! I hate you!"

"You hate me! Say that once more, Hildegarde," he said, losing every trace of color.

"No, no—I don't hate you, but you have acted very ungenerously. I will try to forget all you have done to worry me, but this must be the last offense."

"It shall, most certainly," he said, taking both her hands and regarding her long and earnestly. He left the room without in any manner noticing Hamilton.

Hamilton had taken up a book. He heard Hildegarde say in a low tone: "This is in fulfilment of my promise at the ball, last Saturday. He wished to quarrel with you. My fears alone made me consent to this, to avert it." After a struggle, Hamilton, whose admiration and affection were deeply stirred, replied quietly: "My reliance on you henceforth will be unbounded."

At six four muffled figures left the house. Soon afterward Raimund knocked, and gathered enough from the maid to conjecture that they had gone to the masquerade. He went to Dr. Berger's house and waited till he saw five masked figures in black dominos leave it. It was a merry and exciting evening for the women. Madame Lustig and Lina Berger were in their element, and Hildegarde and her sister found it diverting as soon as they had become accustomed to the gaiety and freedom, until they remarked that two masks seemed to follow them pertinaciously, though they did nothing to annoy them. Finally matters were becoming a little too gay, and agreeing to meet at the front door they made their way thither separately. Hamilton had a carriage, which the five entered, and they drove to Madame Berger's house.

When they arrived, the last sprang out unaided, and with a mocking "Good night, Madame Berger," threw back his domino, revealing the Turk, and sped down the street. To their alarm they discovered that Hildegarde was not with them. Hamilton at once went back for her, with great anxiety.

At the Opera House he learned that a lady in a black domino had been stunned by the pole of a carriage, and that another black domino, who said he was her relative, had taken her away with him.

"Raimund!" groaned Hamilton, setting out at once for Count Raimund's lodgings. These were on the ground floor, and, entering, he knocked on the door of one of the rooms. He thought he heard someone moving, and called out: "Hildegarde, for Heaven's sake, if you are here, answer me. Let me in! Open the door."

"Wait a moment," said a voice that he could hardly recognize as Hildegarde's. "Wait! I—must—get—the—key."

"Count Raimund, open! You have no right thus to make a prisoner of your cousin. Open at once!" Hamilton cried, shaking the door violently.

At last the key was placed with a trembling hand in the lock and turned, and Hildegarde, deadly pale and with a horrified expression, stood before him. She pointed to a figure lying on the floor. It was Raimund's dead body. He must have shot himself through the mouth, for the upper part of his head, hair, and brain were scattered around in frightful bloody masses.

Hamilton instantly led Hildegarde out into the street, but was obliged to return for her gloves, mask, and handkerchief. He saw a dagger lying on the floor and found a letter addressed to Hildegarde. She told him that, after being struck by the horses, Oscar, who had been the pursuing black domino at the masquerade, took her to his room, to which she assented, fearing she would otherwise faint in the street. He had made violent love to her, and as Hildegarde treated this with contempt he grasped a small pistol. "I thought it only more of his consummate acting for effect," said Hildegarde, "and—laughed. Then he fired it. Oh! how horrible!"

Hamilton told her that Raimund had evidently intended committing suicide and gave her the letter. She read it, tore it up and burned the fragments in Hamilton's stove.

"I can neither regret nor pity him," she said sternly, "when I recall his words and actions last night. He is unworthy of any esteem."

Count Raimund's suicide was imputed by his acquaintances

to his inability to marry beneath him. Hildegarde's name was never mentioned in connection with it. Some weeks afterward Crescenz was married to Major Stultz, quite to her content. At three the next morning Mr. Rosenberg was stricken with cholera, and in three days was dead. Madame Rosenberg retreated with Hildegarde to her father's, the ironsmith's, and Hamilton induced her to take him into this rather uncongenial *milieu*. Hildegarde sought a place as governess. A few months there convinced Hamilton that Hildegarde did not love him, and a few days later he received letters recalling him to England. Hildegarde calmly advised him not to defer his departure if he felt that it was disagreeable. Everybody seemed to regret his going more than she did. He looked back. She stood like a statue on the spot where they had said "good-by."

He paid a visit to the Zedwitzes and learned how economically a tranquil happy home could be maintained. He had five thousand pounds of his own, from a legacy, which would be available in two years, and there was a charming cottage near the Zedwitzes' home! He called on Crescenz after leaving them, and learned that Hildegarde had left to take a place as governess and that Count Zedwitz's father was at the point of death.

He left the next day for Frankfort. At Aschaffenburg, that night, he encountered a veiled woman who also had just arrived. This was Hildegarde. She was on her way to the Baroness Waldorf, at Frankfort. Hamilton knew that Zedwitz was guardian to this lady's little girl. When they reached her home she had gone away. When they reached Mayeuse the Baroness had left. Hamilton knew that the lady was in love with Zedwitz, and he felt sure that her discovery of his attachment to Hildegarde was the reason for this absurd and discourteous flight from the girl without a word of explanation.

At his advice Hildegarde wrote to the Baroness requesting an explanation, and as it would be three days before an answer could be looked for he prevailed on her to take a trip down the Rhine, to beguile the period of waiting. As Hildegarde had a passion for traveling and never had seen that romantic stream, she willingly assented. Hamilton had deceived her inexperience so thoroughly as to traveling expenses that she made no remonstrance on the head of pecuniary obligations.

It remained for a waiter to arouse the girl's happy thoughtlessness to a sense of irregularity in this fascinating trip. The man inevitably assumed their relations to be those of husband and wife; and she promptly declared, with burning confusion, that she would at once return home. The intoxicating delight of their companionship had made Hamilton's mind perfectly clear as to the possibility of their happiness on his legacy, and in a long, earnest talk he implored her to become his wife. It was inevitable that she should perceive that the sacrifice he proposed making, for her sake, of his family and worldly prospects was great.

"Otherwise," she said, "you would not have hesitated so long, for—I think—yes—I am sure—you love me. Believe me, I would rather torture myself than hurt you, but I cannot. I will not accept this sacrifice."

"Then, Hildegarde, you do not love me," he said impetuously.

"I am giving you the greatest proof of it of which I am capable. Do you not believe it is a sacrifice for me?"

"Well, what do you ask?" he returned.

"Go home, and wait two years. I promise you *I* will await *your* decision. But *you* are free."

"How cold your love must be!" he exclaimed, walking hastily to the window and leaning out.

Perplexed, worried, and wearied, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. He turned, and rushed toward her. In a few moments she was smiling, and they were discussing plans for their house at Hohenfels, two years hence.

The two days that Hamilton and Hildegarde passed on the Rhine steamboat in the return to Mayence were the happiest of their still so youthful lives. A letter awaited them there from the Baroness Waldorf, which made it easier for Hildegarde to explain her absence and return. The last day's journey Hildegarde preferred to make alone, so at Ingoldstadt they parted.

In two years neither Hamilton nor his family had changed their views. He returned to Munich and claimed the willing and faithful Hildegarde, each of them more in love than ever. Hamilton bought the place at Hohenfels, and they and the

Zedwitzes almost lived together, a life so calm and serene that Hildegarde grew handsomer every year, her husband declared.

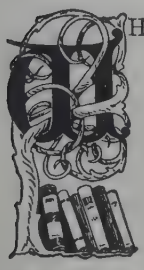
At the end of eight years Uncle Jack, whose heir Hamilton was to be, relented, and, to the Zedwitzes' keen regret, they went to England, declaring that they would return every summer. They have not come back once. All they lacked, as Hamilton observed one morning, looking from their breakfast-room out on his uncle's handsome domain, were mountains and a few chamois to make England better than Germany. Though he contends that Germany is the place for a poor man, he admits that England is more agreeable for a rich one.

# BAYARD TAYLOR

(United States, 1825–1878)

## JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES (1864)

This novel was begun on March 14, 1864, while Mr. Taylor was temporarily staying at 150 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, but the greater part was composed in the library of his Cedarcroft residence, near Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and here it was finished August 11th following. It was published by G. P. Putnam in November of that year. The story is not—what it has been sometimes styled—autobiographic, but certain of the author's personal experiences have been woven into the texture of the tale, the main purpose of which is the portrayal of the literary and journalistic atmosphere of New York in the middle of the nineteenth century. This circumstance gives to the narrative a definite historical value. The pretensions to culture on the part of certain literary aspirants are sharply satirized in the account of the Friday evening receptions of Adeliza Choate, while "the literary *soirées* of another lady whom I will not name, but whose tact, true refinement, and admirable culture drew around her all that was best in letters and in the arts," are appreciatively referred to, the actual hostess in this case being the late Mrs. Anne Lynch Botta. The character of Adeliza Choate is to some extent a reflection of the traits of the now forgotten author of *Sappho*, as that of Brandagee is supposed to have been suggested by the career of the once noted literary Bohemian, Fitz-James O'Brien. The scene of the earlier chapters is in the rural districts of southeastern Pennsylvania, but with the fourteenth chapter it shifts to New York City. This shorter version of the story has been made by the widow of the distinguished author-diplomatist.



HEN I, John Godfrey, was eight years old, my father, who had been a mechanic in the large village of Honeybrook, Pennsylvania, died, leaving me in the care of my mother. She then removed to the smaller village of Cross-Keys, where she had inherited from an aunt a small cottage and garden, and there supported herself by sewing. My principal crony was Bob Simmons, who hoped to be a mason, and another playmate was Charley Rand. My mother was determined that I should have an education and made many sacrifices to that end. When I was sixteen it was decided that I should attend Dr. Dymond's

boarding-school, a mile beyond Honeybrook. Charley Rand was also to go, and each was to spend Sunday at home. The school was fairly good, and I made progress. I soon made friends among the several dozen boys, but was especially drawn to one named Penrose, a fellow of eighteen, who was unusually handsome. He shared my bed, and his desk faced mine, but he made no overtures to acquaintance for many weeks. One day in Honeybrook I came upon Simmons, who was laying the bricks of a new house, and I was very glad to see him, though my companion, Thornton, sneered at Bob's occupation.

At the opening of my second summer term I became anxious about my mother's health, and one night after I had gone to bed I could not control my sobs. Penrose whispered to me tenderly, and when I explained what was the matter said all he could to comfort me and clasped my hand firmly. He was as silent as ever next day, but I understood him now. I was summoned home the next afternoon, and in a day or two my mother died. It was planned that I should remain at school till autumn and then go to my uncle, Amos Woolley, at Reading. At school Penrose met me with a long, silent pressure of the hand, and soon afterward, in the course of inquiries which he made, it was discovered that we were second cousins. After this it was always John and Alexander with us.

At the end of the term I went to Reading and became an inmate of my uncle's family, which consisted of himself, my Aunt Peggy, and Bolty Himpel, a youth of my own age, who assisted Uncle Amos in his grocery store. My uncle was a narrow religionist, who had very little sympathy with my literary aspirations, and I led a monotonous existence with him; but he was not unkind, and while the rougher work of the establishment fell to Bolty's share, the keeping of the accounts was left to me. He was my guardian and trustee for the fifteen hundred dollars my father had left, the interest of which sum my mother had devoted to my education.

While I was at Reading the idea of writing for publication came to mind, and after composing a poem entitled *The Unknown Bard*, I signed it "Selim" and sent it to the *Saturday Evening Post*. When it was printed, some weeks later, I was full of exultation. I was at last the companion, if not the equal,

of Bessie Bulfinch, Adeliza Choate, and other bards whose effusions I had read in the *Post*.

Charley Rand was now in a lawyer's office in Reading and I saw him often, although his wheedling manner gave me a vague distrust of him. He managed to learn from me the amount of my own small property and how I had allowed my uncle to reinvert the interest, and asked many questions as to Uncle Amos's property likewise. My uncle's household had now become so uncongenial that I decided to leave it; and when I informed Rand of my resolve he assisted me, through his employer, Mulford, in getting a school to teach in the village of Upper Samaria. My uncle was very indignant on hearing this news, and refused to advance any of my money till I should be of age: and so we parted in anger.

Squire Bratton was the chief personage in Upper Samaria, and at his pretentious mansion I spent my first night in the village, becoming acquainted thus early with his pretty daughter, Amanda. I successfully passed the trustees' examination the next day, had my salary fixed at twenty-five dollars a month, and secured a boarding-place at the home of Yule, the miller.

I was popular with my pupils, and after a time the tidings that "the schoolmaster wrote verses for the newspapers" were circulated in the neighborhood; for my latest verses, though still signed "Selim," had appeared with the local address, "Yule's Mill, Berks Co., Pa." My lines appeared to confer upon me a certain distinction, and I was besieged to contribute verses to albums. In the mean time I felt a growing attachment to Miss Bratton, but hesitated to declare myself. On one occasion Rand came to the Brattons' on business, and he advised me to go to Philadelphia or New York, where he was sure I could find some desirable post. At the end of March my school engagement would end; but before my term expired I found courage to tell Amanda that I loved her, and received her avowal of love in return. It was decided that our attachment should be kept secret for the present, and it was subsequently arranged that our correspondence should be through Dan Yule, the miller's grown-up son, who would perform any service for me and ask no questions.

Early in April I went to New York to seek my fortune, and

as a poem of mine, *Leonora's Dream*, was to appear in *The Hesperian* for May, I called on the editor the second day after my arrival to offer other poems. He whirled them over rapidly, reading a line here and there, and returned them, saying:

"One or two things there might do, if I wasn't overstocked. Besides, you're not known, and your name would be no advantage to the magazine. Get a little reputation, young man, before you try to make your living by literature."

I left the editor's office much discouraged, and began to fear that Inspiration would do little for me unless allied to Policy, and that my only chance with *The Hesperian* lay in writing some airy trifle of a tale that the editor could use "to piece out with." On the same day I called on a music-publisher, who pronounced my poems very sweet and tender but said more depended on the air than on the words, and it was out of his line. A second music-publisher to whom I offered my poems informed me that he commonly paid a dollar for the words of a song, and promised to show them to his composer for his decision. The next week I made many more trials, but met with small success. One or two literary editors accepted a poem as an unpaid contribution, the composer before mentioned proved too busy to set my poems to music, and *The Hesperian* accepted a story on condition that I changed the *dénouement*. On the appearance of the story I was to receive five dollars.

In the mean time I had made the acquaintance of Swansford, a young composer, and engaged quarters at his boarding-place in Hester Street. Swansford and I soon became warm friends, and one evening I wrote a nonsensical parody of the fashionable sentimental song of the day, which he set to burlesque music, and which ultimately brought us seventy-five dollars. Lettsom, a law-reporter whom I met, now introduced me to Mr. Clarendon, the editor-in-chief of the *Daily Wonder*; and the editor, after receiving me kindly, at once set me at work on some experimental condensation of a half-column article into a fifteen-line item. Fortunately my work pleased him and I was engaged at six dollars a week to do writing of this nature.

A life of regular labor now began for me; and though I made some errors at the start, I soon became expert and enjoyed my

work. Mr. Jenks, of *The Hesperian*, after learning of my new employment, paid me ten dollars for my next story, and in the course of six months my weekly salary at the *Wonder* was raised to ten dollars. This increase, with occasional sums received from *The Hesperian*, led me to carry out my long-cherished intention of publishing a volume of my own verse; and in the following May *Leonora's Dream and Other Poems* appeared. Press notices of the volume were mostly brief but pleasant, and so much elated me that I did not then detect their vague, mechanical character.

By this time I had been a year at the *Wonder* office, and was granted a week's holiday. I had heard from Amanda at long intervals, and now hastened to Upper Samaria to see her and present her with a choicely bound copy of *Leonora's Dream*, thinking to give her a delightful surprise. On seeing me she appeared greatly confused, and when I spoke of my love and how the end of our long waiting had come at last she answered coldly. I responded passionately, and in answer to her scream of "Charles! Charles!" my school-friend Rand appeared, and I soon learned that the two were now husband and wife. Amanda denied that we had even been engaged, and in the ensuing quarrel with Rand I knocked him down. Filled with rage and grief, I left for Reading the next day, and there in an interview with Uncle Amos I informed him that I was now of age and wished him to pay over to me the money for which he was trustee. This he said he was unable to do, on account of having invested my money, and nearly all of his own, in a land speculation in which Bratton and Rand were concerned and from which nothing could be expected for some time in return. Though I had learned to earn my own living and knew I should not suffer, I felt bitterly that I was again the dupe of others, and I accused my uncle of dishonesty, assuring him that until he became honest and restored my inheritance I should have no more to do with him.

On my return to the *Wonder* office I was promoted to the city department at a weekly salary of fifteen dollars. I told Swansford how Amanda had treated me, and in return he told me that the woman he loved had been forced to marry another. At an evening company at Mr. Clarendon's, not long after my

return, I met a Miss Haworth, with whom, however, I had no conversation, and Mr. Brandagee, an erratic literary person of whom I afterward saw much in the course of my career, and who repelled at the same time that he fascinated me by his manner. He took me on one occasion to a *soirée* at the house of Mrs. Yorkton, known in literary circles as Adeliza Choate. There I met many of the literary small fry of New York, and at the time I was disposed to rate these persons at their own high valuation. I attended Mrs. Yorkton's Friday receptions regularly for many weeks, but subsequently gained admittance to very different literary receptions, the hostess on these occasions being a woman of rare culture who gathered about her persons of real worth, in literature as in art.

Feeling that I could afford to make the change, I presently removed to more expensive quarters in Bleecker Street, and not long afterward I encountered Penrose by chance, to our mutual pleasure. He introduced me to his sister and her husband, Edmund Shanks, who invited me to a dinner-party at Delmonico's. Among the guests at the dinner were Miss Haworth and her stepbrother, Mr. Floyd, whose face impressed me disagreeably, and I sat between Miss Haworth and Penrose. I enjoyed talking with her, and as I walked home with Penrose he told me that Miss Haworth was an heiress, and that her stepbrother wished to marry her. At the house of a Mr. Deering, soon after the Delmonico dinner, I met his wife and her friend, Miss Haworth, and subsequent meetings assured me that I was in love with Miss Haworth, although I did not dare to hope for love in return. Another summer came, and she departed on a Western tour. For the first time in a year I looked again at *Leonora's Dream.* My first sensation was one of simple horror at its crudities; my second, one of gratitude that I had grown sufficiently to perceive them.

While reporting a fire one September night I was the means of rescuing Jane Berry, a country girl, from a disorderly house near by, where she had been forcibly detained, and as she had no friends in the city I placed her with some humble friends of mine who would give her shelter for a while. In October Miss Haworth returned to her house in Gramercy Park, and on the occasion of my first call upon her Penrose appeared there also.

As we left we encountered Floyd at the door. On the way homeward Penrose said:

"John, you and I must have an explanation. You love Isabel Haworth, and so do I. You and I have been friends, but if you are as much in earnest as I take you to be we are from this time forth rivals—perhaps enemies."

I answered that rivals we might be, but I hoped not enemies, and we parted at Bleecker Street. There was but one contingency that might bring us together as we were of old—disappointment to both.

I met Isabel at a literary function soon afterward, but her manner seemed somewhat abstracted; and when I next called at Gramercy Park a note was handed me at the door containing only the words: "Miss Haworth informs Mr. Godfrey that her acquaintance with him has ceased." I felt convinced that either Penrose or Floyd had misrepresented my character to her, and I made up my mind to a lonely life. I grew indifferent to the nature of my associates and consorted more and more with reckless and dissipated fellows. Brandagee and Babcock had established a scurrilous sheet called the *Oracle*, my contributions to which insured me support for the immediate future, and I became careless in regard to my duties at the *Wonder* office. Mr. Clarendon found serious fault with me and advised me to sever my connection with the *Oracle*.

"No," said I, "I prefer giving up my place here"; and saying he was sorry for it, Mr. Clarendon dismissed me.

After this I rapidly drifted into a kind of vagabond existence, Swansford being almost the only old friend I cared to meet; and being no longer able to pay my way at Bleecker Street, I put a few things into my pockets, leaving my other effects behind, and hired a wretched attic in Crosby Street at five dollars a month, the money being borrowed from Swansford. My single suit grew shabby from constant wear, and one night I staggered out of a barroom, drunk and despairing. As I did so a passer-by regarded me sharply.

"Why, John—John Godfrey, is it you?" he said.

It was Bob Simmons. He took me to his boarding-place and cared for me tenderly, and to him I told my story from the time I last saw him in Honeybrook and received his sympathy.

"What would you do now in my place?" I said.

"Forgit what can't be helped, and take a fresh start. Let them fellows alone you've been with. That editor now—Clarendon—I'd go straight to him."

I took Bob's advice; saw Mr. Clarendon; told him as much of my recent life as it was necessary for him to know, and was taken on at the *Wonder* office, though with a somewhat lessened salary. That night Bob appeared with my trunk, brought from Bleecker Street after paying my bill there, and I told him of my success. While smoking his evening pipe he spoke of his own sorrow—how he had loved a country girl who had run away from home and been lost to sight, and I presently learned that her name was Jane Berry. As rapidly as I could I related all that I knew of her, but could not tell him where she then was, as she had found work but had left no address with the persons I had placed her with.

As soon as my first week's wages were paid I hastened to pay my debt to Swansford, whom I found ill and slowly dying. Weeks went by, and one evening he handed me a package which after his death I was to give to the woman he had loved. It was directed to Mrs. Fanny Deering, and on seeing this I resolved to entreat her to visit him ere he died. The next day as I was about to enter her house I met Penrose, who greeted me warmly and hurriedly told me that Isabel had refused him, and that he was now going to establish himself in San Francisco. I informed him that I still loved her but almost despaired of ever winning her. We parted friends, and I then saw Mrs. Deering, to whom I related the fact of Swansford's illness. She consented to go with me at once to his bedside, and to her great joy she was not too late. For the last few days of his life she heard from him every day through me.

From Mrs. Deering I obtained tidings of Isabel, and she informed me that her friend had in some way heard unfavorable news of me, her informant being Floyd, as I came to know later. Soon afterward I received a note from Miss Haworth acknowledging that she had unjustly judged me and asking me to call. I did so, and in the course of our talk I ascertained that she had become acquainted with Jane Berry, whom she was now trying to help, and through whom she learned that

Floyd had deceived her in his account of me. Obeying an irresistible impulse, I now told her of my love for her and to my great joy perceived that my affection was returned. She had long loved me, but when greatly exaggerated tales of misconduct on my part reached her she had resolved never to see me again and therefore had written the brief note that had made me so miserable. On another occasion I told her of my follies, her pardon for which already existed in her love.

Isabel's mother had expressed in her will the desire that her daughter should not marry before her twenty-first birthday, when she would come into full possession of her fortune, of which Floyd was one of the trustees. Till then our betrothal was not to be mentioned publicly, as he would probably oppose our wishes.

In September Uncle Amos wrote me that his land speculations, contrary to his fears, had turned out so well that my original legacy was now increased to twenty thousand dollars. I visited him at once, as he requested, and received from him a check for the amount. Looking back to my life at Reading, I now perceived that I had misjudged him and that his apparent hypocrisy was but the outcome of narrowness and ignorance. Though he had yielded to temptation in regard to my inheritance, his ultimate intention was honest. He and I were now reconciled; and after returning to New York, with the advice of Mr. Clarendon, I resigned my post on the *Wonder*, as I could now devote myself to study and literary work.

In October Isabel's birthday occurred and her fortune of eighty thousand dollars was placed at her own disposal. It had troubled me not a little that she was an heiress, and I was chiefly glad in regard to my own money received from Uncle Amos in that it diminished the difference in this respect between us. In October we were married. Penrose from California sent his sincere congratulations, and a superb India shawl as a wedding-gift. In the following spring we visited my mother's grave at Cross-Keys, and thence we went to Reading, where Isabel quickly won the hearts of my uncle and aunt. We now have a pleasant home on Staten Island, and the presence therein of young Charles Swansford Godfrey and his little sister Barbara furnishes us continual delight.

# ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY

## (MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE)

(England, 1838)

## THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF (1865)

Mrs. Ritchie's "Village" is on the coast of Normandy, where most of the story's action takes place, although there are scenes in London and rural England also. The time is the period of the writing. The novel has a special interest in that the author is a daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray.

ICHARD BUTLER, unsuccessful artist, had spent most of the summer in Normandy. For the time being he lived with his aunt, the Countess de Tracy, in her great house not far from the fishing village of Petitport, where the painter found his favorite subjects. His one finished picture to show for his summer was a kitchen interior, with a fishwife at her homely tasks, and the face of the fishwife was that of Reine Chrétien, his unconfessed sweetheart. For Richard had fallen in love with his model, or, rather, he had persuaded the girl he loved to pose for him.

Reine was a singular product of the country, an heiress of noble blood, and yet a peasant of peasants. Her mother having married below her station, and having been utterly cast off by her aristocratic family, had yet conserved her share of a considerable fortune and had left it to Reine, who now lived with her dissolute grandfather, managing his house, dragging him home from the wine-shop, and scornfully refusing the numerous offers of marriage made to her by the men of the neighborhood. The mingling of the peasant and the noble in her brought about a seeming contradictoriness of character; for she was proud, but she gloried

in her peasant condition; she knew her native right to meet all people on terms of equality, but she had a strong aversion to the upper classes, and was deeply conscious that her habits and peasant ancestry unfitted her to mingle with them.

The English artist who visited Petitport that summer loved Reine for herself alone, but he did not propose marriage, although he was morally certain she loved him, because he was in a difficult and rather delicate situation with regard to the world. Richard Butler was dependent on his bachelor uncle, Charles; he was forever getting into scrapes from which Uncle Charles regularly extricated him with warnings not to transgress in the future; and just at this time Richard was recovering from one of his very worst scrapes. He had gone heavily in debt, and, yielding to family pressure—for there were other Butlers besides Uncle Charles—he had unwillingly proposed marriage to a young lady of means whose other qualifications for matrimony had not brought her any too many suitors. Richard believed he should be rejected, but, to his horror, the young lady accepted him. The outlook was impossible, for Richard, with all his foolishness, had a substratum of honorable sense in his nature. He chose the least of the evils that confronted him, and jilted the young lady, writing her frankly and remorsefully that the mercenary motives for his proposal rendered the keeping of his engagement positively dishonorable. Then he fled to Normandy until the wrath of Uncle Charles should cool, and had fallen in love with a peasant! To suggest marrying such a person at this juncture would have stirred the whole Butler family to such indignation that he never would have been forgiven.

When he returned to England, near the end of the season, leaving Reine wondering and hurt, Madame de Tracy accompanied him to pay a visit to her brother, Hervey Butler, who lived with his rather large family in London. The governess in this family was Catherine George, a pretty, well-meaning girl of twenty. She was an orphan with two little sisters to care for and only the income of a thousand pounds to meet the demands upon her. There were, to be sure, two aunts, each with considerable property; but they were generous only in advice, of which Catherine stood in sufficient need but which never came at the

moment when it could be useful. With all her conscientiousness and sweetness of disposition, she never should have been a governess. The schoolroom was a prison, her tasks were irksome, and her young mind was given to foolishly romantic dreams.

Cousin Dick, the scapegrace painter, was immensely popular with Catherine's little charges, and, as he was a frequent visitor to his Uncle Hervey's house, he became acquainted with the governess, whose beauty and ready blushes attracted his favorable attention. He spoke kindly to her, for that was his habit with all people, and her foolish little heart quickly magnified his words to much more than their proper import. Such commonplace deference as he showed her had never before come within her experience, and her pathetic loneliness was cheered, like a chamber whose blinds are thrown open to the spring sunshine for the first time in years. At first she was a member of the family parties, as when all the Butlers trooped to Dick's studio to see his Normandy painting; but Madame de Tracy had sharp eyes which looked straight through Catherine's happy blushes and saw the perturbation of spirit that caused them; she was well aware of Dick's everlasting capacity for making mistakes, and she thought it wise, in the interests of both Dick and Catherine, to warn Mrs. Hervey Butler. The warning was heeded, and when a picnic day at Uncle Charles's country-place was planned Catherine was omitted from the party.

The poor girl was pitiably disappointed and bewildered, for she could not think what she had done to give offense, and she was far from suspecting that her heart's secret had been discovered. It was Dick himself who saved that day for her. He stumbled upon the fact that she had not been included in the arrangements, and when his aunts gravely intimated that there was danger of Catherine aspiring to things above her station in life he became so generously indignant that the ruling was reversed. Without realizing that Catherine already loved him, and without meaning to do more than contribute to her innocent enjoyment, he made himself her special companion during the picnic day, and thereby wrought a catastrophe for the poor little maid.

Not only Madame de Tracy, but Mrs. Butler watched her.

They were quite agreed that heroic measures were necessary, but Mrs. Butler shrank from casting her adrift. Here was an emergency after Madame de Tracy's own heart. She promptly solved the difficulty by offering to engage Catherine as governess to her own daughter's children. That meant that Catherine would have to live in France and so be safely at a distance from the fascinating, wrong-headed Dick.

Catherine heard of this plan with dismay. Her prison had been so brightened that she wept at the thought of leaving it, and, harder yet, she would be parted from her little sisters, whom she was able to see frequently as long as she lived in London; but Mrs. Butler was quite determined on a change; the prison had to be given up, and everybody was so sure that Madame de Tracy's offer was a golden opportunity that Catherine yielded and crossed to Normandy when that lady went home from her visit.

Once in France, with the pleasures of country life at command, Catherine was happier than she thought she could be; that is, during the first few days; but in this very brief interval an emergency developed that was far worse than the one that compelled her to leave London, and of which she was quite as ignorant. Madame de Tracy's daughter positively refused to have a governess in her family! Here was a *contretemps* worthy the best abilities of a born manager of other people's affairs, which Madame de Tracy certainly was—in her own opinion. But she needed time to breathe and look about her; so it was agreed at the château that nothing should be said to Catherine about her equivocal standing in the household; some weeks must still elapse before the De Tracys were to go to Paris for the winter, and in that period a great deal might happen.

Madame de Tracy saw to it that the happenings came swiftly. She had not begun to look about her before her managerial mind perceived that the very best solution of the difficulty would consist in marrying Catherine to somebody; and it really mattered to whom, too, for the Countess was a good soul, and her conscience would have worried her if she could have felt that she was responsible for bringing any sort of distress upon the sweet little English girl. Madame de Tracy liked her and knew that she would make an excellent wife for anybody except Dick.

She looked about her, therefore, and saw the Mayor of Petitport, Monsieur Charles Fontaine, a kindly, garrulous widower; that he was not averse to another trial of matrimony had been made sufficiently clear by his proposal to Reine Chrétien the preceding summer; he had a little son with whom Catherine was already on good terms; she would be a devoted mother to him.

To think of a desirable match was, to the Countess, to act upon bringing it about without delay. She suggested the matter to M. Fontaine, frankly confessing that Catherine could bring little in the way of dowry, but enlarging on her estimable qualities as more than counterbalancing the financial deficiency. M. le Maire was duly impressed; he pictured to himself the satisfaction it would be to stroll upon the beach with this young and beautiful woman as his wife; and, with directness that went straight to the heart of the Countess, if not to Catherine's, he began to pay court to the English governess.

A week had hardly passed, and Fontaine's suit was well forward, that is, so far as he was concerned, when Dick appeared on the scene unexpectedly to all. Meantime Catherine had become acquainted with Reine, and these two had formed a sudden friendship. Visiting Reine in her kitchen, Catherine had discovered the original of Dick's painting; and her ingenuous exclamations over the fact, added to her flashing eyes and rosy blushes, had betrayed her tender secret to the shrewder though less sophisticated Frenchwoman. And then Dick himself came. "I had to come," he said, in answer to Catherine's surprised inquiry—and oh, how her heart beat! Heretofore she had bravely faced her dreams and regarded them as such, but now she felt a wild and wondering thrill of hope. It was a certainty for the moment, and the earth seemed to tremble under her feet. Dick walked home with her from Reine's cottage.

"I think you must have guessed how things are with me, Miss George," he said, stopping short before they came to the château. "I know I can trust you. Pray do not say anything about it here. Reine is a thousand times too good for me, or for them, and they wouldn't understand; and I can't afford to marry yet, but I know I shall win her in time. Keep my secret. We have always been friends, have we not?"

"Yes," said Catherine, very softly, very gently, and put

her hand into his. Then, trembling a little, she went into the house.

Soon after this Fontaine proposed. Catherine, numb at heart, despairing for the future, saw only the prospect of a home. There, surely, might peace be found. She could not profess a love she did not feel, and she told the Frenchman frankly that she could not bring him what he had a right to expect, but she did not say No; and under the skilled direction of Madame de Tracy she was presently brought to say Yes. One of the rich aunts sent her fifty pounds for her trousseau, preparations were pushed with energy—again the Countess's management—and the marriage took place before the château was closed for the winter. Dick and Reine both attended the wedding, and when he returned to England it was with Reine's promise to marry him, and his to break the news to his uncle and make such arrangements as might be possible.

Fontaine as a husband was proud, happy, devoted, and considerate. He agreed that Catherine's tiny fortune should still be devoted to her sisters, and he required of her no more than that she should care for him a little and accept the simple attentions that he showered upon her. For a month they were together all the time, two weeks on a short journey, two weeks in his house before Monsieur and Madame Mérard returned to spend the winter there as usual. The Mérards were his first wife's parents. Before they came Catherine had begun to find it hard to endure her husband's infinite capacity for talk, but she gave no sign of impatience. Conscientiously she undertook to bear the burden she had assumed, and never did the conviction at her heart that she had made a mistake find expression in so much as a hint; but Fontaine was so hopelessly commonplace that she began to look forward with a sense of impending relief to the coming of the parents-in-law.

She was disillusioned in this matter before the Mérards had been in the house a day. They had not approved of Fontaine's second marriage on general principles, and they were prepared to disapprove of it particularly when they came to know his wife. The little innovations that Catherine had introduced into the household were seized upon for ill-natured criticism; odious comparisons were made between the first and the second

wife, to the disadvantage of the latter. Madame Mérard even stooped to twit Catherine on the fact that she had contributed nothing material to the establishment. Catherine bore this despicable persecution without retorting, and her pathetic patience inflamed Madame Mérard to crueller attacks, so that the little wife was miserably unhappy. Fontaine, to be sure, sided with his wife; he was loyal, but it was in his own way, which was that of a good-natured pacificator where the situation seemed to need a spirit of aggressive domination. By soothing his wife and flattering his mother-in-law by turns, he managed to keep an appearance of harmony in the household, but even so it was at the almost constant sacrifice of Catherine's tranquillity.

Dick did not break the news of his engagement to Reine immediately on his return to England because he learned that Mr. Charles Butler was ill, and he deemed it wise to defer such a distressing communication to a more favorable opportunity. Instead of taking action, therefore, he worked in his London studio at paintings that there was little hope of selling and wrote letters to Reine that she found it difficult to understand. Whenever Dick was absent her distrust of the upper classes returned to her, and she doubted deeply the wisdom of marrying him. If he were in earnest, why should he delay, especially when, as she was rich, it could make no material difference whether that obnoxious uncle consented or not?

After some weeks Dick heard that his uncle was dangerously ill, and he went at once to the country to see him. Charles Butler was, indeed, at death's door. He told Dick that his will was made, "a most unjust will," said Uncle Charles, "for I am leaving substantially everything to a certain scapegrace nephew." Dick endured only one short moment of temptation, and then unbosomed himself of the secret with regard to Reine. Uncle Charles was disturbed; he could not approve of a marriage with one who, despite noble blood, was a peasant at heart and of peasant ways; such a woman could not well grace the fine establishment destined for Dick; but the uncle was no absolute curmudgeon, and he modified his will only so far as to require of Dick that he should allow a year to pass before he should commit himself to a positive engagement to the Frenchwoman.

This seemed to Dick a reasonable restriction, and a year's waiting not at all intolerable. It was quite otherwise with Reine. She had not only her own doubts to contend with, but she was tormented by the inconsiderate gossiping of her rustic neighbors. They had remarked the frequent visits of the English painter and had drawn their inferences. "Well, where is he?" said they. Why did he not come like a man to claim Reine if he was in earnest? Ha! had the proud Mademoiselle Chrétien, then, been thrown over by the lordly young visitor? What could she say to such taunts? Not even to her grandfather—who was the worst gossip of all, and who pretended that such talk was most regrettable and injurious—not even to him could she confess her secret, for that would have been to betray Richard in such a way as probably to encompass his ruin. Some months passed; Uncle Charles was dead, and still the exasperating taunts continued. At last, driven to desperation, Reine wrote to Dick explaining her misery and offering to release him, reiterating her conviction that her peasant training unfitted her for the station she would have to occupy as his wife. This letter despatched, she felt an overwhelming need of friendly sympathy, and she confided all the facts to Catherine, not forgetting to enjoin upon her the necessity for secrecy. Then Reine betook her to a convent for a retreat.

Dick no sooner received Reine's letter than he set out for Normandy. Unable to find Reine, he turned naturally to Catherine for information. M. Fontaine happened to be from home at the time, and Catherine, to whom Dick's visit was an unspeakable relief from the dull routine of her days, not only talked long with him, but invited him to dinner. This conduct horrified Madame Mérard, who took the first possible occasion to rebuke Catherine in terms of exceeding bitterness. The old woman's aspersions were positively foul in their implication, and Catherine was so distressed that she fled the house. She walked for miles along the coast without finding relief for her anguish. When she drew near the village on her return, she met her husband anxiously searching for her. The reserve with which she had borne her ills then gave way, and she wept her true story in Fontaine's arms. She confessed her former love for Richard,

and, although Fontaine protested sincerely that he had nothing but absolute trust in her, she insisted on explaining Dick's call on her, and the serious subject of their conversation. This enabled Fontaine to ignore his mother-in-law's cruel suspicions, but while it had that happy result it also made him a sharer of Reine's secret.

Fontaine's behavior was admirable. He made his wife understand that she had done nothing wrong, and he emphasized his conviction by insisting that she should accept an invitation from the De Tracys, who had returned to the château for another season, to go with them on the following day on a pleasure excursion; and Madame Mérard had been so frightened by Catherine's running away that she held her peace and even tried awkwardly to make amends for her insults. So it was a happy wife that went to the château the next morning, parting with real affection from her husband, who accompanied her part way.

On the evening of that day a furious storm arose, and all the people of the neighborhood gathered on the seashore to watch the desperate efforts of a fisher crew to navigate their craft to safety and to render such aid as might be possible. Fontaine led in the work of rescue. At the right moment he leaped into the surf, holding to the end of a rope. Just after he disappeared beneath the waves the rope slackened. Something dreadful had happened, else Fontaine, experienced in such dangers, would not have let go. It was surmised at once that his head had struck a rock, or some submerged bit of wreckage. Dick, who was in the crowd, immediately took the rope and dashed in to save Fontaine. He did, indeed, reach Fontaine, and both were dragged to land unconscious; Dick was readily revived, but Fontaine was dead.

Reine returned to Petitport just after the funeral and heard the tragic news from her grandfather. She had not recovered from the shock it gave her when Dick came to ask her to go to Catherine, who needed her. She went at once, her heart full of sympathy for the young widow, but strangely rebellious that her lover's first appeal had been in behalf of another and not of himself. Madame de Tracy was with Catherine, condoling with her as best she could and suffering meantime from an acute

trouble that she regarded as her own. For Fontaine had told the Abbé of the village about the romantic relations of Dick and Reine, and the Abbé had found the news altogether too good to keep all to himself; the result was that everybody in the vicinity heard of it, including the Countess. She had been considerate enough to say nothing of it to Catherine, but, meeting Reine in the house, she had to speak, rebuking her for tempting Dick to an ill-assorted marriage. Dick interposed in this unpleasant scene, but Reine waved him aside and took the quarrel on herself.

"I shall do your nephew no harm, Madame," she said, "for I never shall marry him. It would, indeed, be an ill-assorted marriage, and I will have no part in it."

Her reply to Dick's amazed remonstrances was to run from the house, leap into the cart that her grandfather had sent for her, and drive away. Dick, piqued at her conduct, waited until the following morning before calling on her; and by that time she had returned to the convent.

Several months later news floated across the channel to Petitport to the effect that one of Catherine's aunts had died suddenly without the forethought to make a will, and that her property therefore had descended to Catherine, who was then in England; furthermore, that Richard Butler had proposed to her and she had accepted him. Reine thereupon wrote to Catherine a sincere letter of congratulation, expressing her hope that both she and Richard would be happy. The letter happened to arrive while Dick was calling on Catherine, between whom and himself there was no engagement and no understanding looking to one, although it was quite true that Catherine was now moderately wealthy and that the Butler family would have been very glad to see her his wife. After a slight hesitation Catherine showed Reine's letter to Dick.

"Dick," she said, "I did not love my husband as I ought to have loved him when I married him, but if I had to live my life again I would not have things otherwise. Poor Reine! There is no one so noble, so faithful. She left you because she loved you. Won't you go back to her?"

"God bless you!" said Dick in reply, "you have saved me from committing a great wrong. I will go at once."

Leaving Catherine happy in the companionship of her little sisters and uplifted by memory of a great love that had grown upon her unawares, Dick hastened to Petitport, confronted Reine, and overcame the last of her fears as to the advisability of their union.

# WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(England, 1811–1863)

## CATHERINE: A STORY (1840)

This unvarnished tale of scoundrelism appeared first as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1839–1840. It was written by Thackeray under the pseudonym of Ikey Solomons, Jun., although most of his productions bore the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh until he issued *Vanity Fair* in 1847 under his own name. The object of *Catherine* was to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen, thieves, and their class, creating a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal. While lamenting his lack of genius "to tread in the footsteps of the immortal Fagin, the deathless Dick Turpin, and the renowned Jack Sheppard," the author took as his heroine a woman who in 1726 was burned at Tyburn for the revolting murder of her husband, and endeavored to tell the story of her career and that of her associates so as to show the folly of investing such characters with romantic interest.

ABOUT the year 1705, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there were certain agreeably low, delightfully disgusting characters, so in harmony with the popular taste of present-day (1840) readers who find tales of criminals pleasing, pathetic, and heroic, that their doings may properly be set down here for edification.

In that year, then, after the Spanish war, the Dutch war, and the threats of Louis Quatorze, there was much recruiting for the army all over England, and in Warwickshire a recruiting-party were seeking heroes for Cutts's dragoon regiment. The Captain was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, a Bavarian Count, from a German regiment that came over to the English after Blenheim. His mother was English; his name, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein. His corporal and friend was Mr. Peter Brock, a stout soldier of fifty-seven; when pleased, simply coarse and jovial; when angered, a perfect demon for bullying and fighting.

These two gentlemen sat in the kitchen of the "Bugle Inn,"

drinking mountain-wine, while their ponderous Flemish horses were being walked up and down before the tavern, surrounded by an admiring crowd. The drinkers were served by a smart, handsome, giggling maid of sixteen, named Catherine Hall—familiarly called Cat. Although a slattern and a minx, this girl, educated in the poorhouse, was by her beauty an attraction at the inn, and many a pot of ale or liquor was sold by her engaging impudence. The Captain was impressionable, and not only swallowed much poor liquor but was smitten with Mrs. Cat's beauty and made love to her, while Corporal Brock laughed.

However, Brock soon went out and delighted the villagers by letting the small boys ride on his horse and then inviting the crowd to drink. Five of them entered, and of those, three surrendered to his diplomacy and enlisted. One of the others was John Hayes, a mean-spirited little carpenter, desperately in love with the penniless Catherine, who, though she would not agree to marry, did not say no, so that he remained her slave.

The Captain's attentions to Cat becoming noticeable, Mrs. Score began serving him herself—to the benefit of his temperance in drink; showed him to his bed, and in the morning sent the girl off to get a chicken for his breakfast, when in fact he was about leaving. Off rode the disgruntled Captain and his corporal, with the three recruits afoot, when, not far ahead, the gallant Captain espied his missing lady and easily persuaded her to mount behind him. That was the end of her inn-service; for when next she appeared she was the Captain's lady, with a blue feather and a red riding-coat trimmed with silver lace.

They lived together for a while in Birmingham and in bliss. In a week he became indifferent; in a month, weary; in two months, angry; and in three got to blows and curses. The lady was his equal at the latter, while once, when he flung his ale in her face because it was too flat for a gentleman to drink, she clutched a knife and threatened him. However, as the Captain confided to Brock, she loved him madly.

"Women, look you," said he, "are like dogs; they like to be ill treated. I never had anything to do with a woman but I ill-treated her, and she loved me the better for it." And Brock agreed that a woman was like a beefsteak, more tender as she was thumped the more.

The Count had been liberal to Catherine in clothes, and a horse, and flattering attentions, but when he had ill luck at play, or had to pay bills, he practised economy, and Catherine was his housekeeper and maidservant at home, his festive mistress abroad. He often hinted to her to go, while not quite equal to kicking her out; but she, both from love and despair of any other course, held on.

When a child was expected the Count tried to marry Cat off to Brock, with a dower of twenty guineas. The corporal was willing, but Mrs. Cat with flashing eyes went to the nearest justice of the peace and swore to the paternity of the coming baby. The Count was rather amused than angered at this.

During Catherine's illness he kept away and amassed by gambling nearly a thousand pounds, which he hid in a chest, screwed down under his bed; and about two months after the birth he put the child out to nurse and dismissed the attendant. It was a boy, who might hereafter assume the Galgenstein arms —with a bar sinister.

The corporal, however, during the Captain's absences became the confidant of Catherine, who told him of the treasure-chest and much of the Count's life and habits, which later became useful to the honest corporal.

About this time the Count saw a pudgy maiden from London, with twenty thousand pounds, and determined to marry her. But Brock heard him arranging to turn over Mrs. Cat to a friend of his named Trippett and vowing to have the rascally corporal drummed out of the Cutts regiment. He laid this before Catherine, who received it with ominous calmness. She got from each of several apothecaries a small portion of laudanum for a toothache. Then, one evening, when the Count had some gentlemen guests at cards, she brewed their punch. All drank freely, and all became merry — except the Count, who lost heavily, and Mr. Trippett, who tried to make love to Cat. But when the latter gentleman would kiss her she rolled him off the sofa to the floor, where he contentedly went to sleep, while the other guests departed. The half-drunk Captain demanded more punch and got it, with a goodly infusion of the toothache drops. When he demanded still more, Catherine was frightened and confessed to the poison. He howled with

fright, kicked Trippett awake and sent him for a doctor, and then at the sideboard compounded an effective emetic of mustard, oil and salt, which left him weak enough to go to bed and curse the doctor.

Catherine escaped by the window. Brock put the drowsy Count to bed, bound and gagged him, unscrewed the little treasure-chest and went to the Count's stable, told how his officer's mistress had poisoned him and run off with a thousand pounds, and, to pursue the wretch, rode off the Count's favorite horse.

Catherine escaped, but with dismal prospects; she had only a few shillings and nowhere to go. About an hour after the London coach left Birmingham it overtook our heroine, weeping, on a hillside. The driver and some of the passengers were walking up the hill, and Jehu asked the damsel if she would ride. She would, and promptly invented a story to match her circumstances. Being a pretty woman she was politely attended by all, and especially by one young man, who, when they descended for dinner at an inn, offered her his arm. She was astonished to find herself in the Bugle Inn of her youth; but her fine clothes and the good looks of her young escort, whom worthy Mrs. Score mistook for the Count, assured her a welcome from the dame, who put the dear Countess to bed and served her affectionately.

When the coach departed, and "his lordship" told Mrs. Score that he was a London tailor, never saw Catherine before, and naturally declined to pay her bill, the landlady forced Cat out of bed and into her clothes, and with furious abuse thrust her from the house. The wretched, burning, shivering Catherine, with a piteous sob, staggered out to the road. Dr. Dobbs, the parson, who had sternly reprobated Catherine in her ill-gained prosperity, recognized her and took her to his home, where she lay sick for weeks. Amiable when not crossed, and facile of temperament, Catherine stayed with the parson and his kind wife for some time. I shall not dwell upon this uninteresting passage of Christian charity, since the reader will care naught for such milk-and-water doings, but hasten to more entertaining matter, only mentioning that the parson told John Hayes of Catherine's presence, that that weak-minded, stingy-

souled, but faithful lover sought her once more, and that one day he and Catherine went to Worcester and were married.

In April, 1706, an Act of Parliament, for increasing the efficiency of her Majesty's fleet, authorized recruiting officers, local constables and tithing-men to seek recruits, and also to enter rooms and houses where deserting seamen might be. This created an army of informers and bullies, who extorted money from innocent men. Into a party of such rascals entered Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes, seeking refreshment in a public house. And hardly had they retired to their apartment before the crowd burst upon them—Mr. Peter Brock at the head—and arrested John Hayes as a deserter from her Majesty's navy. Of course Mrs. Cat and Brock recognized each other; but that made no difference. Mr. Hayes had to write to his father for twenty guineas ransom, the letter being sent by Captain Macshane, an Irish gentleman of army experience and many shady adventures.

Mr. Brock was now "Captain Wood"; and as he spent the wedding-night with the new couple, on guard, and as John Hayes, overcome with drink and dread, fell sound asleep across the bed, Mrs. Cat and her old acquaintance sat up and exchanged confidences. In the morning Captain Macshane returned, in company with Mother Hayes and the twenty guineas; and she, her son and daughter-in-law were permitted to depart. The Count, Captain Wood told Catherine, had gone to Flanders with his regiment, after regaining a portion of his money from Brock, who had spent so lavishly as to result in his recognition and flight from his fine lodgings.

The child whom Catherine and the Count had left with a Mrs. Billings had been forgotten by them both, and was adopted by the family, where he became the pest of the house and the neighborhood. He fought, he lied, he stole, he cursed, and at the mature age of six was undergoing a thrashing at the hands of Blacksmith Billings, when Captains Wood and Macshane happened along. Those two worthies had spent the past six years in the Virginia plantations, having been transported for stealing. They were now back, and learning enough of little Tom's story to guess the rest, and scenting profit, they offered to take him. The Billings family were glad to get rid of him, and he was glad to go.

When Captain Wood approached Mrs. Hayes on the subject she was heartily glad. The Captain and she concocted a letter from her dear brother in France, who had died, confiding her boy to this brother officer to be taken to his only sorrowing relative. John Hayes was not glad, but acceded to the new suggestion, and Captain Wood departed. Just after this John Hayes sent a young apprentice to jail for stealing forty guineas, kept in a cupboard which was known only to himself and his wife.

As we jumped seven years for Messrs. Brock (now Wood) and Macshane's American tour, we now pass ten for the education of Master Thomas Billings. Under the care of his mother he naturally increased his early accomplishments. He had a word and a blow for truculent ushers and big boys, and a kick for the small ones, but scorned the useless art of reading and all its kind.

Mr. John Hayes, moved by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine, left carpentering and lived for years in divers quarters of London—as greengrocer, as carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money to the poor, and finally as lodging-house keeper—but always as a close-squeezing pawnbroker, not inquiring too closely into the pedigree of the valuables bought as pledges, but making a snug profit in the sale of them unredeemed, as most of them were.

One morning in 1725, Mrs. Hayes, now a well-dressed, handsome, plump woman of thirty-four, her husband, and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger with them, returned from a pleasant excursion to Tyburn, where they had witnessed a hanging. In the back parlor, at the white-covered breakfast-table sat an elderly gentleman, reading. He was about seventy years old, of sober but cheerful aspect, quietly dressed in a black cassock. He had boarded with them for several years. It was the Rev. Dr. Wood—anciently, Corporal Peter Brock. They merrily commented on the gallant bearing of their Captain Macshane, the hero of the morning spectacle, and the doctor sighed as he told how he had warned Macshane against drink and bad company. Then they all turned to, at breakfast.

Master Tom was now sixteen years old, handsome, sallow, black-haired and black-eyed, and had been apprenticed to a

German tailor named Beinkleider. Between Hayes and the boy existed an armed truce of hatred. Tom received plenty of spending money from his mother—who, indeed, was the money-getter as Hayes was the saver, and who kept the books and ruled everything. She despised Hayes, who feared and fawned upon her. Thus she had her way with the young bully, her son, and between the three of them the family tempests were frequent and savage enough to rejoice the heart of the amiable Dr. Wood. He always quietly fomented the disagreements of the principals, and would laugh to tears at Tom's tales of his riotous adventures with watchmen, at taverns, and the like.

Before breakfast was over in came Master Tom. Dr. Wood was reading aloud the life and confession of Captain Macshane, closing with an account of those who had visited him in his cell, including Father O'Flaherty, whom he had robbed, and the priest's patron, the Bavarian Ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein.

"What! Max?" screamed Mrs. Hayes.

"Why, be hanged if it ben't my father!" said Mr. Billings.

Then arose discussion of how Tom might be presented to his affectionate father, who of course would "make a gentleman" of him.

As Beinkleider was making a pair of breeches for the Bavarian Ambassador, Tom was arrayed in style and sent to deliver the same.

"And, Tommy, if his lordship should ask after your mother," said that lady, "you needn't say anything about Mr. Hayes, only that I am quite well."

Galgenstein had led a gay life, so that now, at about forty-five or six, he had lost all capacity for enjoyment. Neither eating, riding, nor dancing, neither wine, woman, nor song could now arouse more than a brief galvanic interest. Even gaming—with winning or losing—hardly kept him awake. Master Billings found him in bed, Chaplain O'Flaherty in attendance with business papers.

The priest had seen Tom at the hanging, and asked if it was in the way of business or if some of his relatives were on the scaffold. To which Tom, no whit abashed, replied that his relations were not for such operations, his father being a gentleman.

The dreary Count began to be amused, and questioned him; at last he was flatly told that he himself was the young man's father—and chapter and verse were given, of Warwickshire, Catherine Hall, and all the rest. Tom here advanced, expecting to be embraced, but the Count complained of his smelling of gin and water, and, begging him to stand farther off, said:

"What! Are you little Cat's son? By heavens, Monsieur Abbé, a charming creature, but a tigress. Well, well, I think it very likely," and he rehearsed the story, and then told Tom of many of his later adventures. At last he bade his valet give the lad five guineas, and said he would like to see him again.

During the next month Tom several times saw the Count, who made no reference to the boy's mother. At a grand public entertainment in Marylebone Gardens, however, the Count was attracted to a graceful woman in a mask who seemed struck with his beauty; recognizing Tom in fine apparel with her, he greeted the boy cordially and then transferred his attention to the lady. At his invitation they repaired to an arbor for refreshment, and were highly entertained, until Tom saw his own sweetheart with another man and, rushing after them, left the Count and the lady together. Of course, the mask was soon withdrawn, and the Count enraptured by Catherine's sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. But, as they were starting for the Hayes mansion in the Count's coach, Tom rejoined them and jumped in, to the Count's disgust.

Mr. Hayes was not only drunk when they arrived, but also disorderly when he saw the coach drive off. So they quarreled; while Dr. Wood stood by and laughed. At last Hayes insulted Cat so directly that she threatened to "do for him." The pot-valiant Hayes flourished a stick and said worse things, when with a scream she seized a knife and ran at him. But he knocked her down with the stick, and when she recovered they all went to bed—he to snore, and she to toss in sleepless anger and growing hate, to think herself bound to such a thing for life, when if she were free she might be a countess—for had not the bewitched Count said as much? In the morning, as she glanced intently at Hayes, he uneasily moved, awoke, saw her murderous look, and fell into an icy terror. They had often quarreled, and he had struck her before—why should she hold

malice now? And he tried to make friends, proposing to close up business, buy a farm in Warwickshire, and "live genteel." She scorned him.

Old Wood read her intuitively, and said, "In faith, a count and a chariot-and-six is better than an old skinflint with a cudgel," asked after her sore head, and generally deepened her wretchedness. He also excited Tom with an account of the beating, so that poor Hayes lived now in dread of his life; while, his wife having dropped all interest in the business, he began gathering in his loans and hoarding his guineas—for Catherine no longer occupied the room with him. As his hoard grew he determined to flee with it and get away to safety.

Wood watched this, too, understood the wretched man's intent, and of course told Catherine. Meantime she saw the Count often, received money and dresses from him, but held him at chaste distance (largely by Wood's advice), while he grew more and more enamored, and even wrote her (by Father O'Flaherty) "were that bond of ill-omened Hymen cut in twain witch binds you, I swear, Madame, that my happiness woulde be to offer you this hande, as I have my harte long agoe." This rejoiced the unhappy-happy Catherine, as already a patent of nobility for herself and Tom—who had also become a welcome visitor to the Count, and was well supplied with money.

Poor Hayes, whose wife was handsomely dressed and in funds, although never now asking him for a penny, knew well of the Count's affair with her, but was only the more determined to escape. He wore his money in a belt and bought pistols.

One of the Count's gifts had been some choice mountain-wine, of which Hayes was inordinately fond, but of which he was never invited to partake. On March 1, 1726, Mr. Hayes had completed the sum with which he meant to decamp, and, as he entered the house about dusk, Mrs. Hayes and her son being out, Dr. Wood was smoking in the little back parlor. The old gentleman addressed Hayes genially, and invited him to drink, which pleased him much. Thus, when Tom and Mrs. Hayes entered, Hayes made no objection to the young fellow's joining them; and when the mountain-wine was brought out Hayes, already well heated with what he had drunk, bragged that he could manage eight bottles. They laughingly challenged him,

exchanging significant looks. After the third bottle Mrs. Cat, who sat pale and silent, grew uneasy, as she had an appointment to meet the Count the next evening, for the first time alone. She whispered to Wood:

"No, no! for God's sake, not to-night!"

"She means we are to have no more liquor," said Wood to Hayes, who heard the sentence and seemed alarmed.

"That's it—no more liquor," said Catherine eagerly. "You have had enough to-night. Go to bed, and lock your door, and sleep, Mr. Hayes."

But he screamed that he was good for five bottles more, and would have them. Well, the bottles were brought and drunk by Hayes, who was led up-stairs by Tom and Wood, being unable to go alone.

Mrs. Springatt, the lodger, came down to ask what the noise was, and was told that Tom was making merry with some friends. She retired, and the house was quiet.

Some scuffling and stamping was heard about eleven o'clock.

Somewhat later Tom Billings remembered that he had a parcel to carry to someone in the neighborhood of the Strand, and Dr. Wood walked out with him.

Mr. Hayes did not join the family next day, and they reported that he had gone away, without saying whither, or when he would be back. That evening Billings went out again toward Marylebone Fields, and, as before, Wood goodnaturedly went with him.

Mrs. Catherine also went at nine o'clock to meet the Count, in a place convenient to the Count's lodgings in St. Margaret's Churchyard, near Westminster Abbey. He appeared with a torch-bearer, whom he dismissed, and the couple entered the little cemetery and sat on one of the tombs, under a tree, as it seemed to be. He clasped the trembling woman and assured her that the moment she was free she should be Countess of Galgenstein.

"Max," she exclaimed, "*I am free.*"

"What, is he dead?"

"No, but he never was my husband."

Then the Count let go her hand and said that a carpenter's

mistress might be content with the protection of a Count, without marriage. But she explained that Hayes had already a wife when he married her and offered him a letter from Hayes, declaring that he had left her forever, to return to his own wife.

The moon here broke through the clouds, and the Count, who had backed away, stood still and stared upward, his eyes bulging with terror. At last he raised his finger slowly and said:

"Look, Cat—*the head—the head!*" Then uttering a horrible laugh, he fell groveling on the ground in a fit.

Catherine started and looked up. She had been under a post, not a tree; the moon was shining full upon it; and on the top, strangely distinct, was a livid human head—the head of John Hayes. She fled; and when the Count's servant sought him he was sitting on the flags, laughing and talking to the head, a hopeless idiot. He so lived for years and years, clanking the chain and moaning under the lash in his solitary cell.

The newspapers of March 3, 1726, related that a man's head, freshly cut off, had been found by the river's side near Westminster, and was exposed to public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard for identification. And that interesting historical work, the *Newgate Calendar*, will supply to such of my readers as have appetite for the further adventures of the Rev. Dr. Wood, Mr. Thomas Billings, and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, all the pleasant details of the murder and the subsequent executions, duly set down for their pleasure.

The author has tried to exclude from this tale (except in two insignificant instances) any characters but scoundrels of high degree, and really hopes that his readers may be as thoroughly disgusted with them and their careers as he is, and not be led to expend a halfpenny worth of sympathy on any of them.

# THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON (1844)

This story appeared first in *Fraser's Magazine* during 1844, and purported to be by "Fitz-Boodle," who had previously contributed his *Confessions* and *Professions*. It was written in ironical vein, with the intention to burlesque Bulwer-Lytton's novel, *Pelham*. The composition of *Barry Lyndon* seems to have given Thackeray not a little trouble. In August, 1844, he writes that the story "is lying like a nightmare on my mind"; and again at Malta, November 3d, he says: "Finished 'Barry' after great throes late at night." His daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, indicates the author's misgivings concerning this work, and the general opinion of it, in the following excerpt from the *Biographical Edition*: "My father once said to me: 'You needn't read *Barry Lyndon*, you won't like it.' Indeed it is scarcely a book to like, but one to admire and to wonder at for its consummate power and mastery."

PRESUME that there is no gentleman in Europe who has not heard of the house of Barry, of Barryogue, in the kingdom of Ireland; and though I laugh to scorn the pretensions of many of my countrymen, who are all for descending from the ancient kings, truth compels me to assert that my family was the noblest of the island, and, perhaps, of the universal world. But we are princes of the land no longer, our unhappy race having lost its vast possessions through treachery, war, and adhesion to the old faith and the old monarch.

My father, known among the highest circles as Roaring Harry Barry, was a second son, but came naturally into my grandfather's property in this manner. His elder brother (the Chevalier Borgne) took the field with the Catholic Pretender in 1745, and my father, being happily converted, lodged the necessary information against the Chevalier, and the law gave him possession of the paternal estate. Soon after this he married handsome Bell Brady, of Castle Brady, County of Kerry, and went to live in London. There he supported the family name with such magnificence that when he died suddenly at the Chester races my mother had great difficulty in elud-

ing rapacious creditors and getting to Ireland with the family plate.

I was then only an infant, and as my mother spent every guinea she had in paying part of the expenses of my father's splendid funeral, we took up our residence in Ireland under conditions that would have discouraged any other woman. But she was a woman of such spirit and fashion that when her brother, impressed by the grandeur of my father's funeral, invited her to visit him, she went to Castle Brady in a gilt coach, with enormous armorial bearings, and was taken by her sister-in-law and the rest of the county for a person of property and distinction.

My mother gave the law at Castle Brady until Mrs. Brady, scenting the truth of her condition, requested her to leave, and in about two years she complied, having saved during this time all her income of fifty pounds a year. This income was all that remained of my father's property, and on this we managed to live comfortably enough, in a house near by, which my mother had furnished economically but with perfect good taste. For all her poverty, she never abated one jot of the dignity that became a lady who had frequented the most fashionable society. She wore the largest of hoops and the handsomest of furbelows; and on Sundays I was dressed in velvet and ruffles, with a little silver-hilted sword at my side, as fine as any lord in the land.

I attained early that distinction of manner natural to gentility, and, developing a very handsome person as I grew up, was always a favorite among the girls of Castle Brady, where I frequently visited. By the time I was sixteen I had acquired many accomplishments from the gay company that assembled there, and excelled in fencing, dancing, and shooting. As for polite learning, I think to this day that one may derive sufficient from novels and plays, and that grammar and such dull stuff should be left to pedants and low scribblers.

At this period I fell desperately in love with Honoria Brady, who was seven years older than myself. She professed to return my regard, and I believed her until one day I came on a certain Captain Quinn making love to her in the garden. In spite of the uproar made against it by the family, who wished to

secure Quinn's fifteen hundred a year, I insisted on his meeting me and succeeded in shooting him through the neck.

As the seconds assured me he was dead it became necessary for me to go into hiding for a time. Hastening to my mother, who received me with pride and exultation, I accepted her little store of twenty guineas and packing my clothes was soon riding along the road to Dublin.

I confess that I thought more of the world before me than of the kind mother left alone; and, being armed with pistols and my father's silver-hilted sword, felt that fortune could close no career to a gentleman as accomplished and well appointed as myself.

Not far from Dublin I met with an adventure. Coming up to a carriage, whose occupant, a Mrs. Fitzsimons, had been robbed by highwaymen, I proffered my assistance, which was graciously accepted. On hearing the story I had invented—that I was one of the Redmonds, of Waterford, and was traveling to Dublin to complete my education—she told me of her own distinguished family and insisted that I make the acquaintance of her husband.

This gentleman, Captain Fitzsimons, received me with open arms when informed of my gallantry toward his lady, and I consented to remain for a time at their house. Though I discovered that they lived in something resembling squalor, and that the Captain borrowed a tenpenny-piece wherewith to purchase supper, I was edified by their conversation. In every sentence they brought up some lord or other person of quality with whom they were on intimate terms; and, not to be behindhand with them, I spoke of my own estates and told all the stories of the nobility I ever had heard.

I made so favorable an impression that the Captain introduced me to a number of his friends; also to his tailor and jeweler, whom I patronized liberally—on credit. A number of friends assembled at his house for play every evening, and, as I soon found that the currency exchanged during the game consisted principally of notes of hand, I played on my own without stint. These were accepted willingly, as I was supposed to be a young gentleman of large fortune; but my cash was soon exhausted in other fashionable diversions, and I was obliged to

resort to a pawn-shop with the articles obtained on credit from the tailor and jeweler.

What does the scoundrelly pawnbroker do but carry word of this business transaction to Fitzsimons, whom, with his wife, I one day caught in the act of rifling my valise. Therein were papers that had revealed my identity, and the worthy pair, after reproaching me bitterly with deceiving them, attempted to make off with my belongings. By this time I was pretty well convinced that I had fallen into the hands of sharpers, and, after rescuing my property from the Captain at the point of the sword, I left them in just indignation. As the liveryman held my horse in captivity for a miserable debt of eighteen pounds, I now found myself without resources of any kind and resolved to enlist, as the only way out of my difficulties.

A few days later I was sent on board a transport bound for Germany, where the great Frederick was then waging the Seven Years' War against Austria and her allies. As I never had a taste for any but genteel society, and hate even descriptions of low life, I shall pass over briefly my experience in the company of common soldiers. It is sufficient to say that by resenting every familiarity with a blow, and by defeating the greatest bully of the regiment in a desperate fight with cudgels, I taught them the difference between us. However, life would have been intolerable had not Captain Fagan, who had acted as second in my duel, come aboard and taken me into his company.

I was now informed by my friend that the duel had been merely farcical, the pistols having been loaded with pieces of tow, and that my rival had lived to marry Honoria after all. My disgust at this announcement was short-lived, as I had ceased to care for the faithless Honoria and more immediate troubles were occupying my mind.

We debarked at Cuxhaven, where I was transformed into a tall and proper soldier, though my dream of glorious war was soon dispelled. My pride revolted at being obliged to smear my hair with tallow instead of pomatum, and I was threatened with a caning by Ensign Fakenham, whom I intended to kill, as I would any other man should he strike me. My friend Fagan fell in the very first battle after we united with the Prussian forces, and as he alone had protected me from some of the officers, whom

I had addressed insolently, I was now exposed to their vengeance. They made life such a torment to me that I determined to desert, and fortune abetted me in the following manner:

The low-bred ensign who would have caned a Barry, the descendant of kings, was happily shot down in action, and I was one of the men detailed to carry him from the field. We removed him to a house near by, where I dismissed my companions and remained to minister to the wounded man. The next day I put on his uniform, the pockets of which incidentally contained his papers and purse; and, purchasing a horse, I escaped beyond the boundaries of the territory occupied by our army.

Thus was I well rid of that detestable service, and for a few days I was happy in the ignorance that I was about to enter a worse one. For near Düsseldorf I fell in with a sharp old Prussian, who, suspecting that I was not what I pretended to be, decoyed me into a room full of soldiers and in spite of my desperate resistance succeeded finally in recruiting me for the army of his Majesty of Prussia.

With many other victims of these dealers in human flesh, I was placed in the town prison and in a few days was drafted into a regiment quartered at Berlin. Though the English discipline is rigorous, the monstrous tyranny of the Prussian service is inconceivable, and only men of iron can endure it.

For a time I was content to endure with the rest; but after I had proven myself a brave and dexterous soldier, I took means to prevent any further degradation by suspending a bullet around my neck and announcing that it should kill the next man or officer who should cause me to be chastised. I did my duty as well as another, and by the time I was twenty there was not a braver, handsomer soldier in the Prussian army. I was wicked enough, too, and being swarthy of complexion will admit that I well deserved the sobriquet of "the black devil" bestowed on me by my comrades.

The war came to an end, and I had been in this service about six years when my Captain, with whom I was now quite a favorite, gave me a mission connected with the police. This was to ascertain the business in Berlin of a Chevalier Balibari, who was suspected of being an agent of Austria. To my joy and amazement I discovered this gentleman to be my uncle, Barry

of Ballybarry, who had lost his estate to my father in consequence of his adherence to the cause of the Pretender. He was then about sixty years old, superbly dressed, with enormous diamond rings and shoe-buckles, and wearing the ribbon of the order of the Spur across his breast. I learned that his chief conspiracy was a faro-bank, and as he took me immediately into his service I soon acquired the subtle accomplishments of his profession.

For a time we prepared together my amusing reports to the police, but as their surveillance became annoying to my uncle he determined to leave Berlin and planned my own escape so cleverly that I soon joined him beyond the Prussian border.

Now that I was a free man once more I made up my mind to be a gentleman, thenceforth and forever; and let no prudish person affect indignation when they learn that we immediately opened a game in Dresden, acting, of course, as confederates. We played as gentlemen, grandly, honorably, with not only the natural advantage that Heaven sent us in the way of skill, but with signals that all partners prearrange between them. It is only the vulgar fool who cheats with cogged dice and cut cards, and while my advice is, of course, to follow him while he plays, a gallant gentleman never must have anything to do with him.

As my uncle was in good odor at the court, I was speedily in the best society of the Saxon capital; and with a good run of luck we were enabled to make no ungenteel figure. Being descended from the ancient kings, we had our arms surmounted with the Irish crown; but as this excited ridicule among some English gentlemen in Dresden I put an end to their amusement by calling one of them out and shooting him in the leg.

The life we now lived was delightful, and we passed from one city to another, everywhere received as noblemen of distinction, and enjoying an uninterrupted run of fortune. Shortly after being requested to leave Holland, by the police of the stingy Dutch, we invaded the Duchy of X——, where we were soon counted among the most notable personages of its aristocratic capital.

The old reigning Duke was a man devoted to pleasure, and the Princess Olivia, wife of his son, Duke Victor, set an admirable example to the ladies of the court by her contempt of conventionality and boldness in play. Experience having dispelled all

my romantic notions regarding love, I had for some time determined to consolidate my fortunes by marriage; and in the train of the Princess Olivia I discovered a young countess whose wealth sufficed for my ambition.

The Princess detested me for some reason, but the profound counsel of my uncle guided me in obtaining her consent to my plan. The foolish young Countess whom I have mentioned had fallen in love with a beggarly ensign, but the latter had been dismissed by the Duke, who designed to marry her to the Chevalier de Magny. My uncle had observed that the Princess Olivia was deeply in love with De Magny, so I encouraged this young gentleman to play until his fortune was quite exhausted. He then pawned to me a great emerald which I knew the Princess had given him from the crown jewels.

By threatening to expose them I induced De Magny to relinquish his claim to the Countess's hand and obtained the Princess Olivia's influence to advance my own suit.

The affair was in a most promising way when an enemy to the Princess learned of the affair of the emerald and repeated his information to the Princess's husband. The infuriated Duke Victor immediately imprisoned the wretched De Magny, who was poisoned in his cell, and Olivia was placed under guard in her apartments. I heard afterward that she was murdered by her husband. Perhaps in some measure they deserved their fate, but the guiltless also suffered, and my uncle and I were told to quit the duchy immediately.

However, our phenomenal luck held good in every other court of the Continent, and the young Chevalier Balibari was celebrated among the brave, the high-born, and the beautiful, when at Spa I made the fatal acquaintance of the Countess of Lyndon. Though of the highest lineage, the Countess was a simpering, unprepossessing creature, and only her vast wealth and the low state of her husband's health induced me to notice her at all.

Under these conditions, however, I made her acquaintance, and with the aid of Mr. Runt, governor to her little son, the Viscount Bullingdon, entered into correspondence with her. One cannot express much passion in a scholastic correspondence, still we soon became "Callista" and "Eugenio" to each other,

after her romantic habit, and my ladyship's letters fell into a tone which perhaps she never intended to adopt.

I vowed my respectful attachment on her departure from Spa, and a year later, learning of her husband's death at Castle Lyndon, in Ireland, I immediately returned to my native country, after an absence of eleven years.

It is needless to say that there I exhibited my usual splendor and generosity, and, making my uncle's order of the Spur hereditary, presented a dazzling figure among the impoverished Irish nobility. When my fashionable engagements permitted I called upon my mother, to whom I had written twice during my absence; and though I was received with coolness the good soul was too proud of my state and attainments to withhold her blessing very long.

My object in going to Ireland was to lay siege to Lady Lyndon, and I lost no time in resuming our correspondence, which, I confess, was rather one-sided at first. Then, learning that her cousin, Lord George Poynings, was paying court to her ladyship, I made a polite quarrel with him and ran him through the body. This brought Lady Lyndon to Dublin, where Lord George lay wounded; but this gentleman, having seen incidentally one of the early letters she had written to me, refused to receive her. When she returned to her carriage from this call I was waiting for her and spoke to her endearingly. When she arrived at her house I was there to receive her, and in spite of her frightened command to leave her I made then and there a solemn oath never to do so.

In some agitation she permitted me to lead her to the drawing-room, and there I honorably opened my mind. I reproached her for cruelty in not answering my recent letters, when her former correspondence had encouraged me. With a terrible eloquence that astonished myself, I eulogized her charms, vowed my unconquerable passion for her, and declared that my wrath, like a stroke from God, should visit any mortal who stood between us.

She shrank from me trembling, and, letting my eye rest on her a moment like a ray of flame, I left her. In spite of the impression I was convinced I had made I was refused admittance to the house when I called again, but by bribing her servants I

obtained and opened every letter she wrote. They were soon filled with wondering allusions to me, for, thus learning beforehand of many places to which she intended to go, I invariably appeared there beside her. I bribed a fortune-teller to describe me as her future husband, and at last, as a convincing proof of my power and determination, I carried off her ward and married her to my cousin Ulick Brady.

When Lady Lyndon fled to London I followed in relentless pursuit; and, in brief, there I overcame her assumed aversion and married her in spite of the clamorous objections of her relatives. Before we quitted London, to visit our estates, I obtained his Majesty's permission to add the name of my lovely lady to my own, and thenceforth assumed the style and title of Barry Lyndon.

Hackton Castle, where we took up our residence, soon proved too gloomy for my taste, and I cleared the great hall of its old armor and the staterooms of their Venetian glasses and queer decorations to make room for china monsters, broken antique statuary, and modern furniture. I also built a kennel and stables that cost thirty thousand pounds, and took the field in season with four packs of hounds.

The changes I made required no small outlay; but I have little of the base spirit of economy; the money was easily procured by mortgages, and besides I had only a life interest in the Lyndon property.

At the end of a year Lady Lyndon presented me with a son, whom I named Bryan, in compliment of his great ancester, Bryan Boru. Alas! I had nothing to leave him but a noble name, for the whole estate was entailed upon Lord Bullingdon. Nevertheless I was determined to endow little Bryan, so I cut down twelve thousand pounds' worth of timber on the estates, despising the protest of Bullingdon's guardian. With this sum I commissioned my mother to repurchase our ancient lands of Ballybarry, which she did, and lived there, too, relieving me of the embarrassment of a visit.

In London I soon acquired renown at the clubs, where I passed most of my time; her ladyship and I usually living separate when in town. She had grown very fat, was careless about her dress, and her conversations with me were characterized by

a stupid despair or a blundering attempt at forced cheerfulness. So my temptations to take her into the gay world were exceedingly small, and, selecting three or four discreet persons as companions, I encouraged her to remain at home with them. Luckily, she was fond of our son, and when she refused to sign such papers as I thought necessary I had him carried off and secreted until she would agree to anything.

I gave orders to the servants about her except to one, a handsome, red-cheeked jade, who I admit made a great fool of me. Her infernal temper and my wife's despondency drove me a good deal abroad, and I took up play again as a pastime; but my skill seemed to leave me when deprived of a confederate, and in two seasons I lost so great an amount of money that I was obliged to borrow on my wife's annuities.

In fact, luck turned against me in everything. My losses on the turf were enormous; my agents robbed me; my business speculations were most surprisingly disastrous; and the great campaign which carried me to Parliament finally left my finances in such confusion that thenceforward I could make nothing of them.

Lord Bullingdon gave me much trouble about this time, bearing himself with such defiance that I was obliged to chastise him repeatedly. As he grew to young manhood he hated me with an intensity that was quite wicked; and I was much relieved when he ran away and enlisted in the American war. He left a mad letter, in which he referred to me as "the insolent Irish upstart," spoke of my abuse of Lady Lyndon, of my infidelity, and of the shameless robbery of his estates. I have no doubt he originated the slander—which was everywhere current—that I wished to murder him; and even the King, at the time I was endeavoring to obtain entrance into the peerage, asked me pointedly when I had heard of Lord Bullingdon.

Indignant at his ingratitude, for I had equipped a regiment for him for the American war out of my own purse, I removed my establishment to Paris, where I met my uncle for the last time. The old Chevalier had been ruined by a French actress, but was now sincerely repentant and desired me to pay a handsome fee to a monastery he proposed to enter. Of course my

religious scruples obliged me to refuse, and we parted rather coolly in consequence.

On my return I was defeated for Parliament, being libeled as an Irish Bluebeard by Lady Lyndon's relatives; and then, to escape the inextricable toils of bills and mortgages, I passed over to my estates in Ireland. There we received word of Lord Bullingdon's death, which made my son heir to an English earldom; and my mother, whom I placed in charge at Castle Lyndon, went almost mad with joy.

But stern fate had ordained that I should leave none of my race behind me. My darling boy lost his life by being thrown from a horse. With his dying breath he besought his father and mother to love each other better, and I only wish that Lady Lyndon had enabled me to keep his counsel. But not long after I discovered that she was engaged in secret correspondence with her relatives, whom she urged to assist her in escaping from her "tyrant." I repel with scorn the imputation that I imprisoned her, though her insane whims compelled my mother and me to keep a close watch on her; and besides had she given me the slip I should have been a ruined man the next day.

Now the ungrateful friends who had gorged at my table fell away from me, influenced no doubt by rumors inspired by Lady Lyndon's relatives. According to them, I had plundered her estates, had caused Lord Bullingdon to be murdered in America, and was torturing my wife to death to obtain her insurance.

By this time I could hardly get money enough to pay my wine bills, and peremptorily demanded of my agent in London that he secure a loan on certain property of my wife's that was still pretty free from encumbrance. He answered that he could do so if Lady Lyndon would come to London to sign the necessary papers.

My lady had been so affectionate of late, in her poor, silly fashion, that I thought I could trust her; and against the admonitions of my mother I took her to London. There, in the office of my trusted agent, I walked into the very trap my mother had warned me against. Lady Lyndon was received into the arms of numerous relatives and I was immediately surrounded by bailiffs!

Though I stormed and threatened, it was in vain; the powers

arrayed against me were too strong to be alarmed or overthrown, and I was compelled to accept their terms of a paltry three hundred a year and immunity from arrest until I could leave the country.

Of my years of lonely exile that followed Lady Lyndon's treachery I shall say nothing. Fortune avoided me, and of all the friends of my great days none remained but my mother, who, now a very old woman, sits beside me in the Fleet Prison as I write the last line of my Memoirs.

As Mr. Barry Lyndon's personal narrative finishes here, the following may be read in explanation of his presence in the Fleet Prison, where he remained nineteen years, attended by his old mother, dying at last of *delirium tremens*. Returning secretly to England, and failing in an attempt to blackmail Lord George Poynings, he had almost persuaded his wife, who never was really out of love with him, to live with him again. This was prevented by the reappearance of Viscount Bullingdon, long supposed dead, who administered a tremendous castigation to his stepfather. Lady Lyndon was furious when she heard of the rencounter; she declined to see her son and was for rushing at once into the arms of her adored Barry. But that gentleman had been lodged in prison meanwhile, and the Countess never saw him again, though she paid his annuity as long as she lived.

## PENDENNIS (1848)

This story was Thackeray's first great success. Many of the characters were drawn from life, and reappear often in succeeding stories.

R. JOHN PENDENNIS was a little, quiet old gentleman, extremely mild and genteel, who had amassed a very modest competency by combining the vocations of apothecary and surgeon in a humble little shop graced by the sign of a gilt pestle. When the time came that he could retire, he gladly and completely forgot that he had ever sold brown paper plasters, and realized his life-dream of becoming a gentleman.

He bought a little estate in the village of Clavering, which he called Fairoaks. It was separated by a little river from what was left of the great Clavering family's park.

Here Mr. Pendennis installed his young wife, who had been Miss Helen Thistlewood, a very distant and very poor relative and dependent of the noble house of Bareacres.

The disappearance of the Pendennis of the pestle from Bath ushered into Clavering the Pendennis of Fairoaks. Where they came from Heaven only knows, but presently a whole range of Pendennis portraits appeared—Roger Pendennis of Agincourt, Arthur Pendennis of Crecy, General Pendennis of Blenheim.

By the time little Arthur Pendennis was eight years old all these and still other Pendennises of the past were as real to the family as the gilt pestle had become unreal. Although John's income of only about five hundred pounds a year did not permit him to live with the great folk of the county, he managed to get a good deal of the odor of genteel life.

A link which bound Squire Pendennis, as he now called himself, to the great world of London and the fashions was his brother, Major Pendennis. He brought the last news of the

nobility and of the clubs, of the latter of which he was a chief ornament. The Major had sold out after long service in India and New South Wales and gone on half pay. He was desperately poor; but the number of crested and coroneted invitations to great houses that lay on his favorite table in the club drove the less fortunate lovers of high society to desperation.

The young fellows loved to walk with him, for he touched his hat to everybody, and every other man he knew was a lord. If there was any question about etiquette, pedigree, or precedence Pendennis was the man to whom everybody appealed.

His coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect. Seeing him from a distance one would take him to be thirty. It was only close inspection that revealed the crows' feet around the somewhat dimming eyes of his handsome mottled face and the entirely artificial character of his fine brown hair.

Major Pendennis was much prouder of his brother the Squire of Fairoaks than he ever had been of his brother the medical practitioner of Bath, and he was delighted beyond measure to behold his nephew growing up in such complete forgetfulness of the shop that everybody called him the Prince of Fairoaks.

His little court encouraged him in his royal temper. His mother was one of those affectionate, selfless creatures who are made to give their all to others. She spoke and thought of her husband with an awful reverence. The Major was a very Bayard among majors to her. She worshiped "the Prince" with an ardor that he accepted coolly, as princes should.

Pendennis was sixteen when his father died. Even in the moment of his grief, and as he embraced his mother and tenderly consoled her, he could not help feeling that now he was chief and lord, and that he wouldn't stand the bullying at school any longer, but should have it all holidays in the future. The Major was for his going back. But Pen adroitly conveyed to his mother a hint as to what a wild, dangerous place Greyfriars was, and the timid soul at once acceded to his desire.

Pen got a very good mare and rode her excellently well across country. He became a good judge of claret. He did not neglect his studies altogether, for Mr. Smirke, the curate, ambled over from Clavering daily on a sober-minded pony and read the poets with him.

Pen zealously avoided all books that might by chance fall into a school course; but he devoured all others, and his mind became of a gloomy Byronic cast. He broke out in the Poets' Corner of the *County Chronicle* with tremendous verses on Assize Meetings, Tears, Love, and Politics. He wrote tragedies in which everybody was killed.

One day he rode into Chatteris to deliver a fiery poem for the next week's paper, and in the stable-yard of the inn beheld a grand black tandem with scarlet wheels, whose owner was habited in crimson and green-and-white glory that made it difficult to say whether he was a prize-fighter on a holiday or a coachman in gala dress.

In this splendid creature Pendennis recognized a colleague of his Greyfriars days—young Foker, who could barely read in school and had been notorious both for his lack of cleanliness and his stupidity. But young Foker's father was stupendously rich from brewing that famous ale honorably known as Foker's Entire. He had married Lady Agnes, sister of the eminent and penniless Earl of Rosherwood, to one of whose daughters young Foker had been engaged since his childhood.

This kindly scion of ale-brewers and earls was "hail fellow, well met" with everybody. He called his noble uncle "old cock," with the same unassuming simplicity with which he addressed the famous coal-heaver who had whipped the Shropshire One. He dazzled Pen by giving an order for a dinner of turtle and champagne, which little feast was wound up with a visit to the play, where the wonderful Fotheringay was performing in *The Stranger*.

In the grand scene all the house was affected. Foker wept piteously into a huge yellow silk handkerchief. As for Pen, the whole theater reeled before his sight. It was something overwhelming, maddening, delicious.

He rode home in a whirl, and with the first touch of dawn he awoke to the same delirium. Hardly had he eaten breakfast before he was off again, riding madly to Chatteris.

There Foker did him the inestimable favor of introducing him to the Fotheringay's father, Captain Costigan, "once of the Foighting Hundtherd and Third" and a Costigan of Costigantown. The Captain was attired in extremely shabby garments

and gave Pen a military salute with a very dirty and broken glove. He wore a high stock, stained and scarred. His dress-coat was buttoned up tightly where there were buttons, and his once handsome face was coppery from much whisky.

In the brief morning of life Costigan had been the delight of regimental messes and had had the honor of singing at the tables of the most illustrious generals and commanders-in-chief. He spent his doubtful patrimony with speed and drank many times more than was good for him. After retiring hastily from the army he kept afloat in mysterious ways, ready to drink with any man and indorse any man's note, and always ready to weep at his own sentimental songs, which he sang admirably.

The Captain was much impressed with the grandeur of the Prince of Fairoaks and the lavish way in which that royal heir spent money. To Pen's wild delight, he invited him to his home, where he had the honor of meeting the peerless Fotheringay face to face. She looked even more handsome off the stage than on. Indeed, she was one of the beauties of her day; and later when she made her success in London the whole town lay at her feet.

Small wonder, then, that Pen's heart nearly choked him and that his knees trembled under him. He hardly heard her speak, so overwhelmed was the poor lad with love and confusion. The Fotheringay looked at the rosy, freckled, frank, good-natured face, the honest blue eyes, and the innocent confusion of the lad, and mentioned in a rich, deep, melancholy voice that the weather was very fine. Subsequently she added to the conversation by announcing that it was a bit warm.

The truth was, Miss Costigan was invincibly stupid, but poor Pen rode home that night saying aloud to the sky and the trees: "How beautiful she is! How simple and how tender! How well she talked! Emily! Emily!"

Now the mare had her work cut out, for she had to carry her young master daily to Chatteris at her best speed. Night after night Pen spent watching breathlessly for the appearance of Emily on the stage. Hour after hour he spent listening to Captain Costigan's tales of his Royal Highness the Juke of Kent and paying for the old toper's whisky. He wrote verses, sonnets, epics to his love. Miss Costigan, whose invincible stupidity

made her invincibly good-natured, received them with a kind smile, and after Pen's departure would say: "Poor lad! They're very grand, but what they're all about I'm sure I don't know."

"Put them with th' hother letters, Milly darling," said Costigan with a wink. "Sir Poldoody's pomes was nothin' to this." And Milly would lock them up while debating whether she should have mutton chops or broiled kidneys for luncheon.

Of course Pen's infatuation for the actress could not long remain a secret. All Chatteris was talking of it, and soon Helen's kindest friends hastened to tell her of it, not forgetting to put the worst possible construction on the affair. Old Dr. Portman came to the house and upbraided him in his mother's tearful presence. When Pen raved about her goodness, and declared that the Costigans were fully as good as the Pendennises, having been kings in Ireland, the old doctor burst out: "Why, you don't mean to say that you want to marry her?"

On that Pen put on his most princely air and asked vehemently, "What else, Dr. Portman, could be my desire?" whereupon Helen threw herself on her son's shoulder in an excess of joy and cried: "I told you, doctor, that he was not—not what you thought!"

Utterly routed, the doctor could only gasp: "Send for Major Pendennis, Ma'am!"

That poor old buck received the news with horror. He thought of how people would laugh at him were his nephew to marry a tragedy queen. He groaned at going to the country in the height of the London season. Ruefully he wrote off refusals to the Marquis of Steyne and Lord Deuceace, and all the other noble ones who had invited him to their festivities. He ordered his valet to pack his belongings and resigned himself piteously to martyrdom.

He arrived barely in time, for Pen had almost won his mother over. The wise old man of the world wasted no time with the lovelorn youngster. Like an old campaigner, he sallied at once against the key position, which was that weak and maudlin fortress, the castle Costigan.

Though he shuddered at the sight and odor of that alcoholic soldier, he bluffly declared himself comrade-in-arms with him and soon managed to convey the information that Pendennis

was but a poverty-stricken prince, who would have nothing at all till his mother died and then only five hundred a year.

Captain Costigan arose in lionlike wrath and called down the imprecations of Heaven on the impostor who had trifled with the affection of his innocent child. He also challenged the Major to a duel. Later, sinking into despondency, he wept into his whisky and water. Finally he permitted the Major to redeem a small note which was out against him, in return for which favor he gave up all Pen's letters and all the flaming verses.

Miss Costigan wisely remarked that to be supported at the charity of an old lady who might be cross about it wouldn't make them very well off. So she wrote Arthur Pendennis a little note that made him ride distractedly around the country, toss through sleepless nights, and deem that he should die.

But he did not; and at last the Major thankfully saw his martyrdom at an end and returned to his beloved clubs. Pen wrote tragedies more burning than ever, cultivated more Byronic gloom and talked of his blighted love to Mr. Smirke until that gentleman feebly confessed to him that he, too, loved passionately; and on Pen's laughingly asking her name said that it was the young man's mother; which made the Prince of Fairoaks roar out most indignantly and send the poor curate out of the house in sore disgrace.

His Highness now decided to go to Oxbridge, where Harry Foker and other friends from Greyfriars were reading for their degrees. The widow scraped together all her savings and despatched him there in magnificence. Soon Pendennis of Fairoaks was the leader in all that classical place of learning and life. His rooms were the finest, his wines were the best, his words were quoted by eager admirers and his costumes copied by all the college dandies.

All declared that he was easily the best man in the university; but somehow another man carried off the Greek ode prize and a rival won the Latin hexameter prize, and at the last poor Pen got nothing but a minor declamation prize, at which his mother marveled and cherished it as the finest thing ever won in a college.

All the young nobles and spendthrifts at Oxbridge belonged to Pen's set. Honest Harry Foker, who was presently "sent down" because of a little dinner that he gave in college in which a prize-

fighting guest operated on a proctor who came to investigate, said to Pen before he left: "It's not me I'm bothered about. As long as people drink beer I don't care. But you're goin' too fast, my boy. You can't keep up the pace, I tell you."

Presently Foker's prediction came true. One day the crash came. Pen's allowance had long since been spent, he had borrowed right and left, tradesmen openly besieged his door, and Pen sat down to realize that he had spent more than fourteen hundred pounds in his two years, and still owed seven hundred pounds. In the midst of his troubles the lists came out and Pendennis found that he had been "plucked."

He fled from Oxbridge and went to London to see the Major. That gentleman, who had been vastly delighted with the fine acquaintances his nephew had made at Oxbridge, received him with pleasure that changed to trembling indignation when he learned the truth, and he stalked away, regretting that his engagements would not permit him to see much of Pen during his stay in London.

Poor Pendennis skulked about London after writing to his mother such a letter as prodigals have had to write ever since there were mothers and prodigals. The gentle soul who received it did not care one half so much about the great sum of money or the loss of the degree as she did to know that her son, of whose wild career in Oxbridge she had learned from many sources, was coming back to her, repentant.

And as to the money, why, wasn't all of Pen's father's money his? Hadn't he a right to spend it? Besides, the problem of raising the cash was not at all a difficult one, for Helen's eyes were not the only ones that wept over Pen's penitent letter.

"You know, mamma," said the owner of the other pair of eyes (and remarkably fine ones they were), "I have been living with you all my life, and if I had had to go to school it would have cost me a great deal. So I am sure that the five hundred pounds that are in my bank belong to you, and I shall be very angry if you do not take them."

Mrs. Pendennis embraced the owner of the fine eyes and wept again and called her "dearest Laura." Who was this dearest Laura, who is introduced thus unexpectedly at this financially opportune moment?

Once upon a time, long before Miss Helen Thistlewood ever imagined that she would marry an elderly little gentleman with a bald head, there was a young gentleman of Cambridge University who was as poor as she. His name was the Rev. Frank Bell, and he was waiting for a living. Before it fell in they were separated, and finally he went away to a colony, where he married years afterward. There he and his wife died after Helen's marriage to Pendennis, and she sent for Laura, the child whom the Bells had left all alone, and brought her up as her own.

It was Helen's dream that some day her beautiful, clever Pen should marry her beloved Laura; and that young gentleman sometimes thought that he might gratify the two women ultimately when he had seen enough of life.

Pen came home very much humbled. He blushed when he saw Laura, who received him with all her true, old-time affection. He sold his mare and felt that he had done a very virtuous act. He lounged around the house, whose state, never great, was much diminished now to help pay his debts. He began several tragedies and wrote innumerable verses of frightful melancholy. At last, however, roused by the insistence of Laura, he went back to Oxbridge, where he shut himself up for a while and passed his second examination with perfect ease.

When he returned with his degree he resumed his idleness. He fell asleep with great regularity after dinner and pervaded the house with gloom and despondency, until an unusual event awoke him.

Clavering Park was to be reopened. The Claverings had not honored their country with their presence in some years. The father of the present baronet, Sir Francis Clavering, had lived on the Continent as an outlaw. Sir Francis had left his regiment in disgrace, had passed through many shady transactions, winding up in the debtors' prison of the Fleet, and had at last slipped over to France, where he helped his father improve the Clavering reputation as blacklegs and outcasts.

When the paternal rake died, Sir Francis married the Widow Amory, who was a daughter of an immensely wealthy indigo planter named Snell, in Calcutta. A few old East Indians spoke with a good deal of malicious pleasure about the disreputable old father, and declared that it was indigo smuggling and

not indigo planting that had made him wealthy. As to the late Mr. Amory, they said that he had been the mate of an East Indiaman, whom the impressionable Miss Snell had married after knowing him only a few weeks. And they hinted that he had died as a convict in New South Wales after having kindly signed his father-in-law's name to a note in order to save the old gentleman trouble.

However, Mrs. Amory was the best-natured if the most vulgar of women. She paid Sir Francis's debts, and presently the Clavering family crest blazed from rejuvenated carriages and Clavering Park was opened with splendor to which it had been a stranger for many generations.

With Sir and Lady Clavering arrived Miss Blanche Amory, daughter of Lady Clavering by the late Mr. Amory. Miss Blanche had been educated most expensively in France. She was fair, like a sylph, her mouth was a rosebud, she composed music and sketched and wrote poetry and, in a word, was a most romantic and interesting beauty.

Pendennis's spirits seemed to come back soon after the family opened Clavering Park. Before long he and Miss Blanche were exchanging poetry. Soon afterward he took to fishing the little stream, where, strangely enough, Miss Blanche took to walking. And there was a certain hollow tree that served very well as a post-office.

But in time the great families that had looked askance at the Claverings were tempted to call by the magnificence of the entertainments, and the sylph found her way less and less often to the little river, while invitations did not reach Fairoaks so plentifully as in the beginning.

It suddenly seemed to Mr. Pendennis that it was time for him to make his mother's heart happy. He would go to London and read for the bar, and as soon as he had assured himself a place in the world he would return and marry Laura.

So he told Laura that he was old and weary, having met with so many disappointments that he had hardly a heart to offer, but what there was he very kindly laid at her feet.

Vastly surprised and vastly offended was the Prince of Fairoaks when Laura thankfully declined the proffered fragments. In high dignity he went away to London, where he took pos-

session of part of the chambers occupied by his old friend, George Warrington, a younger son of Sir Miles Warrington.

Warrington was so poor that he was almost reduced to rags. Indeed, both his dressing-gown and his furniture were tattered and ragged beyond repair. He drank beer like a coal-heaver and preferred any kind of company to that of his own rank, but for all that he had "gentleman" written all over him.

Warrington had married out of his own circle. His wife turned out to be a selfish, malicious vixen. When he found that she and her wretched, rapacious family had trapped him of set purpose, he gave them all he had on condition that they should not dishonor his family's name by laying claim to it. He signed over his younger son's allowance, dropped out of his world, and began life defeated before his race had well started.

Pendennis, with his wild ambitions, his Byronic poses, and his lust of life, came into his existence like a laughing sun. He listened to Pen's rapturous descriptions of his loves, and smiled without ill nature to see the heart-broken fellow, who declared that he was world-worn and weary, plunge into every kind of pleasure that offered with the zest of a boy fresh from school.

Despite the good resolutions of the Prince of Fairoaks, he could not settle down to reading law, but had to postpone it from day to day because his social engagements were too pressing. Thus at last the day came when his money was at an end again, and George Warrington gave him a lecture that he had long been preparing. "You can't go on sponging upon the women," said he. "How do you think I live?"

Then he let Pen into a secret. He was writing for the papers, and he knew of an opening for the Prince of Fairoaks. That gentleman at once rose from the slough of despond and soared again in his native blue. He would be a poet. He would make up for his past idleness. Warrington called him a young goose and laughed at him, not unkindly, and with some sadness.

Pen plunged into the profession of letters with the same enthusiasm with which he plunged into love and fun. To tell the truth, he had a good bit of literary talent, and he had the swift facility of catching the moods and whims of his readers. It was not many months before his mother and Laura were delighted by receiving papers and magazines that contained articles signed

by him. In a little while Pen began to send remittances home, and to feel himself a very fair fellow indeed.

For all his hard work Pen still managed to indulge himself in the pleasures of the life that he loved. He went from receptions by great ladies to back taverns where Costigan and his kind sang songs and had "goes" of brandy and water. The old warrior was pensioned now, his daughter having married old Sir Charles Mirabel, and he entertained the company by fictitious accounts of the love his son-in-law bore him.

Warrington, who belonged to one of the oldest families in England, was as simple and jovial with all these poor folk as if he were plain Tom Jones, the lawyer's clerk; but Pendennis, the son of the apothecary, was always the Prince of Fairoaks. He never could forget his grand manners, though Warrington used to jeer at him good-humoredly and remind him of the gallipots from which the family income had sprung.

Pen was beginning to prosper. He had written a novel, and it had brought him reputation and money. Old Major Pendennis had the pleasure of hearing his nephew discussed in the circles of the nobility, and quite naturally all his old affection for the heir of the house of Pendennis was awakened again.

So the old fellow was mightily perturbed when the news reached him at the country house of the noble Marquis of Steyne that his nephew was dying from fever in London. The Major posted in all haste back to the deserted town and arrived at the Temple almost simultaneously with Mrs. Pendennis and Laura.

Those two ladies bridled up and were deeply shocked when they found an exceedingly pretty young girl at their darling's bedside. The better a woman is, the quicker she seems to be to think the worst of another; and even in the midst of their grief over their boy these two good women showed poor Fanny Bolton the door first of all.

That poor girl crept away, weeping, and waited in the entry for the doctor, who comforted her as best he could. He, too, had his own ideas about the relations that had brought about her presence at the handsome young sinner's bedside. Yet all these virtuous ones were quite wrong.

It was only one of Pen's romantic love-affairs; but this time that experienced gentleman did not dream of marrying Fanny

Bolton, the daughter of the porter of the Temple, as he had dreamed of marrying the daughter of Captain Costigan. No. He had merely fluttered around the candle and fallen in love with all his old-time impetuosity; and then he had realized that the only honorable course for him was to retreat. He had been on the eve of fleeing from London for the summer when his illness seized him.

But Mrs. Pendennis wept over her boy, mingling her tears of agony for his illness with tears of shame and sorrow for his sin. He lay delirious, and Warrington was away, having gone on his vacation before Pen's last love affair. So there was none to explain matters to the simple woman.

Perhaps it would have been as well for Warrington had he remained absent. Yet who can escape fate? Warrington came back to find Pen recovering, and in the next few weeks he had ample opportunity to look at Laura, with results that were not at all conducive to his peace of mind.

Before long he knew that he would give his whole life and soul to win that prize which Arthur had held lightly. But Fate had ruled otherwise.

Laura could not but contrast Warrington's many accomplishments, his enthusiasm, simplicity, and freshness of mind with Pen's dandy indifference of manner and his faded sneer. In Warrington's very uncouthness there was a greater refinement than in Pen's finery. Her kind eyes rested oftener and oftener on his strong, true face.

When Pen awoke from his delirium his love for little Fanny Bolton had vanished with his fever, but when he discovered by chance that his mother had turned the girl away and suppressed the letters that she had written to him—most harmless little letters, though they seemed quite otherwise to poor Mrs. Pendennis —of course the Prince of Fairoaks flamed out in savage anger. He looked at his mother's pallid and wo-stricken face and her trembling form, and the spectacle of her misery only added to his wrath.

He swore that he would seek the girl out and marry her forthwith. As in a previous case, his mother forgot all else in the joy that overcame her when she learned that her son had not sinned; and who knows that the loyal, loving woman

would not have ended by taking the porter's ignorant, silly little daughter to her heart, despite the Major's frantic rage, if Warrington had not asked them to listen to a story?

The simple, brave fellow laid bare the secret of his life in order to warn his friend. After it was done, Pen, quiet and subdued, led his mother to her room. Thence, presently, there came a loud cry; and when the others ran in they found that Helen Pendennis had given her son her last embrace.

Laura went to stay with old Lady Rockminster, who adored her; and as for Pen, as soon as the mourning was over the Major lost no time in looking for a rich wife for him.

An event at Sir Francis Clavering's town house decided the old soldier's course for him strangely. While the Baronet was giving a select little dinner a gorgeously attired person, with a mighty black wig and whiskers dyed almost purple, forced his way into the house and lurched into the room, where he roared for drink.

Some of the guests recognized the intruder as a Colonel Altamount, who called himself the Ambassador of the Nawaub of Lucknow. Sir Francis introduced him with a piteously frightened face. Altamount was too drunk to pay much attention to the company, but suddenly his eyes fell on the face of Major Pendennis. He leaped up, reeled toward the door, and the company heard him mutter: "Captain Beak! Captain Beak! By jingo!" as he fled.

The Major's mind went back rapidly, searching for a clue. The fellow's face was familiar, despite the wig and the dyed whiskers. Suddenly a great discovery flashed on him. He saw before him a convict gang in New South Wales, and he knew that Colonel Altamount was none other than Mr. Amory.

It did not take the shrewd old soldier long to discover that Amory had been bleeding Sir Francis copiously under threat of disclosing himself to Lady Clavering. The Baronet was willing to do anything to retain the income that came to him through Lady Clavering, and he and Altamount were almost chums, the harmony of these two foul birds of a feather being broken only by rows over money.

The Major told Clavering he knew all. When the frightened lord began to weep the Major offered him a compromise. "I

want my nephew to enter public life," said he. "I want him to marry Miss Amory, and I want you to resign your seat in Parliament in his favor. Nobody need know anything more about it."

"It will be easy enough to get rid of Amory," thought the old campaigner. "I can put my hand on witnesses who can swear to him and who will prove that he killed one of his guards in New South Wales. Let my boy marry the heiress and the rest will be easily done."

Within a few days the Major, beaming with joy, told Pen of his good luck, and that young gentleman did not wonder, but accepted it quite simply as merely a prize won by his great abilities. He laughed when the Major pressed him to court Miss Amory, but he went there, nevertheless, and soon was immersed again, as in the old days, in poetry and moonshine with that romantic young person.

Lady Clavering looked on, pleased enough. She liked the handsome, gay, frank, clever young fellow. As for Pen, if he had any doubts as to whether or not he was in love with Blanche he was prevented from dwelling on them by the discovery that there was a rival in the field. Poor Harry Foker, perfumed, curled, garbed in Oriental magnificence, was displaying his passion for all the world to see and sighed day and night.

In his simplicity he told Pen all about it, and Pen felt sorry for him in his lordly way and pressed his suit with Blanche just a little more eagerly for the knowledge.

Not that Harry Foker had much chance. His father had declared that unless he married Lady Ann, his cousin, he would be cut off with two hundred pounds a year, and it was well known that when the brewer of Foker's Entire said a thing he meant it.

So it was not long before Miss Blanche Amory and Mr. Arthur Pendennis were engaged, and Mr. Pendennis began his canvass, purely a matter of form, for the seat in Parliament for which he was sure to be returned, there being no contest.

The Major rubbed his hands and glowed with pride and triumph. If his aims for his nephew were very worldly and very mercenary, yet they were the most unselfish that he had had in all his years; and according to his lights he had sacrificed

much of his beloved peace of mind for this boy, who was the one being that the sophisticated old man loved.

Great was the shock then when Pen burst into his rooms one day and announced that he had learned from the Major's valet, who had indulged in eavesdropping, what was the real reason for Clavering's surrender of his seat. "Can't you see, sir," cried he, "that rather than profit by this secret I would go and join my prospective father-in-law at the hulks? I have felt for months that my conduct in this affair was wicked and sordid. I am rightly punished. But I will do wrong no more. I will resign all pretensions to the seat. I will marry Blanche. But I will not take any money with her except the small sum that was settled on her long ago."

"Arthur—in God's name—" shrieked the Major, and the old buck actually sank to his knees and seizing one of Arthur's hands, looked up piteously at him. . . .

Pen fled to Laura and sought from her calm, clear, unfaltering soul the firmness that he needed. He knew now that he did not love Blanche. When he had wanted to marry her from self-interest and pride, he had shut his eyes to her faults. Now he saw but too clearly that she was vain, heartless, that her sentiment was counterfeit and her romance was only a cloak for calculation.

Laura insisted with all her might that Pen keep his word, and she urged him to lose no time. Why was she in such a fever of impatience? Was it because in the tangled maze of life in which all our feet stray so helplessly Laura's footsteps had come back to the beginning, when to her childish mind there was no creature in all the world so splendid as Pen? Was it because she realized now that for all her knowledge that Warrington was the better man, she could never care for anyone except Arthur? Who knows? Our women are never so eager as when they are making sacrifice.

But Laura did not have to make sacrifice. The honest proprietor of Foker's Entire died very suddenly. As soon as his presence was removed from the scene Lady Ann ran off with a curate, and Harry Foker, heir to fifteen thousand pounds a year, became a most welcome visitor at the Clavering residence. So when Pendennis pressed Blanche to set the date for the wed-

ding, in a speech in which he could not help mentioning his sere and wounded heart and his disillusionments, the sylph deftly took advantage of Arthur's phrases to give him his dismissal; and soon afterward she was engaged to Harry, who swam in the seventh heaven.

The date of the marriage was fixed. All Clavering was decorating for the event. The society papers were full of news about the guests and the trousseau. Just then Pendennis discovered that Altamount had been seen in the neighborhood, and he also discovered that Blanche had learned about him some time before.

Arthur hastened to beg her to tell Harry Foker all. The sylph, however, had no intention of risking the loss of fifteen thousand a year. She calculated that the wedding would be past and done before there could be any danger of discovery.

Unfortunately she calculated without considering her respected parent's weakness for drink. Mr. Amory, otherwise Colonel Altamount, could not resist the temptation to visit Clavering to behold his daughter's state. He got into a fight at the Clavering Arms, and in the course of it was recognized. He managed to flee, but the news was at Clavering Park on the wings of the wind. In the midst of the excitement Harry Foker realized from Blanche's actions that she had known the secret all along.

"I would have taken you, whatever you were," said he. "D— it all! I've loved you with all my heart and soul. To think that you've been playing with me and cheating me!" cried the young dandy with a sob, and rushed from the house.

So it came about that instead of a magnificent and fashionable wedding in Clavering Church, there was a very simple and quiet one—that of Laura Bell and Arthur Pendennis.

And what sort of husband would this Pendennis be? Ask his wife, who, seeing his faults and wayward moods, seeing and owning that there are men better than he, loves him always.

## VANITY FAIR (1848)

This novel is the best known of Thackeray's works, and it has given him a reputation as a cynic which he hardly deserves. A common criticism of the story is that the good people in it are all fools, and the clever people all knaves; and the criticism is not wholly unfounded. It is a cynical story, but Thackeray was more than a cynic—he was, or thought himself to be at that time, a man with a mission to castigate society and expose its shams; and being a "society man" himself he knew all about it. The work was begun in a desultory way, with the title *Pencil Sketches of English Society*, in which form the earlier chapters were rejected by at least one magazine. But after an interval Thackeray resumed it, expanded it, gave it the title it now bears, and issued it in monthly parts (1847–1848). It was dramatized early in the twentieth century and produced with great success by Minnie Maddern Fiske.

AMELIA SEDLEY, arriving home after being graduated, brought to her father's house for a brief visit her dear school-friend, Rebecca Sharp. Rebecca had been educated at the admirable establishment of Miss Pinkerton in consideration of making herself useful in many ways to the learned preceptress, especially in teaching the French language, in which Becky was most proficient.

She had green eyes, a slight figure, no principles, and more than the ordinary amount of brains. Her father had been a dissolute and impecunious artist, and her mother, rumor said, a French opera-dancer. But both were dead, and Rebecca, being thrown entirely upon her own resources, determined to take the world by the throat and make it stand and deliver. The world had not used her so kindly that she should spare it, she told herself.

Amelia Sedley was a simple, clinging, little pink and white thing, all kindness of heart and sentiment. She had been overpowered and led captive by the intellectually brilliant Rebecca, who also appealed to her sympathies because of the lonely and penniless state in which it had pleased fate to place her.

Rebecca obtained a place as governess in the family of Sir Pitt Crawley, Bart., to whose country house of Queen's Crawley she was to repair as soon as her visit to the Sedleys should be over. But Rebecca improved the time of her visit by making eyes at and singing songs to Amelia's brother Joseph, Collector of Boggley Wollah, in the service of the Honorable East India Company, home on furlough.

Jos was very fat and very bashful in women's society; but Rebecca's green eyes and her plaintive little songs made a conquest of him at once. Unfortunately for Becky's plans, the stout civilian took his sister and Miss Sharp to Vauxhall, where he drank too much punch, and in the delirium of his affections put his arm around Rebecca's waist while he sang in a bacchanal voice, "Hey, my tiddle, iddle darling," to the scandal and amusement of the company. The next morning, terrified at the thought of his exploits of the night before, he fled from the house and soon afterward returned to his lucrative post in India, leaving Rebecca to the consideration of the fact that even the seemingly most securely hooked fish sometimes gets away.

However, not a whit discouraged by the failure of her first venture in the world, Rebecca proceeded to Queen's Crawley, as resolved as ever to conquer fortune. She found the old Baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, a most disreputable rake, with the manners and speech of a rustic clown and a taste for low life and low company that vastly scandalized both his elder son Pitt and his second son Captain Rawdon Crawley of the Guards, a tremendous "swell," who had little to do with Queen's Crawley or any of its occupants.

Rawdon was not mentally brilliant, but he was a typical Life-Guardsman, very much in the fashion, very fond of cards, boxing and other gentlemanly diversions, huge of stature and heir presumptive of his aunt, Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's sister. Though he was heavily in debt, he got along extremely well in life and was mightily looked up to by the young men of his set. His brother, Pitt Crawley, was his exact opposite—a correct young gentleman with political aspirations, who had been called "Miss Crawley" at school, and was now prominent in "serious" society. He was engaged to his cousin, Lady Jane Sheepshanks, daughter of the dowager Lady Southdown, well known for

her persistent dissemination of quack medicine and quack theology.

At Queen's Crawley Rebecca found herself governess to the two young ladies, daughters of the second and present Lady Crawley, whose father had been an ironmonger of the neighboring village of Mudbury. She, poor woman, was fading gradually to her grave, crushed under the weight of Sir Pitt's brutality and the burdens of the high station into which she had married, her pretty face having been her one attraction for the sensual old Baronet.

Rebecca, the little adventuress, had not been two weeks at Queen's Crawley before she dominated the whole establishment. She found a way to manage even the tough old Baronet, and when Rawdon and Pitt came down for a family gathering the green eyes looked calculatingly at the real work of the campaign. Rebecca would have preferred old Sir Pitt, with the prospect of being comfortably established in life as his widow at no distant date, but Lady Crawley had still some feeble life left in her; Sir Pitt was a tough customer, and the little woman could take no chances. Mr. Pitt would have suited admirably, but his engagement to the gentle Lady Jane was an obstacle; and, after all, she did have a little personal liking for the Guardsman and more than a little for the fortune his aunt was going to leave him when that worldly old person should overeat and overdrink herself for the last time.

So the soldier, as was fitting, was the object of most of Rebecca's grand and minor strategy. The aunt, Miss Crawley, who had joined the house party, came in for so much of it that she declared Becky to be the cleverest, slyest, most amusing little creature in the world, and insisted on taking her up to London for a while.

Once established in Miss Crawley's household, Rebecca made herself so agreeable, so amusing and so useful that her patroness would by no means consent to her going back to the dreary life of Sir Pitt's country-seat. Thus the little campaigner stayed on and on, soon displacing in Miss Crawley's affection poor Miss Briggs, who had been her dear friend's companion for an unknown number of years and who wrote poetry and was bullied continually by her "dear Matilda."

Rebecca had been part of Miss Crawley's household for some time when poor, wilted Lady Crawley stopped weeping and taking pills and died. Immediately, not waiting even for the funeral, wicked old Sir Pitt hastened to London, and seeking an interview with Becky alone in the front parlor, flatly proposed to make her Lady Crawley Number Three.

"Oh, Sir Pitt," cried Becky, "I can't! I am—I am—married already!" Then she fled to her room and cried—perhaps because she had not had a little more patience. Now to whom was Rebecca married? To whom, indeed, but Captain Rawdon Crawley.

After the unexpected disclosure the couple fled to Brighton for a honeymoon. Old Miss Crawley took to her bed, sent for her doctor and her lawyer, and altered her will, cutting Rawdon off without a shilling. Sir Pitt raved like a madman.

At Brighton the Crawleys straightway ran into Becky's dearest, dearest friend, Amelia Sedley, likewise on a honeymoon trip, and her marriage, like Becky's, had precipitated a dire family disruption.

Amelia's father, John Sedley, having become rich through stock brokerage, had arranged many years before with his friend Osborne, a wealthy merchant, that Amelia should marry George Osborne, who had entered the army. To this arrangement both young persons took kindly, George as a matter of course and Amelia with all the ardor of her simple and affectionate soul.

George Osborne was a conceited and selfish dandy, whose once good qualities had been smothered when he was a motherless boy by the overindulgence of his father; but old Osborne was immensely proud of the fact that his son was in the army and consorting with men to whom he alluded as "swells."

Suddenly, when everything seemed fair, business disaster overwhelmed old Sedley, and old Osborne immediately ordered George to break his engagement to Amelia.

Perhaps he might, in time, have succeeded in bending his son to his will had it not been for William Dobbin, a brother officer and loyal admirer of George. So loyal was Dobbin that he urged George to insist on marrying Amelia at once, though the advice tore his heart; for great, hulking, awkward Dobbin was silently, deeply in love with Amelia himself. It was Dob-

bin who served Amelia, ever near her, asking nothing in return, while George, taking her love for granted, dazzled others with his splendid presence. It was Dobbin who watched over George now, as he had fought George's battles when they were boys in school. And, as it had been in boyhood, so in manhood George accepted his devotion and gave in return as much as it was possible for the spoiled darling to give to anyone except himself.

Dobbin felt that it would kill Amelia if George failed her. His arguments, aided by young Osborne's own selfish impatience of control, won the day. George insisted on marrying Amelia, and his indignant father turned him out, refusing to see him again or to hear the mention of his name.

George drew from his bankers all that was then left to call his—a small amount of money inherited from his mother, and proceeded to spend it right and left during his honeymoon.

The sight of Rawdon Crawley, the brilliant leader of his set, delighted him. And Rawdon and Rebecca, now living on nothing a year, with some considerable help from Rawdon's great skill at cards and billiards, were equally delighted at this opportune arrival of a free-handed acquaintance.

When Rawdon was not winning George's money Rebecca was dazzling him with her wit and attacking him with shafts from her green eyes. The little woman could no more help trying her fascinations upon the first man that came near than she could help breathing. She meant nothing wrong by it, not the least in the world; but it made Amelia miserable nevertheless.

Jos, the fat civilian, who had come back from India for a short stay, was with the bridal party, but he was little company for his sister, and she felt a decided cheering of her little heart when honest old Dobbin arrived, bringing his unspoken and hopeless devotion along with him.

But the little party at Brighton was suddenly broken up. Napoleon had returned from Elba, and all Europe was arming against him. The Reign of the Hundred Days began and the three military men were ordered to join their regiments preparatory to service abroad.

In the rear of the British army that invaded the Low Countries in 1815 was a host of civilians. Officers took their wives and families along as a matter of course, and hundreds of fash-

ionables, looking on the invasion as a sight-seeing jaunt, went to Brussels to make merry up to the very verge of battle.

Amelia went along, and so did Jos. At Brussels they found the Crawleys installed in much splendor. Rawdon was aide to Major-General Tufto, and Becky was with him. They lived at the General's hotel, and the General footed the bills. People talked, of course, but people will talk anyway, and our little adventuress flew in the very best military society.

The Crawleys never noticed Amelia at all, but George was a constant member of Rawdon's card-parties. Dobbin lectured the dandy on his neglect of his wife, and his good advice was received as such advice usually is.

At last came the night of the celebrated ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. Rebecca achieved a great triumph. She was radiant, and a crowd of officers swarmed about her all night. As for Amelia, George left her sitting in a corner and neglected her for hours, fluttering around Rebecca like a moth around a candle. Amelia would not even have had anything to eat had not Dobbin looked after her. At last the poor woman could stand it no longer.

"Take me home, William," she said. "I—I am not well."

George stayed to see Rebecca to her carriage, and when he handed her her bouquet a foolish note asking her to elope with him was concealed amid the flowers. Rebecca saw it and gave her admirer an enigmatical look out of her steady eyes. As they went into the street, over which the dawn was just breaking, the bugles began to play, there was a stir through the town, and the troops began to move. Napoleon had broken into Belgium and the great struggle was impending.

The orders to the front sobered George. He took his wife in his arms and kissed her when he reached home. He wished passionately that the foolish work of the preceding night were undone; that his whole life had been other than it had been. Amelia wept upon his shoulder; they knelt and said "Our Father" together, and then the dandy rode off toward Waterloo.

Even great, stupid Rawdon, after he had pressed Becky to his heart, rode away to battle with something very like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. As for Rebecca, after her lord had ridden away she took an account of stock and found

that, should Rawdon unfortunately be killed in the coming battle, she would be able to raise a tidy sum to begin life anew by selling his horses, his watches and other personal belongings and adding the amount to the sum that he had won in play while in the Belgian capital and had left with her. If Rawdon should be shot in the conflict, the English defeated and the Emperor march into Brussels—why, a clever woman could turn all events to her account. And so the brave little philosopher went to bed quite comfortably and dreamed of living in a French palace and being called Madame la Maréchale.

The rest of Brussels did not share Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's peace of mind. Quatre-Bras was fought, and the Belgian allies broke and fled. They poured into the city with wild tales of defeat, which increased the confusion and fears of the town.

The Duke fell back upon Waterloo and made his final stand on Mont St. Jean. Proclamations in the name of the Emperor-King were circulated everywhere, and the town authorities prepared a palace for his reception.

Of the gay company that had followed the army all fled who could get horses—Jos, among them, leaving poor Amelia to the care of Peggy O'Dowd, the brave Irish wife of Major O'Dowd of Osborne's regiment.

Then, at last, within hearing of Brussels was fought the last of the Corsican's many fields. All day long the cannon thundered, and listeners' souls thrilled with changing fears in response. Toward nightfall they ceased. No more firing was heard at Brussels that night; no more did the air shake sullenly minute by minute; darkness came down upon the field and the city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying dead on his face with a bullet through his heart.

Colonel and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley entered Paris in triumph with the victorious allies, and Rawdon, striving to live by play, got almost as badly into debt in the French capital as he was in the British. Then old Miss Crawley died in England, unreconciled to him. Thereupon Rebecca resolved on a *coup*.

She pointed out to Rawdon that while play was very well as a help it was not to be depended upon as a means of livelihood. She made him sell out of the army and with the money received for his commission and what she could obtain in other

ways she went to London and effected a compromise with her husband's creditors, thus opening to him again the door of his native land.

Rawdon followed her with the child, for by this time Becky had become a mother, and they set up housekeeping in an elegant little establishment in Curzon Street.

Becky now set out not only to live on nothing a year, but to do it on a grand scale. The house and its furnishings belonged to Raggles, formerly butler to old Miss Crawley, who, upon leaving the service of that estimable spinster, had gone into the greengrocery business, acquired a comfortable little fortune and bought the house at a bargain as an investment. He had been brought up in the Crawley family and was, of course, delighted to let his property to one of that illustrious race

Becky also made her peace with Miss Briggs, formerly companion to Miss Crawley, and engaged that poetic women as companion for herself, incidentally borrowing from her the little legacy that her former patroness had left her. Colonel Crawley would invest it to such great advantage for dear Miss Briggs, Rebecca said.

Old Sir Pitt died and Rebecca and Rawdon journeyed to Queen's Crawley to the funeral, where she was speedily reconciled to the new Sir Pitt, and even the new Baronet's wife—born Lady Jane Sheepshanks—began to think that the little woman had been sadly maligned.

The Crawleys began giving elegant little parties, which at first were attended only by the men; but the great Marquis of Steyne took up the adventurous couple and ordered that they be received at his town residence of Gaunt House. That settled it. Rebecca now flew in the very highest society and her name was in all the "fashionable intelligence." She was presented at court, and the Countess of Fitz-Willis spoke quite distinctly to her three times at a dinner-party. When that happened to anybody there was no question as to her social standing.

Of course, Becky paid nobody—except now and then when a creditor got too pressing and Rawdon had won a little money at cards, or his wife had got hold of a little ready cash by skilful borrowing. Then she would give an importunate person a little on account to keep him quiet.

Who would think of refusing credit to such great people as the Crawleys now were? When she had a party, game from Lord Steyne's farm at Stillbrook and wine from his cellars helped her out immensely. As for the boy, little Rawdon, Rebecca hated the child and saw as little of him as possible until finally Lord Steyne got him a place in the famous Whitefriars school and he was out of the way.

Lord Steyne also made Miss Briggs housekeeper at one of his country places, giving Becky money to pay back to the spinster the borrowed legacy. But Mrs. Crawley compromised by buying Briggs a new silk dress, and salted away the rest of his lordship's donation in her writing-desk, where she was accumulating a little fund for herself against a rainy day. Lord Steyne continued to be exceedingly kind to the Crawley family, and finally promised Rawdon a post as Colonial Governor so soon as the thing could be brought about.

Such was the condition of affairs with the Crawleys when Lord Steyne gave his great entertainment at Gaunt House. All the world of fashion was there, and the occasion was even graced by an exalted personage, who stood near the Throne of the Three Kingdoms. Becky was brilliant, dazzling, and shone triumphant on the social heights that she had stormed.

When it was all over and the happy little woman was in her carriage, Mr. Wenham, Lord Steyne's man of business and general factotum, proposed to Colonel Crawley that as their ways lay in the same direction, they walk in the cooling night and enjoy a cigar. They had not proceeded far, however, when two men came up to them and one, tapping the Colonel on the shoulder, arrested him for a little debt of a hundred pounds which the Colonel had probably forgotten.

"Lend me a hundred, Wenham," said Crawley.

But Wenham declared that he had not so much money in the world and the Colonel was taken to a sponging-house.

"The amount is small," thought the Colonel. "The deuce is in it if we can't raise that. There is no use disturbing the little woman's sleep."

And so he turned in and slept soundly, and the next morning sent a note to Becky, directing her to pawn certain things and

release him. It was evening when the messenger returned with Becky's answer. She had been ill in bed; she had been distracted with callers; she had thrown herself at Lord Steyne's feet and begged him to loan her the money. He had promised to do so the next morning, when she would fly to the rescue of her *cher monstre.*

There was a tone in Becky's note that jarred on Rawdon. His suspicions were aroused. He hurriedly wrote a few lines to his brother, Sir Pitt, and despatched it by the messenger. Sir Pitt being away, this note fell into the hands of his wife and it was the gentle Lady Jane who came to the rescue of the prodigal. It was nine o'clock at night when he was released at last and walked home rapidly.

When he came opposite his own house he fell trembling against the railing and gasped for breath. The house was blazing with light and there was the sound of music and laughter in the drawing-room. Letting himself in with his night-key, Rawdon found Becky at the piano and Lord Steyne bending over her, beating time to her song. A fire was burning on the hearth, and a neat little supper for two was laid out on a table. All the servants had apparently been sent away or to bed.

Becky, in full toilet and blazing with gems, gave a faint scream when she saw Rawdon's face. Lord Steyne, with an attempt at a laugh, said:

"How do, Crawley?"

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself on her knees, crying out that she was innocent—before God she was innocent. Lord Steyne thought a trap had been laid for him.

"You innocent?" he said. "Why, every trinket you have on your body has been paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds, which that fellow has spent. Make way, sir, and let me pass."

Rawdon struck the peer twice and flung him bleeding to the ground. He made Becky strip off her jewels and, tearing a diamond brooch from her breast, he threw it at Lord Steyne, striking him on the forehead and making a scar which the Marquis wore to his dying day.

Then, in all her trouble and bitter anger, Becky admired her husband—strong, brave, and victorious.

This was the end of the Crawleys' pleasant little establishment in Curzon Street. Rawdon wanted to fight a duel with Lord Steyne; but the affair was prevented. Finally the Colonel accepted an appointment as Governor of Coventry Island. He held his tongue and departed for his place of honor, after setting aside a portion of his salary as an annuity for Becky and turning over the boy to the care of Lady Jane.

Though Rawdon held his tongue, the world did not. Poor Becky fled to the Continent, where she led a wandering life. When she had money she gambled, and she drank when she had either money or credit.

While Becky had been flying high in London society on nothing a year, poor Amelia had been living in the greatest penury. After her husband's death she had become a mother, and now, with her little boy and her aged father and mother, she was living in squalid lodgings at Brompton on the proceeds of a little fund that Dobbin had made up for her, pretending that it had been left by George.

Old Osborne refused to be reconciled to his son's widow, but offered to take the boy, little Georgie, and bring him up. It was a miserable life that Amelia led, but she could not part from Georgie at first. Finally she did so, however—"regularly starved out," as old Osborne elegantly put it—and the boy went to the luxury of his grandfather's home.

Dobbin departed for India. Before leaving, he offered himself to Amelia; but she looked at the picture of the departed George, wept, and refused him.

Jos was also in India. He had settled a comfortable annuity on his father; but the elder Sedley had immediately sold it to get money for some of the many fruitless schemes by which he sought to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

It was a long, cruel time for Amelia. But after many bitter days her mother died and Jos came back. Dobbin returned soon afterward. Then old Osborne died, leaving half of his great fortune to young George, charged with an annuity of five thousand pounds to Amelia.

Jos had retired from the service of the Honorable East India

Company very wealthy, and so all had as much money as they knew what to do with.

Old Mr. Sedley dying, Jos and Amelia took young George, now grown a strapping boy, abroad for a tour and, of course, in their train came honest Dobbin. The travelers were sojourning at the little German town of Pumpernickel when Jos, happening to stroll into the gambling-room of the town hall on a festal night, met there a shabby little woman wearing a mask and playing desperately for small stakes at the roulette table.

This was the persecuted, the exiled, the maligned Becky. She recognized Jos at once, took him aside, revealed to him her identity and told him a sad and effective story of her trials and tribulations. If ever there was persecuted virtue in this world, it was there, embodied in an exaggerated form in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. And when she told how her little Rawdon had been torn shrieking from her arms by her heartless persecutors, not only Jos but Amelia was moved to compassion; and the little adventuress found a haven of rest which she sadly needed with her dear, dear friends of former days. Dobbin objected, but Dobbin was not much listened to. So Amelia and he had a little quarrel and he departed for England—for which Becky was not at all sorry.

Mrs. Crawley at once began to dominate Amelia's household. For a while she was eminently respectable and rested quietly under the palm-trees of this oasis in the desert of her adventurous life. But some of the friends of her days of wandering found her out and insisted upon sharing the spoils of the captured caravan with her.

A strange lot of people began to frequent Amelia's drawing-rooms—men of dubious titles, who laughed loudly, smelled strongly of tobacco, and drank prodigiously. Amelia became frightened and thought: "Oh, if William were only here!" Jos was completely under Becky's influence, and Georgie was only a boy.

One day when they were stopping at Ostend, Rebecca, who had seen long ago that things could not go on forever in that manner, delivered a little lecture to her friend, telling her that she was a fool not to accept the devotion which Dobbin had

kept burning for so many years and that she must go away. She needed a protector.

Amelia, as usual, dissolved in tears and declared that she never could marry while her heart retained the memory of her dead and sainted George.

"Can't forget him?" cried Becky. "That low-bred cockney, that selfish humbug!" and then she told Amelia several truths about her late husband.

When Amelia broke out with indignant cries that her assertions were false, the adventuress, with provoking good nature, threw her a little note. Amelia recognized the handwriting and read it. If was the note that Osborne had slipped into Rebecca's bouquet on the night of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, asking her to flee with him. Amelia, of course, opened the flood-gates of her eyes again, but through all her grief she thought that now there was nothing to prevent her from loving Dobbin with her whole heart.

"And now go and write to William to come to you at once," commanded Rebecca.

"I—I wrote to him this morning," Amelia said, blushing exceedingly.

So Dobbin came over and took Amelia and Georgie away with him, and the devotion of a lifetime was rewarded. He wanted Jos to come, too, but the civilian declared that his health required a further residence abroad.

When Dobbin and his bride-elect went away, Rebecca did not present herself before the pair, but they heard of her afterward. Jos traveled about from place to place and wherever Jos went there also went Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. It was a great scandal, and Dobbin went over once to expostulate with his brother-in-law and bring him away, but poor Jos said:

"Oh, I daren't, I daren't. She would kill me. You don't know what a terrible woman she is."

Three months later Joseph died at Aix-la-Chapelle, and it was found that he had frittered away his fortune in unprofitable investments engineered presumably by Mrs. Crawley. He had effected a large insurance on his life in her favor, and though the insurance company said it was the blackest case they had ever seen, Rebecca went to England with her solicitor and dared

them to refuse payment, whereupon they handed over the spoils.

Rawdon Crawley died at Coventry Island from yellow fever. Six weeks later Sir Pitt died and the title and estates devolved upon young Rawdon, who declined to see his mother, though he made her a generous allowance. Dobbin also refused any communication with Rebecca, and she settled down at Bath and Cheltenham, where she busied herself in works of charity and never went to church without a footman.

A very strong party of excellent people regarded her as a much injured woman and had her attend booths at charity fairs. Amelia and Dobbin encountered her once at one of these fairs. Becky cast down her eyes demurely and smiled as they hurried away from her; but her smile was not pleasant to see.

Amelia and Dobbin began to live in the country and it was soon whispered that their daughter, Jane, probably would marry the present Sir Rawdon Crawley. They were very happy; and Rebecca—who shall say whether she was happy or not?

## THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND (1852)

The period of this novel is the reign of Queen Anne, when the Pretender, the son of James II of England, was trying to gain possession of the throne. The story has a sequel in *The Virginians*.

HEN Thomas Esmond married his elderly cousin, Isabel, and presently came into his uncle's titles and estates as my Lord Viscount Castlewood, there were several little things concerning his past which he did not think it necessary to mention. Among them was the fact that he already had a wife living, a weaver's daughter, whom he had married in the Low Countries when he was there in the train of the Duke of York.

He had married her in a fit of repentance when he thought himself dying of a wound received in a duel; but when he got well of his wound he repented of his repentance and returned to England resolved to consider the incident closed. The unhappy wife, after bearing a son, named Henry, entered a convent.

His lordship had been for some time comfortably installed in his ancestral house of Castlewood Hants, when he heard of this first wife's death. Being a good-natured rascal, he sent for his son, made him a member of the household and turned him over to the care of his chaplain, Father Holt, to be educated for a priest, but all without telling the truth. He allowed it to be understood generally that there was a bar sinister on little Henry's escutcheon.

Henry was entirely ignorant of his own history; he vaguely remembered that at one time he had lived with some weavers who spoke a foreign tongue. He came to realize early, though how he could not tell, that he was supposed to bear the name of Esmond only by courtesy.

A vast amount of political intriguing was going on at Castlewood as the boy became older; and of this Father Holt seemed

to be the guiding spirit. Most of the Esmonds were of the old religion, and all were intensely loyal to the House of Stuart. One had died at a Worcester fight, with half the men of Castlewood at his side; another had fallen defending Castlewood against the soldiers of Cromwell, and a third had melted down all the family plate and emptied the family coffers to supply the necessities of King Charles when the royal martyr was at Oxford.

That superannuated Esther, Isabel Esmond, had disputed with Nell Gwyn and the Duchess of Portsmouth for the favor of the second Charles—all of them, women and men, had made heavy sacrifices for the royal Stuarts.

So finally, when King James attempted to recover his ancient kingdom of Ireland, Tom Esmond joined him and fell, sword in hand, at the battle of the Boyne, while his wife fled away to her dower house at Chelsea. Henry Esmond was left alone with the domestics at gloomy old Castlewood, watching the rooks wheeling in flocks to their nests in the ancient trees at sunset, and wondering what had become of Father Holt, who also had fled.

Thus the new lord, Colonel Frank Esmond, found the sallow-faced, large-eyed, grave twelve-year-old boy when he came with his beautiful wife to take possession of the title and estates. The new lord, a bluff, hearty man of forty-five or fifty, greeted the solitary little fellow kindly; and as for his wife, who was barely twenty, Harry thought when she took him by the hand that he never had heard so sweet a voice before or seen such a vision of loveliness as this fair lady with the golden hair and the fresh, pink complexion.

There was another—a beautiful girl of four, who ran to Harry at once and kissed him, her father crying out:

"You are always ready to forsake an old friend for a new one, Trix."

And then there was a little boy baby in his nurse's arms.

My lady worshiped her husband first and her children next, and things settled down for a time very pleasantly at Castlewood. But after a while it was easy to see that my lord was wearying of incense, and that my lady, though she fought against it, was beginning to find that her boasted idol not only had feet of clay but was rather earthy all over.

Then one day Harry brought the smallpox from the village,

and Lord Castlewood fled away with his daughter. My lady and little Frank were taken down with it before Harry recovered. My lady was beautiful still after her illness, but it was as if some rough hand had rubbed off the delicate tints of that sweet picture; and when Castlewood returned and met his wife it was evident she never could forgive him for the look he gave her when he saw the change.

When Harry came home for his first vacation from Cambridge, whither he had been sent as soon as he was of a proper age, he found as a guest at Castlewood the notorious Lord Mohun, a young man who had achieved a reputation all over Europe for profligacy at an age when most boys are being birched at school. Lord Castlewood drank and gamed with his guests recklessly and seemed more than ever estranged from his wife.

"You see how she treats me, Harry!" he cried. "Damn it! I'm not good enough for her saintship. It's been that way ever since you brought that cursed smallpox into the house. Pass the tankard, Harry. All women are like that—all jilts and flirts—every one of 'em."

When Harry came home from his second vacation matters came to a crisis. He found Mohun again a guest at Castlewood, and my lord more reckless than ever, while his wife seemed by turns deeply distressed and coldly sarcastic. Castlewood greeted Harry with curious deference and bewailed his fate to him.

One night when my lord and Mohun were seated at cards, before supper, Castlewood said to Beatrix: "When thou art old enough, Trix, thou shalt marry Mohun."

"I think my lord would rather marry mamma," replied the spoiled girl, "and is only waiting for you to die to do so. She talked ever so long with him last night and sent Frank and me out of the room."

"Ask Lord Mohun what I said to him, Frank," said Lady Castlewood, with great dignity, and, taking her daughter by the hand, swept out of the room.

"I will tell you what your wife said to me," said Mohun. "She asked me not to drink and gamble with you any more. You know best whether that was for your good or not."

"Oh, of course," sneered Castlewood. "You are a model man, my lord."

"I am no saint, though your wife is," retorted Mohun, "and can answer for my actions as others must for their words."

"When you please, my lord," said the Viscount.

Lady Castlewood was frightened when she heard that Mohun and her husband had quarreled; but when the guest rode away next morning the two lords appeared to have made it up, and parted as if nothing had happened. A few days later, however, Lord Castlewood suddenly grew silent and reserved, treated his wife with greater kindness than he had for a long while, and appeared to have much business with his lawyer. Sometimes they could hear him pacing his chamber all night alone.

Harry endeavored unavailingly to soothe the fears of his dear lady and to raise the spirits of his patron. At the end of the month Castlewood announced that he was ill and must go to London to see his physician. He took Harry along with him.

In London they met, apparently by appointment, Lord Mohun and two of his friends, Captain Macartney and the young Earl of Warwick, and went to the Greyhound Tavern. There they were joined by Captain Westbury, an old friend of Castlewood's, and seemed quite merry with wine and cards in a private room until Mohun snuffed a candle, and Castlewood said: "Don't be so damned awkward, Mohun."

"Awkward's a damned awkward word, my lord," replied Mohun. "City gentlemen don't use such words—or, if they do, ask pardon."

"I fling the words in your face, my lord—shall I send the cards after them?" said Castlewood.

Harry saw it all—the quarrel at cards was only a pretext. In fact, as they left the tavern to go to the dueling-grounds at Leicester Fields Lord Castlewood confessed aside to him that it had all been arranged before. He had surprised a letter that Mohun had written to Lady Castlewood, which showed that, while she was innocent of wrong, Mohun was a villain. He would have fought him before but that he owed him a great sum of money lost at cards, which he of course had to pay first.

They had not been on the dueling-grounds more than two minutes, it seemed to Harry, before Castlewood lay on the ground with Mohun standing over him with bloody rapier.

They got my lord to bed in a neighboring bath-house, and

when the Rev. Mr. Atterbury came out from confessing him he handed Harry a paper signed by the hand of his dying patron. It was the story of Harry's own birth, which had been told to my lord by Father Holt when he made a secret visit to Castlewood during Harry's second term at Cambridge.

Harry thought of all the kindnesses that had been done to him before his patron knew that he could claim them justly; of that sweet and sorely tried woman about to become a widow; of her children, whose fancied inheritance he would take away should he claim his own—and threw the paper into the fire.

For his part in the duel Harry suffered a short imprisonment in the Gatehouse, and there Lady Castlewood came to see him. It was a distressing interview. She reproached Harry for not preventing the duel; declared that he had brought discord into her home; reproached herself; seemed, in fact, half distracted, and so at last the woman for whom Esmond would willingly have given his life went away declaring that though she forgave him she could never see him more.

All thoughts of being a priest were now over with Harry, and when he came out of prison he did not scruple to accept the help that his father's widow, the Dowager Lady Isabel, offered him, knowing, as he did, how much more was rightfully his. He would be a soldier, he decided, and so the Chelsea dowager procured him a commission in Colonel Quin's regiment.

Hardly was the ink dry on Esmond's commission when King William died and Queen Anne succeeded with blare of trumpets and much pomp of heralds. Mr. Esmond was soon off to the wars, where he made a name for himeslf, and came back after two years to find Lady Isabel as full of gossip as ever.

Almost the first piece of news she told him was that the late lord's widow was going to marry Tom Tusher, the chaplain at Castlewood. Much disturbed by this news, Harry posted off to Walcote, the little house near Winchester where Frank Esmond lived before he became my lord, and where his widow was now residing with her children. He minded not in the least now the prohibition that Lady Castlewood had made about his never seeing her again. He was the head of the family, and as such had a duty to perform. Marry Tom Tusher, indeed!

At the house they told him Lady Castlewood was at prayers at the Cathedral; she went to Cathedral prayers every day. The organ was playing. The winter's day was growing gray as he passed under the street arch into the Cathedral yard.

A score of persons were in the Cathedral besides the dean and some of his clergy and the choristers performing the beautiful evening service; and in one of the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, a noble-looking youth.

Frank caught sight of Mr. Esmond and said to his mother, "Look! Look!" quite loudly. Harry felt his face flush and his frame tremble as his worshiped lady looked upon him.

The service was soon over, and Frank rushed to Captain Esmond with glad welcome, while my lady said:

"It was kind of you to come, Harry. I—I thought you might come."

So it was all made up between them, and there was no truth whatever in the story the spiteful Lady Isabel had started about Tom Tusher and my lady. As they walked home in the gathering shadows, Frank hurrying before, Lady Castlewood said:

"Do you know what day it is? It is your birthday. But last year we did not drink it—no, no! My lord was cold, and my poor Harry was far off, and my brain was in a fever. But now you are come home again, bringing your sheaves with you."

She burst into a flood of weeping as she spoke, she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart crying out wildly: "Bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

"If—if 'tis so, my dear lady," said Harry, "why need we ever part? Come away. Leave this Europe, which has so many sad recollections for you, and begin life again with me in the New World. There is that land in Virginia which King Charles gave our ancestor. Frank will give us that."

"Hush, boy," she replied. "For you the world is just beginning; for me, I must leave it and pray out my expiation, dear. But when your heart is wounded come to me, Harry."

When they reached the house at Walcote and stood in the great hall, Frank, who had preceded them, welcomed the Captain with a shout of joy and cried:

"When I am seventeen I am going to the army, too. Look,

who comes here—'tis Mistress Trix with a new ribbon. Ho! ho! I knew she would put on one as soon as she heard the Captain was coming to dinner!"

And down the stairs came Beatrix, holding a candle in her hand which illuminated her and shone on her scarlet ribbon and on the most beautiful white neck in the world. Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height and arrived at such a dazzling perfection of beauty that his eyes might well delight at beholding her.

Her eyes, eyebrows, lashes, and hair were dark; her hair curling in rich undulations and falling on her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, and her cheeks and lips a full, rich red. Her eyes were fire, her look was love, and her voice the sweetest low song. Her form was symmetry itself.

She advanced, holding her head forward as if she would have Esmond kiss her as he used to do when a child, but checked herself with:

"Stop! I am grown too big. Welcome, Cousin Harry." And she made a sweeping curtsey down to the floor. Then she gave him both her hands and said: "Oh, Harry, we are so glad you are come."

Esmond stood entranced, enthralled.

The next day Lady Castlewood looked fatigued as if with watching, and her face was pale. Beatrix remarked these signs of indisposition and deplored them.

"I am an old woman," says my lady, with a kind smile. "I cannot hope to look as young as you do, dear."

In his artless way Frank told Harry many a tale of Trix; how the young Lord Blandford, the great Marlborough's heir, had been desperately in love with her, and she had given him a lock of her hair, discovering which his mother, the Duchess, had raved and stormed and boxed the ears of both of them; how young Sir Wilmot Crawley and Anthony Henley had drawn swords about her, and much more.

Harry realized that Beatrix never would marry but for rank and station, and he would not have been human had he not for a time wavered in his resolution never to claim possession of the title and estates of Castlewood.

Torn by a tumult of conflicting emotions, Harry fled away to the wars again, to the campaigns in Germany.

When he returned once more he found that his father's widow, the Lady Isabel, had died and left to him her small fortune and her diamonds, which were of considerable value, being the gift of a king. Beatrix was more beautiful than ever. She was about to marry the great Duke of Hamilton, who was going on an embassy to France which, it was hoped, might result in the young King at St. Germain's being brought back as heir to his sister, the Queen, who was rapidly failing in health.

Beatrix was heart and soul in "the good cause" and radiant with ambitions about to be gratified.

"Go and marry mamma," she said to Colonel Esmond. "Go and be Darby and Joan the rest of your lives; that's what you two are fitted for. Oh, cousin, when will you learn that I have no heart?"

Lady Castlewood was established in a modest house at Kensington, where Beatrix was maid of honor at the palace.

"I have waited your coming anxiously, Harry," the gentle lady said. "Dean Atterbury advised me to await your decision. Your father's widow before her death sent for me and told me all. She learned the secret accidentally, she said, after she had been three years married, and had kept it because it had been considered better for the cause of the King's restoration that it should be so. Those who knew held it as a whip over my husband to keep him true to the good cause. But now the decision is with you, Harry."

"My decision was made beside the deathbed of my dear lord," said Harry. "I am the head of the family, but your son is Viscount Castlewood still."

"Dear, generous Harry!" cried the lady, throwing herself at his feet. "Nay, do not raise me; let me kneel and—and—worship you."

Lady Castlewood's house was a headquarters of the Tory faction; and one night as a company of gentlemen sat over their glasses after dinner my Lord Bolingbroke, excited by the wine he had drunk, shouted:

"Treason! Loyalty! What names are these to frighten you and me with? Here's to the King over the water. We'll bring

him back and show him Whitehall, and then if he betrays us hurrah for the British Republic!"

Just then Dean Swift came in with a scared face. "For God's sake, my lord, drink no more," he said.

"What!" exclaimed the company, starting up, "is the Queen dead?"

"No, but Duke Hamilton is dead," replied the Dean. "He has just been killed in a duel with that rascal Mohun, who is dead, too."

"Poor Beatrix!" was Esmond's first thought. But the proud girl bore the ruin of her ambitious hopes with a dignity that repelled sympathy and a gravity that disarmed criticism.

As for the disaster which the Duke's death had been to the Tory party, Colonel Esmond had a plan of his own for retrieving it. This was to bring over the King secretly and have him proclaimed instantly on the death of his sister, who could not last much longer.

As he was undoubted inheritor of the right divine, the feelings of more than half the nation, of almost all the clergy and of the gentry of England and Scotland were with "the King over the water."

The young Viscount Castlewood had been abroad for three years, serving with the army on the Rhine and extending his travels. He was of the same age as the youthful King and bore a remarkable personal resemblance to him. What was easier than that the King, traveling as the Viscount Castlewood, with Frank as his servant, should come swiftly to London? The leaders of the Tory party agreed, and so one night the little house at Kensington had a royal guest who was to lie hidden there for a while.

He was but a boy, and a French boy at that, with all the imperfections of his race aggravated by exile and his foreign training. But they served him on bended knee in the house of Lady Castlewood.

Young Castlewood was startled by the beauty and splendor of Beatrix when she came down-stairs to meet the King on his arrival; and James Stuart stood enthralled, as Henry Esmond had once stood when Trix came down the stairs to meet him, years ago, at Walcote.

These were busy days for the Tory managers, who were filled with the hope of a great triumph. But the King, instead of showing interest in the hot labor of his supporters, employed his waiting time in dalliance with Beatrix; and the bearing of that young lady toward the royal guest caused the Esmond family much concern. The girl was better at Castlewood, her mother said at last, until the King should have his own house.

"For shame," burst out Beatrix with tears of rage and mortification. "You disgrace me with your suspicions. I will go; but I will go alone to Castlewood. You three shall stay behind and triumph over my unhappiness. I want not that my mother should accompany me. I thank you, Henry Esmond, for your share in this conspiracy."

"Well," said Frank, "we all think you are a deal too fond of the King, and he of you, and that's a fact."

So poor Beatrix went off to lonely Castlewood, and the young King, when he found her gone, swallowed his supper very sulkily and did not rally in spirits until the second bottle.

Messengers were now coming constantly from the palace, where the Queen lay dying. At any moment the youth who was sighing for the vanished Beatrix might be proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland from the palace gates.

The next day the King was more cheerful, in fact quite restored to his former gracious good humor. But on the following night when an important message came from Bishop Atterbury the royal boy had vanished.

Frank and Harry looked at each other with startled faces. Both had the same thought; and as day broke they stood before the ancient walls of their ancestral castle. The King had arrived the evening before, they learned from the porter, and had supped with Beatrix, she keeping two servants always in the room with her. Then he had gone to bed in the chamber off the chaplain's room across the court.

Harry knew a secret way of getting into this room, a way used by Father Holt for his comings and goings in the old days at Castlewood. In the chamber they found a candle burning and the King, dressed, asleep on the bed. He started up at seeing two men in his room, and drawing a pistol from beneath his pillow, cried out: "*Qui est là?*"

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," said the Colonel, "come to welcome your Majesty to his poor house of Castlewood and to report what has taken place in London. By this time the Queen may be dead; and had not your Majesty chosen to ride to Castlewood, the King might have slept in Saint James's. We were ready; there was only one person who failed us—your Majesty's gracious—"

"*Morbleu*, Monsieur, you give me too much majesty," said the Prince, who now seemed to be looking for one of his visitors to help him on with his coat. Neither man stirred.

"We shall take care," said Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that respect."

The King muttered something about a *guet-apens*.

"The snare, sir," replied Esmond, "was not of our laying. We came to avenge, not to encompass, the dishonor of our family."

"Dishonor? *Morbleu!* There has been no dishonor!" cried the King. "Only a little harmless playing, I swear."

"Which was meant to end seriously," answered the Colonel. "We have arrived in time, Frank. His Majesty has been writing poetry to Beatrix. Had the royal lover been happy, he would not thus have employed his time." And, in fact, there were scraps of boyish verse on the table, which the Prince had been composing to his charmer.

"Sir," said the King in a rage, "did I come here to receive insults?"

"Rather to confer them, your Majesty," replied Harry. "If your Majesty will accompany me into the next apartment I have some papers I should like to show you."

Taking the candle, he walked backward with great stateliness and ushered the King into the chaplain's room, through which they had just entered the house. Then going to a little crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it and took therefrom papers that had long reposed there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," said he, "is the patent of Marquis sent over from Saint Germain's to Viscount Castlewood, my father; here is the certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening. I was christened in that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life

so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this is what I do with them: here go baptism, marriage, the marquisate and the august sign manual."

He set the papers afire in the brazier. "You will please to remember, sire," said he, turning to the King, "that our family hath ruined itself for yours; that my grandfather spent his estate and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my lord's grandfather—for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title, too—fell in the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked, perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King and got in return this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay it at your feet and stamp upon it; I draw my sword and break it and deny you; and had you accomplished what you had designed I should have run it through your heart and no more spared you than your sire spared Monmouth."

As the Colonel broke his sword, Frank, who had been looking on stupidly, drew and broke his blade, saying:

"I go with my cousin. It's all your Majesty's fault. The Queen's dead, likely, by this time, and you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown," said the young Prince, speaking in his impetuous way, rapidly, in French, "and the loyalty of such hearts as these! To lose the loveliest woman in the world! Marquis, I offer you the only reparation in my power. Will you favor me by crossing swords with me?"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension, Esmond took two swords from the armoire and handed one to the King, bowing so low as almost to kiss the royal hand. The swords were no sooner met than Frank knocked up Esmond's with the broken blade of his own, and the Colonel, stepping back, made another very low bow.

Just then Beatrix entered the room. She started and turned pale at the sight of the broken swords, the papers smoldering in the brazier, and her stern kinsmen. The King made some light and gallant remark and told her that, business calling him at once to London, these two lords had come to fetch him.

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all the girl would say. The roses had shuddered out of her

cheeks, her eyes were glaring, she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two:

"If I did not love you before, think how I love you now!"

As Esmond looked at her he wondered that he ever could have loved her. The King and his two companions set out for London at once. As they came by Lady Warwick's house and down the street of Kensington there was much bustle of persons going to and fro and a great crowd around the palace gate. Opposite the palace the coach was stopped, and presently out from the gates came marching Horse Guards with their trumpets and a company of heralds with their tabards.

The trumpets blew and the heralds proclaimed: "George, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King; Defender of the Faith." And all the people shouted: "God save the King!"

All the hopes of the Pretender were blown away on the breath of King George's trumpets, and he was secretly hurried back to St. Germain's, whither Beatrix, escaping from the custody of her family, soon followed him. Frank had taken a foreign wife, who soon came over to him, and Esmond's dear lady was alone in life except for that faithful heart of his, which had for a time, it is true, been fascinated by the charms of one who could fascinate him no longer.

So one day, finding his lady in tears, Esmond besought her to confide herself and her troubles to one who would never forsake her, and with eyes of meek surrender she yielded to his importunity. Frank released to them the Virginia estates, where, in a new Castlewood, they turned their diamonds into plows and axes for their plantation, and into negroes who were the happiest and merriest in all the country.

In the transatlantic country there is a season, the calmest and most delightful of the year, which is called the Indian Summer. The autumn of their lives resembled that happy serene weather, and they were thankful for its rest and its sweet sunshine.

# THE NEWCOMES (1855)

Lovers of Thackeray's works are wont to remark—with what justice each reader will opine for himself—that the character of Colonel Newcome is the most perfect gentleman depicted in fiction. A single word in this story, when it was first published, produced a curious misunderstanding in the minds of many American readers. Thackeray had written an ironical passage containing these words: "When pigtails grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair; when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause, there came to London," etc. It was the "Mr." that gave offense to readers and critics who did not know that, during the War of Independence, English snobbery refused Washington the title of General, and in this passage Thackeray was merely mocking the spirit and customs of that day. In an explanatory letter, published November 22, 1855, he wrote: "As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men."

HEN Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, C.B., of the Bengal Cavalry, returned home to England on his first furlough after thirty-four years of continuous service, he came back as simple and naïve as he had been when he quitted his country as a lad. Years had served only to emphasize and sweeten that noble nature, to make that tender, brave heart still more tender, and to transmute the generosity of youth into a beautiful, unconscious unselfishness.

The simple gentleman was filled with delighted astonishment at the prodigious cleverness and learning of the friends of Clive, his son, whom he had sent to England on the death of his mother. He hunted out everyone that ever had done his boy a kindness. He hunted out the child of every friend in India. He traveled many miles to visit his old nurse, who had filled the dual place of servant and relative in his father's household—a connection

not at all pleasing to Colonel Newcome's two stepbrothers—Hobson Newcome and Sir Brian Newcome—whose families had long since discovered that their ancestor was a Newcome who had been barber-surgeon to King Edward the Confessor and who was killed at the battle of Hastings; which noble pedigree made them rather anxious to forget that their father had been a poor ignorant weaver and, as rumor had it, a foundling besides.

Colonel Newcome's own mother had died while he was a child. His stepmother, with whom he did not succeed in finding favor, and whose sternness had driven him from home, had died during his long absence. In her will she had left him nothing; but she had spoken kindly of him, and she had been most kind to Clive when he reached England—and that, be sure, touched Colonel Newcome more than if she had left him all the Newcome banking business and all the money in it.

Wonderful were the plans that the proud Colonel laid before Clive for his future. The old warrior had dreamed and thought of nothing but Clive from the day he was taken away to be carried to England. He had studied books of travel and pored over maps of Europe to prepare for the tour on which he intended to take his boy. He had brushed up his Greek and Latin. He saved that he might lay up a little fortune for him —not that he saved at others' expense; for Colonel Newcome's house and hand always were open to all, from a comrade in distress to the furthest removed relative of a comrade; and he was of such a nature that he spent five rupees where another would save them and make a fine show besides. But it is not a man's gifts or hospitalities that usually injure his fortune. It is on themselves that prodigals spend most. Newcome had no personal desires. He lived as frugally as a Hindu. He wore his old clothes and uniforms until they were the laughter—loving laughter—of his regiment.

The Colonel regaled all the ladies of the regiment with Clive's wonderful letters and Clive's wonderful drawings, the young rascal having developed a most astounding facility in making ludicrous pictures of everyone and everything. Some of the irreverent young officers used to bet on the number of times the Colonel would mention Clive's name in the course of a dinner. But those who laughed at the Colonel laughed very

kindly, for everybody who knew him loved him; everybody, that is, who loved modesty and generosity and honor.

At last the day came when the Colonel touched English soil again and trod once more the muddy pavement of Smithfield on his way to Greyfriars, where his son was: a way that he had trodden many times in his own youth. "Looks like a fine, manly fellow," the cock of the school, gigantic Smith, was good enough to say as he looked majestically down on the tall figure in the loose clothes. "He looks very odd, but very kind, and like a gentleman every inch of him," thought Clive, glancing sidewise at the Colonel's yellow face and long moustachios.

"Isn't he a fine fellow, James?" said the Colonel that night, his face illuminated with joy, when he sat down to smoke a last cigar with his old Indian friend, James Binnie, who had returned home with him to rest after twenty years of service in the legal administration of the Indian empire.

"Have ye been breathing a prayer over your rosy infant's slumbers, Tom?" asked Mr. Binnie.

"And if I have, James Binnie," the Colonel said gravely, "if I have, I hope I've done no harm. The last time I saw him asleep was nine years ago, a sickly little pale-faced boy in his cot, and now, sir, that I see him again, strong and handsome and all that a fond father can wish to see a boy, I should be an ungrateful villain, James, if I didn't—if I didn't do what you said just now, and thank God for restoring him to me."

Binnie did not laugh any more. "By George! Tom Newcome," said he, "if all men were like you there'd be an end of both our trades—there would be no fighting and no soldiering, no rogues and no magistrates to catch them."

Clive Newcome had indeed turned out all that a fond father could wish to see a boy—instinct with health, strength, activity, and good humor, his head crowned with waving light hair, a laughing mouth, and blue eyes that sparkled with intelligence and frankness. He had grown up clean without becoming a ninny, and scrupulously honorable without becoming that sad and depressing creature, a "model boy."

A saving grace—perhaps his inheritance of a good part of his father's simple, downright nature—saved him from being spoiled, which was something that all his friends tried to do.

Even in the homes of his two uncles, whose families were not given to unprofitable friendships, Clive was more than welcome. But about the time Colonel Newcome returned, the family of Sir Brian discovered that he was a lad no more; and there came trepidation in that prudent household.

The object of that trepidation was a young lady who had been most correctly bred from early youth in the contemplation of the blessed mission of young ladies to marry well and in a manner becoming noble pedigrees. By dint of constant iteration the Newcomes not only had made their friends believe, but believed themselves, the Newcome pedigree led back to that most useful barber-surgeon of the field of Hastings; while on her mother's side, Lady Ann, Ethel could boast most undoubted blue blood through her grandmother, Lady Kew.

That domineering old campaigner had determined long ago to marry Ethel to her grandson, Lord Kew. The family agreed docilely; her daughter, Lady Ann, because she was abjectly afraid of the fierce old woman, and Sir Brian and his son for the dual reason that they wanted a lord in the family, and because Lady Kew would not leave her great fortune to Ethel under any other condition. The Newcomes adored rank and worshiped money. Clive Newcome represented neither.

Into this life of mixed shoddy aristocracy and genuine, Colonel Newcome came like a breeze—a breeze that ruffled the elder Newcomes sadly and came to the haughty Miss Ethel like an awakening. Thomas Newcome and his niece fell in love with each other instantaneously.

He took a little, slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the grizzled moustachio from his mouth, and, stooping down, he kissed the little white hand with grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and motion caused his heart to thrill and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterward, as if they looked at him out of heaven) seemed to shine upon him after five-and-thirty years.

"What a frank, generous, bright young creature!" he thought. "What a fine match might be made between her and Clive."

That night the Colonel said to his servant: "I say, Kean, is that blue coat of mine very old?"

"Uncommon white about the seams, Colonel."

"Is it older than other men's coats?"

Kean confessed gravely that it was very queer.

"Get me another coat, then, and see that I don't do anything or wear anything unusual."

But, even had honest Tom Newcome's innocent plans ever had the slightest chance of success, that chance would have been ruined absolutely by an act of Clive that struck the Newcome family as a scandal. He determined to be an artist!

If the Colonel was at all disappointed by Clive's choice, his loyal love never permitted the feeling to take form even within his secret thoughts. He placed his son with a famous master and paid lavishly for fitting up a studio in the house that he and Binnie engaged.

Thus Clive Newcome entered life. Before long his fellow-students agreed that he could do great things whenever he should get down to real work, and his society friends agreed that his odd fad was most entertaining and made him immensely interesting. He rode fine horses and disported himself with London's finest dandies in the park. He partook with equal zest of the remarkable feasts of polonies and beer with his fellow-artists in their bare rooms.

The Colonel was now in possession of that felicity for which his soul had longed; and yet, as the months went on, his face grew unconsciously melancholy, his loose clothes hung still looser on his long limbs, and he began to sit in long silences.

Perhaps this hastened his determination to return to India when his furlough ended. He had found that he could not live in England on his income and give Clive what he desired, so he decided to return and get his promotion, which would insure him a sufficient pension. Not that he was poor. He calculated that he could give Clive ten thousand pounds when he married and five hundred pounds a year out of his own allowance. So he settled a hundred pounds a year on his boy and arranged in addition for a most handsome annual sum to be paid while he was away; and then he went bravely back to India.

Clive immediately plunged with all the ardor of his nature

into the practise of his profession, determined on living by it. He carried four sketches to a print-seller and obtained a sovereign and a half, which happy news he despatched to India at once, explaining that he could do six such sketches easily in a morning, which would mean at the lowest calculation five hundred pounds a year, so that he would not need to touch his allowance at all. Then he gave a grand feast to all his friends in honor of the thirty shillings and departed for a sketching tour in Europe, for which purpose he bought a snug little traveling-carriage.

At Baden he fell in with his aunt, Lady Ann, the little Newcomes and Ethel, all traveling very grandly with couriers and retinue. Lady Kew was not there. Good-natured Lady Ann, freed from the domination of her autocratic mother, was too lazy or too indulgent to interpose any difficulties between her handsome nephew and her beautiful daughter.

Clive and Ethel realized that their childish affection had changed—who knows how long ago, or when?—to love. Ethel faced the knowledge with rebellion, directed blindly against herself, against fate and against her love. Clive forgot all other considerations for a time and gave himself utterly to the passion; then he awoke to the sad dawn of real life and knew that his holiday of youth was over, and that before him lay but one course—an honorable retreat.

He took with him the victim of another misplaced affection —the Honorable Charles Belsize, a handsome, disorderly, bankrupt, dissolute younger son, long since disowned by Lord Highgate, his father, and by his elder brother. Poor Charles was frantically in love with Lady Clara Pulleyn, whose parents were as desperately poor as the Honorable Charles himself, and therefore hated him with a noble hatred.

Belsize had discovered that Lady Clara had arrived in Baden for the purpose of becoming engaged to young Barnes Newcome. At this he set to drinking and weeping, with the logical result that he determined to kill Barnes.

There was a most scandalous scene in the street; and then Lord Kew and Clive, who admired each other very cordially despite their rivalry for Ethel, locked the poor sinner up until Clive could spirit him away.

Finally Clive went to Rome, and there after many months began to think that he had resigned himself to his fate—when he heard a piece of news that sent him in mad flight to London. The engagement between Ethel Newcome and Lord Kew had been broken!

There was little art for Clive Newcome now. He spent his days scheming for invitations to the great houses where he might meet her, and his nights in the whirl of society, content if he could snatch a few moments with his cousin.

Lady Kew regarded him malignantly and defended her niece with immense cleverness. The world was full of new gossip about her. It was that she was to marry into a station far greater than that of even Lord Kew. The prize selected by old Lady Kew, now that her first plan had gone astray when Lord Kew discovered that Ethel did not love him, was no less than my Lord Farintosh, immensely wealthy, immensely proud, immensely good looking, and immensely stupid.

At this juncture Colonel Newcome returned home. He went at once to Sir Barnes Newcome (who was now head of the family, his father having died) and ingenuously laid before him his private affairs; how he had invested his money most fortunately in the great Bundlecund Banking Company, with the result that he was now very rich and fast growing richer, being worth at the least sixty thousand pounds.

"I have a pension, besides," said the honest soldier, "of a thousand pounds a year. And two hundred a year is all that I want for myself. I will give Clive every shilling of the rest tomorrow if he marries as I wish him to. My boy will thus have an income of three or four thousand pounds a year. Barnes," cried the Colonel, with his face shining, "I want your sister—I want my dear Ethel for him!"

Barnes listened with inward scorn and outward respect. His small mind required only a moment for the easy computation that four thousand a year was nothing compared to Lord Farintosh's fifteen thousand; not to mention the noble alliance.

But the Bundlecund Banking Company was, indeed, a great affair, so great that even the great banking house of Newcome could not afford to incur its enmity. Therefore Sir Barnes saw his profit, as usual, in playing double.

Playing double is something that polite society recognizes as almost vital at times to preserve its sacred institutions. Unfortunately Colonel Newcome did not belong to polite society. Therefore, when he discovered presently that Lady Kew had whisked Ethel away to Scotland, whence her engagement to Lord Farintosh was announced soon afterward, he lost no time in striding into the Newcome Bank and there, in the presence of trembling clerks, called Sir Barnes liar, traitor, and knave.

All London heard of it in a day. Poor Barnes, in a weak attempt to retrieve his reputation, announced his regret that he couldn't challenge a man who was his uncle. Thereupon Clive wrote to him, repeating the charges and offering to meet him; and delighted club acquaintances assured Sir Barnes that the code permitted a meeting between cousins. General Sir George Tufto wickedly congratulated Barnes on his opportunity, leaving the unhappy gentleman no recourse but to show the white feather, which he did.

To console his boy the Colonel now decided on a long tour of the Continent, and Clive assented eagerly. They traveled Rhineland and Switzerland, they crossed into Italy, they went over the Styrian Alps to Vienna, they beheld the Danube.

At last toward autumn they found themselves in Brussels, and settled down to spend the winter with old James Binnie, who was living on the Continent with his widowed sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, and her lovely young daughter.

And about this time a good and true friend of Colonel Newcome wrote a letter to him, which followed him unavailingly through Europe and never found him until long afterward. Had it reached him in time, it might have prevented much that was to happen.

During their wanderings the Colonel and his son had heard about the latest scandal in the family of their kinsman, Sir Barnes—how he had ill-treated his wife, Lady Clara, till he had been knocked down for it by Lord Highgate, who was no other than poor Charles Belsize, come most unexpectedly into the family fortune and estate through the death of both his father and elder brother; and how in the end Highgate had fled with Lady Clara.

Following this came the announcement that the engagement

between Ethel and the noble Marquis of Farintosh had, of course, been broken off by the Farintoshes as a result of the scandal.

That letter which never reached him would have told him something different. It would have told him that Lord Farintosh had implored Ethel humbly to marry him, and that she had refused, not because of the scandal, but because her soul had become filled with loathing of the fortune-hunting and title-seeking life in which she was enveloped. And if the writer of the letter added that Lady Kew had died in the midst of all this trouble before she could change her will, which left Ethel all her great fortune, who will say that the true friend added this with any idea that it could affect Clive or the Colonel? No, indeed. Great fortunes are not so plentiful that even the best of us can afford to ignore them. But as for anything more, the writer of that letter knew full well that Colonel Newcome would care for nothing so much as the knowledge that his darling Ethel was not the mercenary wretch that he had been forced to think her. But the letter never reached its destination.

A few months afterward the Colonel returned to London with Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome. Clive had married Miss Rose Mackenzie.

Colonel Newcome, who would dine on a crust and wear a coat for ten years, opened a magnificent house for his children. He commanded the eager services of upholsterers, painters, and carriage-makers in his splendid Indian way. He presented Rosey with wonderful jewels and was made happy by the sight of the blooming young creature decked in these magnificences.

The Bundlecund Banking Company was in a highly flourishing condition. Its directors told the Colonel that it was his duty, as their leading director, to live in splendor. The wealthiest people of London sought his board and naturally expected entertainment on a scale proportionate to the great affairs of the great institution.

All the world began to pay great attention to Colonel Newcome now. Everybody knew confidently exactly how many millions of rupees he was worth. He began to feel quite convinced that he was a wonderful man of business, and put all his friends and acquaintances and dependents into the company,

whose enormous profits from indigo and cotton and opium and copper and a score of other commodities were growing more enormous daily.

Yet in all this glow and glory of achievement and honor the furrows deepened around the Colonel's old eyes whenever he looked at Clive. He could see that his boy was not happy. He appeared dutifully at the board meetings and other business conclaves that produced the Newcome wealth; but he yawned and went away and galloped his horse alone, or returned to his painting-room and worked away in his old velvet jacket. He spent little time with his wife, and that little was too clearly uncomfortable for both of them. Poor Clive tossed unhappily on his bed of down, and Care rode behind him on his horses.

So the Colonel was not happy either; not happy in the society of his new friends; not happy even when he won his election to Parliament as the member for Newcome against his hated nephew, Sir Barnes himself. The brave old soldier was never to take that seat.

One day news came to London that the great Indian merchant who was at the head of the Bundlecund Banking Company had died suddenly from cholera in his palace in Calcutta. The next day the whole world knew that the Bundlecund Company had been a vast, complicated, enormous swindle, and Colonel Newcome, after threescore and ten honorable years, was ruined.

The bills were put up in the splendid house. Colonel Newcome gave up even his pension and allowed the brokers to take everything, down to his two swords that were the only ornaments of the plain little room with the iron bedstead where he had lived in that splendid house. Then he and his, quite penniless, went to poor quarters, where Clive tried to support them with his art.

The poor old man gave up even his cigar, the friend and comforter of forty years. Mrs. Mackenzie, who had lost her money like the rest in the smash, came out in her true colors and lashed him daily with bitter taunts and jibes that stung him like strokes from a whip. He ate his scanty crust and bowed his noble old head in silence under that cowardly persecution.

One day he went away quietly, telling Clive that he was go-

ing on a short visit to friends. A few days afterward came the annual solemn ceremony in memory of Founder's Day in the old Greyfriars School; and those who went there saw among the poor pensioners, in the black gown, with his order of the Bath on his breast, his dear old head bent down over his prayer-book, Thomas Newcome.

The steps of this good old man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse. Here it was ordained that a life all love and kindness and honor should end.

His time on earth was to be but short; yet ere his thread was cut, fate stepped toward one young and blooming and cut off poor, helpless, pretty little Rosey. From her deathbed Clive was summoned to that of his father.

He lay in his little room, a stricken old man, with a beard white as snow covering the noble, careworn face. Ethel arose and gave her hand to Clive—that dear little hand that the Colonel had loved so well, and that was one day to lie in Clive's for life, after all. But that day was still in the future, and the one whose heart it would have filled to overflowing to behold it would not be on earth to see.

By the Colonel's side sat a woman, distinguished, with the air of a *grande dame*, and beautiful even in age. The Colonel's hand reached for hers. He pressed it and said with a heart-rending voice: "Leonore! Leonore!" Thus did he find his romance again—in the person of the great Countess de Florac, who had been taken away from him in youth as Ethel had been snatched from his son.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted his head a little and quickly said, "*Adsum!*" and fell back.

It was the word the boys used at the school when their names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master.

## A SHABBY-GENTEEL STORY (1857)

This story was the forerunner of *The Adventures of Philip*, which in turn was followed by *The Virginians*, and in all three novels many of the same characters appear.

MONG the English who, possessed of leisure and means, rushed over to the Continent after the second restoration of Louis XVIII was a young widow named Mrs. Wellesley Macarty, who occupied rooms in a genteel boarding-house at Brussels. With the widow lived her mamma, Mrs. Crabb. Their conversation led one to infer that they came of fashionable lineage—having more of that than of shillings to maintain their high descent from both their English and Irish stock, beyond the deceased Macarty's allowance as an ensign. After being married six months he was carried off suddenly on June 18, 1815, by a malady that was very prevalent about that time near Brussels—the fatal cannon-shot morbus. A few months later his widow brought into the world two healthy girls.

Mrs. Wellesley Macarty, having nothing to rely on in these circumstances except Providence, found it convenient to become reconciled to her mother—there having been an estrangement between Mrs. Crabb and her only child Juliana—and thus they shared between them the former's modest income of one hundred and twenty pounds a year, equal, perhaps, to two or three times that amount now. The facts were that no other course was possible, for their high, aristocratic connections would give no assistance, because Mr. Crabb had been butler to a lord and his lady a lady's maid. He had climbed the ladder of prosperity and became owner of the Ram hotel and posting-house, which after his death was sold by his relict for three thousand pounds. With the well-known tact of their

sex, mother, daughter, and granddaughters managed to live quite smartly, the twins having been put out to nurse at a neighboring village. It may be mentioned aside that Mrs. Crabb came with time to a full appreciation of her daughter's social rank as the widow of an ensign.

About this time a young Englishman named James Gann, Esquire, of the great oil house of Gann, Blubbery and Gann, in pursuit of the French language came to lodge at the house where Mrs. Crabb and her daughter were living. Gann was young, weak, inflammable, not an uncommon union of qualities. He saw and adored Mrs. Wellesley Macarty. She was almost engaged to Dr. M'Lint, a wooden-legged regimental surgeon, but threw him over for Gann, who had a somewhat strenuous life of it from the outset. On the day of the wedding, but after the blessing had settled it irrevocably, the bride presented her twin daughters to her husband. He was somewhat staggered, as this was his first intimation of the existence of these estimable little girls. Being naturally good-natured, he accepted the situation like a hero. But when he got over this Gann had to fight a duel with M'Lint, the surgeon, and having passed this ordeal safely he then had to break the news of these events to his father, who, being the entire source of income to Gann, made it very unpleasant for him until a reconciliation enabled the young husband to gird himself anew for the struggles and calls on his good nature that destiny had in store for him.

Matters went on fairly well until Gann senior died, and soon afterward the introduction of illuminating gas for lighting streets ruined the business of Gann and Company, who had prospered by a contract with London City. When all accounts were settled Gann found himself like a plucked hen, minus everything. In the mean time Mother Crabb departed this life, leaving her three thousand pounds equally divided between her two granddaughters, bearing interest of one hundred and twenty pounds. The youngest daughter, Caroline, had nothing. So long as Gann was well off with a good business, the grandmother purposed to leave all her money to sweet Caroline, on the principle that to him that hath shall be given. But when the father lost his all Mrs. Crabb left her all to the twins, and Caroline became the laughing-stock and the drudge of the rest

of the family excepting her father, who had some good traits and took the side of his own child whenever and however he was able to maintain the fight against his showy, coarse, and heartless wife and twin daughters.

Matters being thus, and Mrs. Juliana Gann unwilling to listen to his taking a respectable place as clerk, as beneath the position of such genteel people, this vulgar woman moved with all her family to a house in a certain back street, where he put out a brass sign in the window, assuming to be agent for a ginger-beer company and food for nursing-babies—a mere show to save appearances; while Mrs. Gann, on the strength of a glimpse of the sea from the roof, gave out that she took two lodgers in aristocratic quarters, and passed much time in boasting of her high-born connections. The service consisted of Becky the cook and Caroline, the only one of the family that maintained her loveliness of character and delicate beauty, although treated as what she actually was, the maid of all work.

After the usual time of waiting for good fortune to perch on the roof of this family of unmitigated snobs, a lodger and boarder came to them. He was handsome, educated, and possessed of a certain gentility of manner that comes to some men from their origin and environment, even when they are lacking in moral sense; a method of carrying one's self that is born in a man and cannot be acquired. Those who have it not cannot acquire it, but they recognize it when seen, and hence much of the jealousy that exists among classes. The assumed name under which this young man preferred to be known at this period of his unprofitable life was George Brandon. He had studied at Oxford, his father being a colonel on retired pay, and had made some precious acquaintances, who could teach him nothing except how to spend money and how to borrow without repaying. Lord Viscount Cinqbars, a puny scion of an old family, one of these valuable social assets of George Brandon, found him very amusing, as indeed he could be when he chose. As Cinqbars loaned money to Brandon whenever Papa Cinqbars paid his son his monthly allowance, George Brandon, a man of far greater natural ability, was willing to be his entertainer and jester, as it were. At this period of the story Brandon was seeking a place of concealment

for reasons best known to himself. He did not even divulge his secret to Cinqbars. As it was not the fashionable season, his expenses were so moderate that he had no immediate need to call on his friend and banker. Experience had taught him how to get the most palatable food for the least money, lodging included, at that time of the year. There was no variety in articles or quality. Itemized, the weekly bill was—lodging, one pound; breakfast, cream, eggs, nine shillings; dinner, fourteen mutton chops, ten shillings sixpence; fire, boot-cleaning, etc., three shillings sixpence—total, two pounds three shillings.

During this time, and for how long before this is of slight consequence, James Gann had the steady habit of resorting to the alehouse called the Bag of Nails. There he foregathered with congenial souls, imbibed gin and water, and smoked his pipe. Nothing was the matter with James Gann, except that he was a negative rather than a positive character. So long as work came to him he was willing, nay, anxious to be occupied. But he lacked the force to find work, resist his family, and protect Caroline, the only one of the family that needed love and protection, and to whom he longed to extend them; and thus he went down the hill, a wasted life. His good traits brought him friends of a certain kind for a time. One of these was a big, burly, unrefined, heavy drinker and smoker, but honest and generous far more than some who are apparently of a more refined type. He had a clear five hundred a year; and was rated in his own circle a shrewd and thoroughly well-found man, whom few young women in that circle would think of declining. He kept his own gig and pony, a great aid to success in the art of courtship; he was about forty, and his name was Swigsby.

Now Swigsby passed much of his valuable time at the Bag of Nails, as also was the habit of James Gann. The former in his coarse but good-natured way took a liking to his older companion. He saw that there was nothing low or mean in him, but rather that he was in a false position, and had everything against him; while Gann not only saw in Swigsby a sort of free-handed generosity, a readiness to knock a man down by a frank, square blow in front, but resorting to no mean attack from behind, which commanded his respect. Gann also saw a possible son-in-law in this bluff son of John Bull. The two formed a

tacit friendly alliance over their cups, and Gann introduced Swigsby and his smart yellow gig to the sanctity of his scheming, low-bred family.

While these plots and counterplots were occurring in the Gann household and the Bag of Nails, another of the *dramatis personæ* appeared on the scene to complicate the drama.

This gentleman was Andrew Fitch, Esquire, the first name Italianized by him to Andrea, out of his great regard for all things Italian, a little affectation that did no more harm than to show a small weakness in the upper story of an otherwise estimable if not heavily timbered young man, with artistic aspirations and a large capacity for sentiment. Fitch wore an ample Spanish cloak, a heavy black beard, and a slouch hat. The general effect would have been interesting and was indeed romantic until he opened his mouth. Then he dropped or added his *h's* in a manner so unmistakably that of an out-and-out cockney as to take the dignity out of his art aspirations. This, however, was no obstacle to his obtaining the undying love of a noble widow, the lady Marianne Caroline Matilda, relict of the late Antony Carrickfergus, Esquire, of Lombard Street and Gloucester Place. The said sentimental but very wealthy relict affected the French language in preference to her own Anglo-Irish speech, and, although ten or fifteen years older than the aforesaid Andrea Fitch, Esquire, "hartist," fell desperately in love with him, caring neither for this disparity in years nor for his chronic poverty.

Strange to say, Andrea felt no response in his bosom and avoided *la belle* Carrickfergus with a coolness that must have been very aggravating as well as mortifying to that tender heart. Fitch had been sent down to Margate by his old aunt, the wife of a prosperous sausage-maker, who paid his expenses, in order that he might spend less money there than at London. But he was apparently so obtuse to his own best interests as to consider it a compensation for his seaside banishment that the Widow Carrickfergus probably did not know where to find him.

Such was the position of affairs at the Gann seaside lodging-house at Margate when the clash of arms, we mean Cupid's arms, began to be serious, and the crisis drew rapidly to a focus. Mrs. Gann's bold and gaudy twins were competing for the atten-

tions of the languid but distinguished George Brandon, who had won great importance by cleverly asking a member of the family —Caroline, if we rightly remember—to drop a letter in the box for him, which was addressed to the Lord Viscount Cinqbars. That a lodger in that dwelling should be on such terms with a viscount produced a prodigious flutter.

At this juncture Gann thought it expedient to invite to his festive domestic board the three gentlemen described above. How far he was shrewd enough to foresee the possibilities involved in such a genteel entertainment is beyond our scope; but anyone of average perception can see for himself how dangerous such a collection of inflammable materials might prove to be. The sumptuous menu set before the guests consisted of a roast leg of pork, boiled haddock, cabbage, potatoes, and a few shreds of celery. There was also porter and ale, and a bottle of golden sherry given direct to the host from his own wine-merchant, as he alleged, but most likely from the tap of the Bag of Nails. Brandon, with unmitigated audacity, said:

"It is, I really think, the finest wine I ever tasted in my life—at a commoner's table, that is."

"Oh, in course, a commoner's table! We have no titles, sir," Mrs. Gann replied quick and sharp as lightning. "Mr. Gann, I will trouble you for more of that crackling. My poor dear girls are related, by their blessed father's side, to some of the first nobility in the land, I assure you."

Mr. Gann spoke up thereat: "Gammon, Jooly, my dear. Them Irish nobility, you know, what are they? And besides, it's my belief that the gals are no more related to them than I am."

"Mr. Brandon never has been accustomed to such language, I am sure, and I entreat you will excuse Mr. Gann's rudeness, sir," said Mrs. Gann.

"Indeed, I assure you, Mr. Brandon," interposed the fair Linda, "that we've high connections as well as low; as high as some people's connections, per'aps, though we are not always talking of the nobility." This was a double shot; the first barrel hit her stepfather, the second barrel was leveled directly at Mr. Brandon. "Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Fitch?"

The artist looked up absent-mindedly, as if desirous of at-

tracting attention to the design he was drawing on the table-cloth, showing his devotion to his "hart."

The twins, aided by their mother, turned to scolding sweet Caroline, the butt of the family when diversion was required from a turn in the conversation. This was the critical moment of the dinner. Swigsby admirably took in what was said by the ladies about rank, swore that blood will tell, and vowed to himself that one of those slap-up gals—which one he had not yet decided—must be the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Brandon, toady as he was, still was a grade higher than Mrs. Gann and her bouncing twins, and with pity akin to love observed with indignation their coarse "roughing" of their sweet, refined, self-sacrificing daughter and sister Caroline. If there had been any wavering in the growth of this sentiment in the bosom of this prince of self-seekers, it was settled for good and all when, to his amusmenet and amazement, he discerned unmistakable evidences of a similar sentiment moving the bushy beard and dark eyes of Mr. Fitch, the "hartist."

Mr. Brandon was astounded. What, shall this upstart cockney, who murders his *h's* so atrociously, dream of aspiring to the 'and and 'eart of the gentle Caroline and cutting out the said Brandon, Esquire, now for the first time touched in a tender part? Never!

The next act in the drama represents closing scenes in this affecting tale. Swigsby, being a man of leisure, could arrange his movements when and where he pleased. In a very few days, therefore, he sent Mrs. Gann some gin and a turkey, which naturally implied that he should be invited to partake of them at the Gann table. As one thing leads to another, Swigsby invited the entire Gann family to share with him a ride in a coach and four, all accepting except Caroline, the idea of whose company all agreed was preposterous. Fitch was invited and accepted, as he supposed Caroline was going. For this reason one seat was vacant by the side of Swigsby, who drove. Like Fitch, Bella had not foreseen all these circumstances, and had taken a comfortable seat in the coach. But Linda, more sharp, secured the place by the side of Swigsby, the result being that she, and not Bella, was the one that accepted Swigsby's proposal. When they reached home Bella descended from the

coach sullen and glum, while Linda stepped forward with an air of success that could not be mistaken.

Mistake number two on this day of sunshine and rain was that Fitch allowed such a rival to remain behind and monopolize Caroline—excepting that she prudently invited Becky, the cook, to act as duenna. There is no doubt that Brandon loved Caroline as much as one of his type was capable of loving; but then he had not a particle of principle, and the poor girl had a protective instinct that such was the fact. Having the entire day to enjoy the society of Caroline, Brandon made great progress, while Andrea Fitch had his love-affair all to himself and soon found that he was hopelessly beaten.

In the mean time Swigsby and Linda lost no time in being married, and began swimmingly by a quarrel on the third day of the honeymoon, all about Swigsby's low, vulgar, filthy habits of smoking and tippling, as if she had not thought of that before marriage. Soon afterward Mamma and Papa Gann came down to see them at his house, where the presence of another mother-in-law, to wit Swigsby's mother, added to the sweet pleasantness of the new bride and groom, especially of the latter; and there we leave them.

In the mean time, also, Madam Carrickfergus had learned the hiding-place of Andrea Fitch, and had come to Margate with all her trunks, bundles, coach, courier, private maid, pug puppy, and the like. At nightfall she might be seen with her French maid wandering under the window of Andrea's lodging and clasping her hands as he appeared mouthing heroics to the stars and the windswept clouds, and he knew it not.

In the mean time, again, the Lord Viscount Cinqbars and his close friend and toad-eater, Tom Tufthunt, who was studying for orders, being fitted for nothing else apparently, arrived most unexpectedly at Margate and lost no time in notifying Brandon of the fact. It was a great relief to see Cinqbars, for Brandon needed money, and advice also in the predicament thrust on him by Andrea Fitch, who had challenged him for the morrow to fight a deadly duel merely because he, Brandon, had stolen a poem composed by Fitch and intended for Caroline and had forestalled him by sending her the verses as if from her beloved George, and declined now to apologize. It was too absurd al-

together, but Fitch was evidently in earnest, and it would not do to show the white feather even to such a droll devotee of Cupid and "hart." But Brandon did not relish the possibility of being shot for such a trifle.

Cinqbars gallantly came to the rescue. He would manage the whole business. As the challenged party, Brandon could select pistols. Cinqbars had a brace on hand. The weapons should be loaded with balls made of blackened dough—nothing easier. Everything should be on the desperate order except the balls. Early in the morning, after a cup of hot coffee and a wee nippy, George was on the field with Cinqbars and Tufthunt. The "hartist" was waiting for them there, stern and unflinching. The principals were to step forward and fire at any distance within twenty-four paces, the offense being very aggravated. Fitch fired at six paces and missed; while Brandon, in the act of firing, was hit on the "funny-bone" by a club, and the shot was diverted upward. Said stick was thrown by the lusty German courier of the fat and fair Carrickfergus, who at the last moment heard about the pending encounter and rushed, frenzied with agony, to the rescue of her beloved Andrea Fitch, and clasped her arms about him. At the same thrilling instant Caroline, who had learned from Becky what was going on, arrived on the scene in time to fall fainting on the bosom of her beloved George Brandon.

The imbroglio ended by a wedding at the British Embassy in Paris, where Mrs. Carrickfergus and her Andrea were married in the presence of a brilliant display of Anglican nobility.

Really attached to Caroline, and knowing she would not have him without a marriage ceremony, Brandon got Tufthunt to marry them. This performance was irregular, we regret to say. Cinqbars loaned George fifty pounds to carry him through his "honeymoon"; and thus was a tender, trustful heart betrayed through its own affection.

# THE VIRGINIANS (1859)

Although several of the personages of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* figure in *The Virginians*, the later story is not a sequel to the former, since the chief of the *dramatis personæ* are entirely new characters. The scene of this tale is alternately laid in Virginia and in England, and the period of the principal action is the third half of the eighteenth century. George Washington, as a young officer in the colonial army, and General James Wolfe are famous historical characters introduced in the story as secondary personages. For the conception of the story Thackeray is believed to be indebted to his friend, William B. Reed of Philadelphia, and the sight of the crossed swords over the mantel in the Boston residence of the historian Prescott. Thackeray was for a time the guest of the Maryland novelist, John Pendleton Kennedy, and it has been asserted by many Marylanders that Kennedy wrote a portion, if not an entire chapter, of *The Virginians*. Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, quotes her father as saying that he wrote that particular chapter over four times, and adds her own conviction that the Maryland novelist's assistance was confined to the supplying of local details of description. This view is held by Kennedy's nephew, who says that his uncle gave Thackeray much information about Virginia and its people, but does not think that the aid extended farther.

T the close of the reign of Queen Anne Colonel Henry Esmond, who had served in the wars of that reign, found himself compromised in certain attempts to restore the Stuarts to the throne and was counseled by his friends to go abroad. This he did, establishing himself in Virginia, where he took possession of a large estate conferred upon his ancestor by King Charles I, which he called Castlewood, after the family home in England. His wife had been the widow of his kinsman, Viscount Castlewood, and in Virginia his daughter and his twin grandsons were born. On the death of his wife Colonel Esmond gave up the management of his affairs to his daughter Rachel, an imperious, self-willed little woman. At an early age she had married George Warrington, the younger son of a Norfolk baronet, but he had soon died and she presently discontinued the name of Warrington and went by the title of Madame Esmond. On the death of her father she proclaimed her eldest son, George,

the successor and heir of the estate, and Harry, the younger by half an hour, was enjoined to respect his senior. In disposition the lads were unlike, but in feature they closely resembled each other. Madame Esmond was a great stickler for precedence in colonial society, and in course of time not only fell out with her neighbors and, in her correspondence, with her English relatives, but with her sons as well. By the death of an aunt the lads received several thousand pounds, of which sum their mother was one of the trustees. She could not understand why she was not the proprietor of this money and was furious at the London lawyer, the other trustee, for not sending it to her. Her son George sided with the lawyer and she reproached him for unwillingness to help his brother Harry, for whom she designed the whole sum, saying: "To think of a child of mine being so mean at fourteen!" She now began to save for Harry because George was "a disobedient son and an unkind brother."

Fortunately their mother's unjust behavior made no difference in the lads' love for each other. One winter the boys and their mother spent in Williamsburg, where they heard the famous preacher Whitfield, who promised to send the widow a tutor for her sons. In due time Mr. Ward, the tutor, appeared, a dull fellow and a poor scholar, but a glib preacher who was much to Madame Esmond's taste. The boys soon learned to mimic his pompous remarks and ill manners, and at last, when George had been especially unruly, his mother ordered the tutor to punish him. A painful scene followed, in which George triumphed; and from that day he was master at Castlewood. The quarrel between him and the tutor was patched up, but Ward's influence over the widow was gone and he soon departed.

Not long after this George fell ill, and on his recovery the brothers made a ten months' trip to Canada, where they acquired many accomplishments, Harry spending much time in Indian camps, while George, being delicate, remained in town.

Mrs. Mountain, the friend and companion of Madame Esmond, was much inclined to match-making and fancied that every unmarried man who came to Castlewood was in love with its mistress. Young Major George Washington was a friend of the family, and Mrs. Mountain was positive that he wished to marry the fair widow. She imparted her suspicions to George

Esmond, who begged her to be silent, but in vain. The lad was naturally of a jealous temperament and Mrs. Mountain's remarks served to make him adopt a frigid courtesy toward his mother's guest. Mrs. Mountain showed him a fragment of a letter in Washington's writing that she had found in the Major's chamber, which suspicion might construe as confirmation of her fancies, and which George did so interpret. Much harm ensued from this incident. George purposely offended young Washington, lately made a colonel, and a duel was about to follow, when Mrs. Mountain fortunately discovered that the letter related to the Widow Custis, whom Washington was intending to marry. Harry, who greatly admired Washington, effected a reconciliation, and George apologized for his hasty action.

A place on General Braddock's staff having been offered one of the Warringtons, it was accepted by George, as the elder, and he soon marched away into Pennsylvania with Braddock's army, sending frequent letters home filled with accounts of the march. Then came news, but not from George, of the terrible defeat of the British forces and the death of Braddock. Harry at once set out to find his brother; and hearing that one of the General's suite was ill with fever at Dunbar's camp he hastened thither only to find it was Colonel Washington, who could give him no certain intelligence regarding George, although he believed the young man had been slain by the Indians. Grief made Madame Esmond angry and reproachful, and when Harry and Colonel Washington returned to Castlewood she chose to consider that the Colonel had abandoned her son in order to secure his own safety. She persisted in believing that George was alive and would some time return; she reproached Harry for remaining friendly with Washington, whom she illogically regarded as George's murderer; and by her imperious humors destroyed the comfort of all about her.

Harry had more than one attack of fever, and being advised to take a sea-voyage gladly left Castlewood behind him and sailed for Bristol. His mother then removed for a time to her town house in Richmond, where she set up her little throne before which the provincial gentlefolk were welcome to bow.

In the summer of 1756 Harry arrived in England, and with his negro servant, Gumbo, went by post-chaise from Bristol to

Castlewood in Hampshire. Leaving his baggage at the village inn he went at once to Castlewood House, but its owners were absent and the servants paid little attention to him. As the family were to arrive that day he left his name and his inn address on a table in the hall and returned to a solitary dinner at the tavern. Later in the day, as he sat by the bridge and gazed at his ancestral home beyond, a coach and six rolled past, preceded by two gentlemen on horseback who nearly jostled him off the bridge. The inn folk told him that the men were my lord and his brother William, and that in the coach were my lady, her stepdaughter, Lady Maria, and her own daughter, Lady Fanny. Just before dark another coach, containing the Baroness Bernstein, passed over the bridge.

When the Castlewoods discovered Harry's note in the hall they were of various minds about what should be done, but decided to wait until their aunt, the Baroness, should arrive, and not till after supper did the visitor learn who had called. Full of indignation at the slight thus put upon their Virginian cousin, she declared that she would herself drive to the inn for Harry if neither of her nephews would do so; accordingly, the younger, Mr. William, already drunk with punch, set out to bring his cousin to the Castlewood home.

Harry, in melancholy mood, had gone to bed when he was roused by his drunken visitor. A quarrel ensued. Harry remained at the inn and William was taken home in a wheelbarrow. Early the next morning Harry received a note signed by the Baroness saying that his relatives at Castlewood, among them a dear friend of his grandfather, were anxious that he should come to *Colonel Esmond's house in England.* Accordingly he went to Castlewood, where his aunt, the Baroness, met him on the terrace and welcomed him warmly. She then presented him to his aunt and the Countess, and to his cousins. He gained her favor at once, and after showing him all over the great house she was pleased to listen to his accounts of his American home, and of his mother and brother. Gumbo had circulated glowing tales of the boundless wealth of his master's family, and the Castlewoods were now most amiably disposed toward him. After pointing out to Harry the portrait of a young lady of Queen Anne's time the Baroness said:

"Did your mother never tell you of another daughter her mother had in England, before she married your grandfather?"

"She never spoke of one."

"Nor your grandfather?"

"Never. But in picture-books for us children he used to draw a head very like that."

"And the picture reminds you of no one, Harry?"

"No, indeed."

"Harry, that was my face once, and then I was called Beatrix Esmond. And your mother is my half-sister, child, and she has never even mentioned my name!"

The Baroness did not tell him the reason why the Castlewoods were so civil to him now, and he fancied himself welcome because he was their kinsman. The day after his arrival was Sunday and Harry met the Castlewood chaplain, Parson Sampson, an eloquent preacher and a man of the world familiar with all the scandalous tales current, as well as a great lover of the bottle. At cards Harry soon beat his cousin Will and the Rev. Mr. Sampson, but when he played with Lady Maria he invariably lost.

Maria claimed to be twenty-seven and was in reality forty, though Harry would not have suspected that she was twice his age. After a week or two the Baroness determined to go to Tunbridge Wells and asked Harry to ride thither with her; the lad stammered out that he would gladly be her escort but could not remain because he had promised to stay longer at Castlewood. Thereupon the old lady refused his escort and left the room in anger. A chance word of William's subsequently enlightened the Baroness regarding Maria's intentions, and her wrath was dissipated. Her next move was to invite her niece to stay with her at the Wells, escorted thither by Harry, who could return to Castlewood in a few days. On the journey Maria became ill from the motion of the landau and her position with her back to the horses; but though her face for the most part grew yellow her cheeks bloomed with their wonted crimson. She declined refreshment when they put up for the night at Farnham, and the Baroness, as her nephew sat with her at cards after supper, observed that Maria had a poor constitution,

was forty-one years old, and that her upper teeth were false, all of which was a terrible shock to poor Harry.

As they rode on next day Harry's horse threw him over his head, and it was at first supposed that he was killed. He was taken to the house of a Colonel Lambert, whose wife had been a school-friend of Harry's mother at Kensington, and it was then seen that no bones were broken and that in a few days he would be able to go on. All this was presently related by Mrs. Lambert in a letter to Madame Esmond.

The Lamberts had two daughters, Theo and Hester, and though Harry did not fall in love with Theo at an instant, he certainly found her attractive and lingered at the Lamberts some time after he was perfectly well, enjoying their sincerity and their sensible home life, so unlike anything he had yet seen in England. A talk with Madame Beatrix too often left him with a fancy that all the world was bad; but with the Lamberts he felt surrounded by good influences.

Harry now joined his relatives at Tunbridge, but on the way thither, in company with Colonel Lambert, he met Colonel Wolfe, with whom he was destined to become better acquainted. After a fortnight of Tunbridge, Harry had become quite a personage. He knew all the good company in the place. Was it his fault if he became acquainted with the bad likewise? The old aunt for her part only bade him pursue his enjoyments; but the lad had brought with him from his colonial home a stock of modesty along with the honest homespun linen. But however innocent he was the world gave him credit for being as bad as other folks. Scandalous stories about him came to the ears of Colonel Wolfe and the Lamberts and distressed them much, but some of them were quickly disproved. By and by Harry took lodgings in London and led the life of a young man of fashion, gaming much and finally getting arrested for debt. When the Baroness heard of this last incident she was quite ready to aid him, but before this could be done Maria visited him in prison, bringing all the trinkets and jewels he had given her, in order to relieve him if possible. His vanishing trust in humanity was partially restored and he felt bound more than ever to his promise to Maria. When the Baroness's lawyer visited him with offers of freedom if he would give up Maria he declined to

be freed on such terms, and the Baroness dined alone that day.

But she ate little, and as she gazed at the vacant chair "Mr. Warrington" was announced. She started up and confronted someone who looked like Harry but proved to be his brother George. He explained that he had just arrived in London and was seeking Harry. She begged him to get his brother from prison on any conditions, offering money at the same time, which George refused. Gumbo presently escorted him to the bailiff's, where he found Colonel Lambert and Colonel Wolfe, who intended to give bail for Harry. They were startled at George's likeness to Harry, but gave him a warm welcome. George then paid the necessary sum in his brother's behalf and all went quickly to Harry's quarters, where the long-separated brothers met with tears of thankfulness. Harry had ere this quarreled with Colonel Lambert, but everything was now forgiven and there was much rejoicing in the Lambert household when Harry's freedom and George's return to life became known. George in due time told his friends the thrilling tale of his capture by the French and Indian forces, of his long detention among them, and how by the humanity of one Lieutenant Museau his escape was effected.

Harry was now free from prison but still felt himself bound to his elderly love. His mother, in a letter to the Baroness, declared such a match to be out of the question and George disliked it as heartily, although he would not counsel his brother to break his word. The Baroness assured George that Maria's visit to the prison was a mere trick and that had she not supposed him heir to a great estate it never would have been made. George determined to put Maria's affection for Harry to the test, and in the family circle of the Castlewoods he accordingly assumed the rôle of selfish elder brother. He declared that Harry had squandered his patrimony, which was true, and that for the future he must be dependent on the varying humors of their self-willed mother. Much more was said to the same general effect, with the result that Maria presently assured Harry that she thanked him for his fidelity but could not think of holding him to his hasty promise.

Harry was not envious, but he could not help seeing how

much court was now paid to George and how little attention he himself received except from his good friends the Lamberts. He was depressed, but did not wish to return home. When he talked with Hester Lambert she tried to rally him into action and spoke of Colonel Wolfe's bravery at Louisburg; in reply he asked how he could buy a commission without a shilling, or ask more from his brother who had already borne so much for him. The result of all this was that Harry went on a naval expedition as a gentleman volunteer. George, meanwhile, resolved to study law, but not so sedulously as to leave no time for other pursuits; and presently he produced a play entitled *Carpezan*, which Dr. Samuel Johnson was good enough to say had merit. It proved successful on the stage, having a run of forty nights, and its author now set about writing a second tragedy to be called *Pocahontas*. Ere this he had fallen in love with Theo Lambert and had written his mother of his wishes in this respect. Her reply was not cordial, but she did not oppose, though she said nothing of a marriage settlement. The engagement was now made known to their respective families, the Esmond kinsfolk being more cordial in their reception of the news than those of the Warrington side.

Wolfe was now a general, and at his invitation Harry, as one of his officers, accompanied him in the great expedition against Quebec. About this time Lady Maria married an Irish actor named Hagan, to the great wrath of her family. It was a love-match, however, and did not end unhappily. Hagan had taken the chief rôle in *Carpezan* and George Warrington visited the pair in their shabby lodgings.

A more important wedding was that of the Earl of Castlewood and Miss Lydia Van den Busch, an American heiress, whose money restored the fading splendors of Castlewood and who soon proved herself equal to routing any of her noble husband's relatives that attempted to oppose her.

### GEORGE WARRINGTON'S OWN STORY

When I, George Warrington, appeared in England before my Aunt Beatrix I was for a time the favorite nephew, while Harry fell out of favor, and when I was about to marry Miss

Lambert Harry was again reigning favorite. He was indeed our family hero, and after his share in the battle where Wolfe fell so gloriously his promotion in the army was insured.

The next year Colonel Lambert was appointed Governor-General of Jamaica. He was to have a frigate and take his family with him; whereupon Theo and I were privately married the day after we heard the news, lest we should be separated. I informed my mother of the event, and Mrs. Mountain replied for her for the sake of peace. My Warrington relatives were also angry at my action. As my financial condition after discharging Harry's debts, honoring my mother's drafts from home, and paying my own expenses, was not of the best, I depended on my tragedy of *Pocahontas* to reinstate me, but it was a failure when placed upon the stage. My mother had written for me to return to Virginia before hearing of my marriage, and this event, as preventing such return, made her doubly angry and averse to aiding us. Harry was now the favored son, and when he visited Virginia after the pacification of Canada he was made much of, though there were some disputes, since Harry persisted in remaining friends with Colonel Washington.

When my Aunt Beatrix died her property, more than four thousand pounds, was left to Harry, and this I forwarded, my mother not having told him that she had ceased to make me any remittances.

My uncle, Sir Miles Warrington, had shown me little real kindness, although after his son I was heir to the Warrington estate; but little Miles was much attached to Harry and me, and his early death was greatly felt by my wife and myself, although it left me next heir and made a vast difference in my worldly prospects. My own son was named for his little kinsman, and my uncle came almost every day to see the child. The next year the poor gentleman died and I became Sir George Warrington. Harry by this time had married Fanny Mountain, the daughter of Mrs. Mountain, to our parent's great indignation.

A few years after Theo and I were installed at Warrington Manor a correspondence began between my wife and my mother, and at length Madame Esmond begged us to visit Virginia. Various matters prevented our complying at once, but when

General Lambert returned from Jamaica on the death of his wife we left him in charge at the manor and set sail. Our mother met us at her door and gave us her blessing as we knelt before her. So great was Theo's influence over my mother presently that she persuaded her to receive Harry's wife in her house in Richmond.

Political matters were now exceedingly unquiet in the colonies, and Harry and I often discussed them from different standpoints, he inclining toward the patriot side and my sympathies being with the home government; but this made no lessening of our fraternal regard. Open preparations for war at length began, and I was appointed colonel of forces raised for the defense of the crown. Soon, however, the Governor himself fled and my small force rapidly dwindled away. This did not prevent my seeing service later on the Loyalist side; but a wound received in the battle of Long Island took much time in healing, and at length I decided to return to England, our elder children having been sent home three years before. Under the protection of a flag of truce I met Harry, then serving in the division of General Clinton. We spent a night together, and when my brief stay in the American camp was ended the truest of friends and fondest of brothers accompanied me to the place of parting. He became a general ere the war was over and years later visited us at Warrington in his uniform of blue and yellow. His wife had just died and he was never tired of recounting her virtues, although neither Theo nor I had liked her, and he was always loud in the praises of General Washington. We hoped that he would marry Hester, and did indeed persuade him in time to propose to her, but she declined, declaring she would never leave her father.

After my accession to Warrington Manor my intercourse with Lord Castlewood was very slight, but in the course of years he laid claim to our Virginian estates. I then had an interview with him in which he offered to compromise for a sum greater than the actual value of the estate. Meeting Sampson soon afterward, I related the circumstance and learned from him where a copy of the assignment to my grandfather could be seen. Armed with this we confronted my cousin Castlewood in the presence of a nobleman I had served under in America,

and he admitted that the property was ours and that he had been mistaken in regard to what his father had told him. From that day I never have entered the halls of my ancestors.

My mother still lives in her house at Richmond, and when Harry was in England we sent her portraits of her sons painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dr. Samuel Johnson, peering about the studio and seeing Harry in his uniform, asked who was the person. The famous American General—General Warrington, Sir George's brother. "General *Who?*" cried the doctor, "General *Where?* Pooh! I don't know such a service!" And he walked out of the premises. My worship is painted in scarlet, and we have replicas of both performances at home. But the picture Captain Miles and the girls declare most like is a family sketch by Mr. Bunbury, who has drawn me and my lady with Monsieur Gumbo following us, and written under the piece are the words: "SIR GEORGE, MY LADY, AND THEIR MASTER."

## LOVEL THE WIDOWER (1860)

Thackeray was the first editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*, the first number of which, January, 1860, contained the first instalment of his last novel, *Lovel the Widower*. It ran through six numbers. Thackeray embellished this novel with humorous vignettes drawn by himself, as he had done for some of his more important stories.

AM not the hero of this tale, but only the Chorus of the play, and you are likely to consider the principal personage no better than a muff. My friend Lovel was a harmless and quiet fellow when I first knew him, and when he married was notoriously henpecked. His wife gave me the cold shoulder, but she was daughter of Lady Baker, and who ever had a good word for that notorious old woman? She shall be shown up in this novel, the old catamaran! Neither Lovel nor his new wife will recognize him as he is here. *She* may, but Lovel, who is a neat wit, will say: "That is D—— to a T, my dear."

When I was a young man I lodged with Mrs. Prior, in Beak Street, Regent Street (I didn't, but I choose to say so!). Her husband was in better days a ne'er-do-well captain in the militia. His daughter Elizabeth at that time was a thin, freckled, red-haired girl of fifteen, who used to dance at the theater under the name of Miss Bellenden, though they pretended that she attended an "academy," and that her salary was a reward for her regularity in attendance and her model behavior. She was a good girl, and very helpful at home. There were foreign lodgers at the Priors', and Bessie picked up French and Italian. Mrs. Prior was outwardly respectable then, but my brandy-bottle leaked terribly and my provisions used to disappear whenever I chanced to leave them exposed. Elizabeth herself once implored me to get a "patting-lock" for the brandy. She made odd slips in English sometimes.

Sargent of Boniface got me to go to Mrs. Prior, who was his sister. The children amused my lonely hours, for I am a confirmed old bachelor now, and I shall call myself Mr. Bachelor in this story. One who is now in the West Indies—her husband is a judge there—knows the reason why I never will take another title. Glorvina, thou knowest why I never can forget!

Fred Lovel was a wealthy gentleman-pensioner at St. Boniface when we were at the University, and we became friends, though I have only a modest competence. I always had literary tastes, and when I came to London I bought a neat little literary paper, *The Museum*, and became its editor. Little Dick Bedford, a small boy of fifteen with a man's spirit, used to bring me my proofs. He liked to attend the theater where Elizabeth Prior danced as "Miss Bellenden," so that Sargent, her uncle, should not know that *his* niece was employed as a ballet-girl!

Lovel's mother, Emma, widow of Adolphus Loeffel, a wealthy sugar-baker, married the Rev. Samuel Bonnington, which so displeased Frederick that he wore black and mourned ostentatiously until Louisa, widow of Sir Popham Baker, an Irish baronet, inveigled him into marrying her daughter, Cecilia. You will not see her alive in this history, for I did not like the lady, who gave me the cold shoulder, a joint on which I do not enjoy feeding. Her portrait shows her fingering "Tara's Halls" upon her harp, which she was perpetually twanging. Lady Baker found Shrublands far too hot for her, thanks to Cecilia's superior commandership, and fled to Putney, beaten—much to Lovel's delight.

Eight years passed, and I read that scarlet fever had put an end to Cecilia, in Naples. Some months later Fred asked me to Shrublands to console his loneliness. I went, and found Lady Baker sitting under the portrait of Cecilia at the harp. Lovel was in sables and deep gloom, with his children, Popham and Cecilia, about him. The defunct lady's harp stood in a corner muffled in leather.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Bachelor," said Lady Baker, with her wonted good breeding. If she accepted benefits she took care to insult those from whom she received them. "It is not my wish, but a feeling of duty toward that departed angel!" pointing to the portrait.

"When mamma was here you and she were always quarrelling," said little Popham, scowling at his grandmother.

"Silence, Pop!" said his papa, "or you must go up to Miss Prior. You must not be a rude boy."

"Isn't Pop a rude boy?" echoed Cissy.

In the old, now vanished, Beak Street days, Elizabeth had heard of my sad affair with her who is now wedded to a recorder in Tobago, and I had learned that her young heart too had been torn. The handsome Captain on the floor below had sailed to India, and the little maid mourned her military William with a grief kindred to mine. Mrs. Prior called Captain Walkingham a villain, but I knew her eagerness to become a mother-in-law. I secured for Elizabeth a situation with Sargent as governess, and three years in that household had greatly improved her. She received more education than salary, I know!

And, now, behold Elizabeth, once "Miss Bellenden," now "Miss Prior," a meek young lady in mourning, and governess to my friend Lovel's two children. She dropped me a demure curtsey, and constantly appealed to Lady Baker for her approval. Where was my daring girl of Beak Street? She was taller and stouter, and certainly her figure was fine. And there was Bedford the butler—my old Dick Bedford of Beak Street!—who was geniality itself to me and to Lovel. Elizabeth wore a pair of blue spectacles. Later, when we were alone except for the children, I exclaimed, "My dear Bessie!" and stretched forth a most friendly hand. But she said, hastily, in excellent French, dropping a prim little curtsey: "*Ne m'appelez que de mon nom paternel devant tout ce monde, s'il vous plaît, mon cher ami, mon bon protecteur.*"

And then who should come in but sly old Mrs. Prior, peering at me from under an old bonnet! But she was diverted by Mrs. Bonnington's arrival with portly Mr. Bonnington, and proceeded to toady to *her*, just as later she toadied to Lady Baker and to Lovel.

I was assigned to what I always considered one of the pleasantest rooms at Shrublands. It has French windows, opening on the lawn, and such a cool, comfortable bed! The two grandmammas skirmished and fired shots at each other over poor Lovel and his worthy stepfather, and pursued their in-

sidious attentions to the smug little Cissy and the rude, boisterous Popham. They combined only in a defensive and offensive alliance against any unmarried woman who was at all attractive. If such appeared at Shrublands Lovel's two mothers sallied forth and crunched her hapless bones. The result was that the poor widower had to abandon ever going out to dine!

Although nothing of a busybody, I soon learned that Pinhorn the maid was in love with Bedford the butler, who detested Bulkeley, the huge man-servant Lady Baker carries around with her; that good Mrs. Prior was pursuing a course of pilfering of domestic supplies, much to Bedford's annoyance. Poor Lovel, that willing horse, had a crowd of relatives and luggage to carry. If Mrs. Prior wheedled everybody alike, her serene daughter Elizabeth had to employ consummate skill to keep her place with two such lionesses ready to rend her to pieces. It was not her fault that her young charges were so utterly odious! Bedford, the butler, was small, but energetic and plucky, and I thought he was not insensible to Elizabeth's charms. Finally he admitted as much to me. He regarded as a rival the village apothecary, to whom he calmly alluded as "a grinning jackass," and envied him.

I was rather disgusted with the important apothecary when he called. I had gathered that Elizabeth regarded him blandly, so I endeavored to be as brilliant and fashionable as possible while he was at the house. I was surprised that Lady Baker did not seem to take up my familiar allusions to the *grande monde* as avidly as usual. But I soon learned that her son, Captain Clarence Baker, a terrible blackguard and cad, was expected shortly, and that he was wont to occupy the room I had. I openly declined to give it up when she began hinting at this. Bedford was nice enough one morning when I was out to lock my room door so that the Baker could not steal a march on me and install her terrible cub there during my absence. My friend, Captain Fitzboodle, who is a great clubman, once told me that Clarence Baker was as black a little sheep as trotted the London *pavé*, and had two or three times supplied a beautiful object-lesson in *delirium tremens*! When the Captain came I had no difficulty in believing anything about him. He was a weakly, little, pallid man, with pretty hands and feet, a smell of

tobacco, and a loud and dismal cough. He endeared himself to me at once by mistaking me for the footman and demanding a glass of sherry! I could have said something neat and cutting, but as often happens with my best witticisms I did not think of it until two or three hours later.

When Miss Prior came in I thought she paused and turned pale as she discovered Captain Baker. She seated herself at the tea-table so as not to face him. Lovel could hardly brook his brother-in-law's presence. Certainly, the Captain's remarks about everybody in the house showed at least that hypocrisy was not his greatest fault. He abused Lovel to me as "a half-bred, tradesman fellow, whom my sister *would* marry, because he had lots o' money."

Lady Baker explained Miss Prior's non-appearance at breakfast and at the children's dinner by saying she was a little unwell, and adding, with a nod and a roguish wink in my direction, that she dared say Dr. Drencher would know how to prescribe for her when he came.

I treated Elizabeth sorrowfully when I saw her again, and both Bedford and I followed the apothecary, as he went upstairs, with rather unfriendly eyes. Later Captain Baker returned from an excursion to the town in a maudlin state, which led to recriminations between Lovel and Lady Baker. Bessie went out with the children for a walk. I accompanied her, and under sudden stress of emotion I offered her my name and hand. She deferred her response until after luncheon, as the children came toward us. When we returned I lingered on the lawn.

When she came into the morning-room later she laid her spectacles on the mantelpiece and stood with her slim white hand thrust in the masses of her auburn hair. "Elizabeth, I come!" I murmured. Then I saw a little grinning, debauched face rise behind a chair. Captain Blacksheep looked at us attentively, then with a diabolical laugh he cried out: "Bessie Bellenden, by Jove!"

"Oh, not that name! Please! My name is Prior," cried Bessie, her white hands imploringly raised.

"Pooh! Don't gammon *me*!" cried the rickety Captain, seizing them in his.

I was about to dash in to her rescue when I heard a good

*whack*! and the Captain spun back, toppled over a chair, and then began to scream and curse volubly. Next I saw Bedford spring upon him and attack his eyes and nose, stopping the bad language by sending his fist against the rascal's mouth.

"Oh, *thank* you, Bedford! Don't hurt him any more," cried the coy maiden, laughing—laughing, upon my word!

"Look here, Miss Prior—Elizabeth—I love you with all my heart and soul and strength—I do!" Bedford panted.

I stole from behind the lilac-bush and entered the house by another way, affecting to break with calm, courageous indignation upon the scene. "I hope no one has offered you any rudeness, Miss Prior," I exclaimed hypocritically, glaring from one man to the other. Her scornful eyes told me she had seen me, an observer of the scene from the beginning. She thanked me and retired with great dignity.

The next day Bedford surprised me. He spoke disparagingly of Bessie, declaring that she was fooling both himself and me. In proof he gave me part of a letter which Dr. Drencher had dropped when leaving that morning. Reader, I see your contempt when I admit that I read that letter! I have done wrong, but I am candid. Consider the temptation, after what Bedford had said to me. This is the part of the letter:

"—dear hair in the locket which I shall *ever* wear for the sake of *him who gave it*, because I think he is a *little* fond of his poor Lizzie! Ah, Edward, how *could* you go on so the last time about poor Mr. B——! Can you imagine that I can ever have more than a filial regard for the kind old gentleman? (*I* was 'the kind old gentleman'!) Can you fancy that such an old creature (an *old muff*, as you call him, you wicked, satirical man!) could ever make an impression on my heart? If you looked angrily at him, he would fly back to London. To-day when I sent your patient *spinning*, poor Mr. Batch. was too frightened to come in until the *servants* arrived! I saw him peeping behind a statue on the lawn. Poor man! We cannot all of us have courage like *a certain Edward*, who is as *bold as a lion*. Don't bother about that odious little Captain. I knew the *odious thing* at once. Years ago I met him and he was equally *rude and tips*—"

This woman, to whom I had offered my hand, preferred a village apothecary! May ten thousand pestles smash his brains!

I passed a terrible night. In the morning I was able to disguise my hideous pains. I was alone, alone, the Unloved One! I was a "muff." I went to town, but the next day I returned.

Why, bless my soul! After all, she was an ordinary woman, certainly—freckled, dull, and without humor! I met them all gaily and unconcernedly. I saw Miss Prior's lip quiver. She knew all was over. *She* winced. When Drencher departed Miss Prior actually followed him to the lawn on the pretense that Cissy had gone out without her bonnet on! The two mothers had some remarks about "others," and finally Lady Baker said:

"Why, Mr. Bachelor, Mrs. Bonnington actually thought that our son, my Cecilia's husband, was smitten by the governess!" Her eyes flashed a glance at Cecilia and her harp on the wall. "The idea that any woman could succeed that angel!"

Mrs. Bonnington retorted in eulogy of Lovel's patient endurance of his late wife's temper, and reminded Lady Baker that he was only thirty-seven, and very young for his age.

Clarence had come in from an excursion to the village and was hilariously calling for the sherry. "Bear no malish, old boy, 'bout row yeshterday. Here's your health," he said.

Having honored me, he set down his glass and asked: "Where's the governess? Where's Bessie Bellenden?"

"Where is *who*?" said his mother, stiffening.

"Bessie Bellenden—the governess. That's her real name. Used to dansh at Prinsh's Theater. Doosid pretty girl, in the *corps de ballet*. Ushed to go behind the shenes. Hullo!" he cried as Miss Prior demurely entered. "Come here and sit by me, Bessie Bellenden, I say!"

Poor Miss Prior became white as marble. The dowagers rose with horror in their faces. "A ballet-dancer!" said Mrs. Bonnington. "A *ballet*-dancer!" echoed Lady Baker.

"Yes," Dick Bedford burst in with a sob. "And she is as honest as any woman here."

"You knew this woman was on the stage and you introduced her into my son's family?" gasped Mrs. Bonnington. "Don't speak to me, Miss! Oh, Mr. Bachelor!"

"You brought this woman to the children of my adored Cecilia?" cried the other dowager. "Serpent, leave the room! Pack your trunk, viper, and quit the house this instant!"

"She sha'n't go," roared Popham. "She was good to us

when I was ill. You sha'n't go, dear, pretty Miss Prior," and the child held her around the neck with tears and kisses.

"Oh, Popham, if Miss Prior has been naughty Miss Prior must go," said Cissy, tossing up her head.

"Spoken like my daughter's child!" cried Lady Baker.

Bessie stooped down and kissed Popham. "Yes. I must go, dear," she said softly.

"Don't touch him! Come away from her, sir!" cried the mothers.

"I nursed him through scarlet fever when his mother would not come near him," said Elizabeth gently.

At this juncture Dr. Drencher arrived with the appropriate tidings that nothing was the matter with Barnet's child—only teething. "Why, what has happened? My dear Lizzie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Lady Baker venomously, "except that we have just learned that Miss Prior danced upon the stage before becoming a governess! If you think such a person a fit companion for your mother and sisters, who attend a place of Christian worship, I wish you joy."

"Is this—is this—true?" he asked, bewildered.

"Yes. It is true," sighed Miss Prior.

"And you never told me, Elizabeth! It wasn't fair," gasped the doctor. He gave her a ghastly parting look and turned his back. "My family are Dissenters and very strict. They would never—I could not ask them—I wish you good morning," and he hurried out.

"And now, get your things ready and go," said Lady Baker.

"Certainly, certainly! She must go!" said Mrs. Bonnington.

"Captain Clarence, you have made a pretty morning's work," I said.

"What the dooce's all the sherry—all the shinty about?" he asked thickly, playing with the empty decanter. "Gal's a good gal. Why the dooce shouldn't she dansh to shport her family?"

"That is what I advise her to do," said Lady Baker, tossing her head. "Will you kindly leave the room?"

Poor Elizabeth obeyed. She did not once look at me, but that afternoon I received a note saying she had heard all from

Bedford, and that she could only say that she would always be grateful to me for my kindness to her and to her family.

The two dowagers, a little alarmed at their victory, departed; for once, in the same barouche. But they returned to meet Lovel when he came from the city. He demanded to know the reason why Miss Prior had been sent away. The Captain was summoned and told the fact that he had seen Elizabeth in blue satin and spangles in a ballet at the Prince's Theater.

"*There*, Frederick!" from the matrons in chorus.

"Well, what then? Suppose I knew this all along"—he blushed a little. "I knew that she had danced and supported her family. And she watched with my children through scarlet fever. Is she to be turned out of doors for that? No, by Heaven! No! Elizabeth!"

The governess, arrayed for departure, had just appeared in the corridor, and approached him with a deadly pallor. He took her hand, still excited, and said: "Dear Miss Prior—dear Elizabeth, you have been the best friend to me and my children. You have been a good sister, a dutiful daughter in your own family. And for this, my mother and my mother-in-law would drive you out of doors. It shall not be. By Heaven, it shall not be!"

"You are kind and generous, sir," said Elizabeth, her handkerchief at her eyes, "but without the confidence of these ladies I cannot remain."

Lovel looked fiercely round at the two women. Then, grasping her hand, he exclaimed: "If you love the children, stay with them. Stay here with a title all must respect. If you love *me*, be my wife, and my children shall not be motherless."

"We are their mothers, Frederick," cried the dowagers, falling on their knees. "Oh, Mr. Bachelor, speak for us to him!" cried Mrs. Bonnington. "Stay him, or I, the mother of that murdered angel, Cecilia, *I* shall go mad!" cried Lady Baker.

"Angel? *Allons!*" I said. "You never have given him any peace since he was a widower. You quarrel with him; bully the servants; spoil his children, and possess his house! That is what you have done, Lady Baker."

"Sir!" she cried. "You are a low, vulgar, presuming man! Clarence, beat this rude man!"

"No. We will have no more quarreling," I continued calmly. "Miss Prior, I am glad my friend has a woman of your good conduct, good sense, and good temper, to help him. I congratulate you both."

I might have shot shafts that would have made both writhe, but why growl in my manger? Besides, what fun to see Mrs. Prior come in and oust Lady Baker! And at this juncture she actually loomed in the doorway with her brood, to cajole and to be benefited. She soon learned that her Elizabeth was to reign at Shrublands. Not one minute was needed for her to grasp the situation and adapt herself to it. She hardly waited to hurl herself on Lovel, saying, "My son! My son!" (which the poor man took heroically) before she began to patronize the dowagers and to call Popham to order.

"O Cecilia!" apostrophized Lady Baker, turning to the portrait, "don't you shudder in your grave?"

The others are my witnesses that a string of Cecilia's old leather-covered harp took this occasion to snap with a sharp *bang*! which struck terror into all.

Bessie whipped her mother and the children off with her just as that lady was allotting the chambers to herself and her offspring. I stayed to dine alone with Lovel. It was the dreariest dinner of my life, and at last I broke away.

"I was a little soft on her myself, Lovel," I said. "Here's her health and happiness to you both, with all my heart."

We drained a great bumper apiece and were well content to part. We may hear of *Lovel Married* some day, but here ends *Lovel the Widower*. A month later he was married to the triumphant Miss Prior at St. George's, Hanover Square, the bride's uncle, the Reverend the Master of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, officiating.

# THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP (1862)

In 1840 Thackeray published in *Fraser's Magazine* for the months of June, July, August, September, and October the brief fiction entitled *A Shabby-Genteel Story*, and when in 1857 it was reprinted with other sketches by its author, he added a note stating that when the tale was first written he had intended to complete it, but that it then seemed best to leave the sketch as when first designed, seventeen years earlier. This resolution he subsequently thought better of and set about writing *The Adventures of Philip*, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* from January, 1861, to August, 1862, inclusive, and in *Harper's Magazine* from February, 1861, to September, 1868, inclusive. When it was reprinted in a three-volume edition in 1862, the author's illustrations were not reproduced. Mr. Brandon, a chief personage in the earlier tale, appears as Brand Firmin, his real name, in *Philip*, and Mrs. Brandon, his deserted wife, Mr. Gann, and several other figures in *A Shabby-Genteel Story*, are introduced among the *dramatis personæ* of the longer romance. The period of *Philip* is the second quarter of the nineteenth century, approximately speaking, and the scene occurs in London and in Paris.

IN the first quarter of the nineteenth century Lord Ringwood had in his family two nieces, daughters of his late brother, Colonel Philip Ringwood. Louisa, the younger, was his favorite, and though both girls possessed fortunes in their own right it was supposed that their uncle would provide for them further. The elder, Maria, married in 1824 Talbot Twysden, a tax commissioner, while Louisa incurred her uncle's wrath by eloping with George Brand Firmin, M.D., a handsome, talented, but unscrupulous young collegian of Cambridge. Beyond abuse and anger my lord was powerless. He could disown Louisa, and he did so until he found it convenient to forgive her.

Dr. Firmin had led a wild career. While still a very young man he had, under the name of Brandon, won the affections of Caroline Gann, the stepdaughter of his lodging-house keeper at Margate, a good, honest girl who was ready to marry him so soon as he could get his father's consent. He said much of his high family and his proud father's curse, but the girl refused to consider any proposition but that of lawful marriage. A quarrel

with a fellow-lodger, an artist named Fitch, resulted in a duel between them; and in her anxiety lest harm should come to her lover poor Caroline betrayed to all beholders by hysterical tears and laughter the nature of her feelings. Upon this Brandon swore that she should be his wife and his father might reconcile himself to it or not, adding: "Why need my father know anything about it?" His friend, young Tufthunt, was just in orders, and on that very day in Brandon's room, without a license, and with one sole witness, Caroline, who knew nothing of licenses or banns, was married by Tufthunt to the man she knew as George Brandon. The ceremony over the couple set off on the wedding-trip at once.

After a few months the villain deserted Caroline, and she went back to her father, but her stepmother, refusing to credit the story of the marriage, drove her from the door. Her husband's real name she did not know, and she lost the paper announcing his desertion and his previous marriage. She could not pursue him had she wished to do so. Making her way to London, she there found friends who cared for her in her illness, and the physician who visited her, pleased with her quiet simplicity and sweetness of manner, had her educated to nursing and found her employment.

In course of time Caroline's stepmother died and the daughter now came to her father's rescue. She had saved a little money, and aided by Dr. Goodenough hired a comfortable house and took lodgers. She was popularly known as the "Little Sister" and her father, styled "the Captain," found a home with her.

The Little Sister had been on duty for a series of years when Dr. Firmin's son Philip fell ill of scarlet fever at Greyfriars school and was attended by Dr. Goodenough, his own father being absent, and the Little Sister was placed in charge. The boy grew worse and his father was sent for. When he came he said to the lad gently: "It is I, dear, your father."

The Little Sister turned round once and fell like a stone at the bedside.

"You infernal villain!" said Goodenough. "You are the man!"

Although Dr. Goodenough might think very badly of his

*confrère*, the general public esteemed him highly and Dr. Firmin's skill in medicine was always in demand. His son recovered from the fever, went in due time to the university, and in his second year there was one of several ex-pupils attending the annual school-dinner at which high honors were paid Dr. Firmin, who had just brought young Lord Egham, the son of the Marquis of Ascot, successfully through a serious illness. Amid the general enthusiasm in Dr. Firmin's behalf there was one scornful voice, that of his son, who whispered sarcastic comments upon his father to the friend next him.

From the date of that schoolboy illness Philip's manner to his father had changed, and regarding the change the elder Firmin seemed afraid to question his son. The lad came and went at will, ruled the servants, and spent the income settled on his mother and her children. After leaving the university and making a tour on the Continent he returned to his father, his mother having died while he was at school; but although he had free quarters at home the two men seldom met, either at meals or otherwise.

In no place was Philip seen to so little advantage as in his father's house. He was much more amiable elsewhere, and often went to the Little Sister's home in Thornhaugh Street to see the artists there, or the gentle Mrs. Brandon, who regarded him with almost motherly devotion. It was presently rumored that Dr. Firmin would marry again, and when Philip heard the report he told his parent that the marriage must not be. When Dr. Firmin asked the reason why, the son answered that he knew his father was married already, and added that if the elder man persisted in his design he would tell the story at once to Miss Benson, the lady in question.

"So you know that story?" the father groaned.

"Yes, God forgive you!" said the son.

"It was a fault of my youth that has been bitterly repented."

"A fault!—a crime!" said Philip.

Philip never had Miss Benson for a mother-in-law. But father and son loved each other no better after their dispute. Philip was idle and had many other faults, but he hated hypocrisy and hypocrites in general and spoke his mind freely about things and persons. He believed what was said to him till the

speaker had once misled him, and after that would believe him in nothing. Father and son were naturally hospitable, and when Philip received his degree of barrister-at-law he celebrated the event by a dinner at his chambers. To this dinner his father brought a disreputable-looking clergyman whom he called Mr. Tufton Hunt, and who was coldly received by the company. Hunt had already established himself near Dr. Firmin, from whom he constantly contrived to extort money, and was the object of Philip's special dislike. He believed that Hunt and his father had been partners in more than one disgraceful affair in their youth and that Dr. Firmin, fearful that his past should become known through Hunt and blast his present career, was paying hush-money to the rascally clergyman.

In course of time Philip fell in love with his cousin, Alice Twysden, a circumstance approved by the Twysdens until a richer suitor appeared, Worlcomb of the Life Guards Green, a West Indian of great wealth and more than a suspicion of African lineage. Alice and her mother were quite well aware of the amount of income of each, and in the end Cousin Philip was thrown over for the West Indian.

As Hunt was one day leaving a tavern he espied Dr. Firmin departing from a house in Thornhaugh Street which bore the name of Brandon on the door, and presently brought to mind the story of the woman whom his friend, under the name of Brandon, had so long ago deceived. This gave him another hold on the physician. Philip was disgusted soon after this to meet Hunt at the Little Sister's house, and his dislike of the man increased. When the same day father and son were about to dine together Dr. Firmin observed that Hunt would probably join them. Philip declared that he could not bear the man, from whom he had just parted. On his father's query of "Where?" he answered: "At Mrs. Brandon's." Hunt now appeared, and when Dr. Firmin was called away to a patient the clergyman became noisy and abusive toward Philip.

Philip had already guessed part of Mrs. Brandon's history, and although he did not suppose it more than a case of early libertinism on the part of his father it increased the distrust he felt for his parent. Hunt was unscrupulous and could hold the marriage over the doctor's head and perhaps invalidate Philip's

legitimacy. The first marriage might be null, but the scandal would be fatal to Dr. Firmin.

That evening, as Philip was visiting the studio of his friend Ridley at Mrs. Brandon's, Hunt arrived, very drunk and insisting upon entrance. To this the Little Sister objected, and when Philip came to the door to aid her Hunt cried: "It's the cub! I want the doctor." The clergyman then became so insolent in his bearing to Mrs. Brandon that Philip angrily kicked him into the street. Unhurt, but thinking his antagonist was going to strike him again, Hunt exclaimed: "Hands off, BASTARD!"

Early the next morning Mrs. Brandon called upon Dr. Firmin and related what had happened. He was very angry when he heard the name that had been applied to his son. Mrs. Brandon had feared that Hunt could do Philip a mischief and went to put the father on his guard.

"When he called Philip that name, did the boy seem much disturbed?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, he referred to it again and again—though I tried to coax him out of it. But I am sure he will think of it the first thing this morning."

Hunt appeared while father and son were breakfasting and complained of Philip's assault upon him, to which the doctor replied that he was glad his son had resented the other's insolence to an admirable woman; and Philip, listening, felt that his father could not have been criminal or he would not have thus outfaced Hunt. Firmin then announced that he would bear with the clergyman no longer, and in a few words told Philip how he had once got Hunt to perform a sham marriage long ago between himself and Caroline Gann. Hunt thereupon declared the marriage not a sham one and hastened away.

"What can the man do? Is the first marriage a good marriage?" asked Philip.

"It is void to all intents and purposes. You may suppose I have taken care to learn the law about that. Your legitimacy is clear. But that man can ruin me, or nearly so."

Philip was at a loss to understand his parent's sudden resistance to Hunt's demands, but in his interviews with Caroline Dr. Firmin's mind was set at rest in one direction and he

feared no longer the charge of bigamy. The Little Sister had resigned all her claims, past, present, future. But in a few days word came from Mrs. Brandon that lawyers had visited her, calling her Mrs. Firmin and trying to persuade her father that she was kept out of her rights as the wife of Dr. Firmin, and saying that a fortune was involved in the affair. To save Philip from ruin the Little Sister chose to forget her marriage to his father, and thus the case, in concocting which the Twysden relatives had been concerned, to his injury, fell to the ground. Philip called on his great-uncle, Lord Ringwood, on one occasion just as Twysden and his son Talbot were leaving, and my lord was much amused at their hangdog appearance when they saw Philip. A little inquiry brought out the fact that there had been no settlement between the young man and his father regarding his mother's property. Philip explained that he had come of age only a few months previously. He received his dividends regularly. One of his trustees, General Baynes, was expected from India shortly, else a power of attorney would have been sent him before.

On the arrival of General Baynes Dr. Firmin gave a dinner at which Lord Ringwood was present, and in the midst of it a telegram was handed to the host which, as he said, announced the sudden illness of the Grand Duke of Gröningen and contained his own summons to the bedside of that potentate. Obliged to depart at once, he left his son to entertain for him and went away with a graceful bow to the company. Two days later Philip's lifelong friend, Dr. Arthur Pendennis, received a letter from Dr. Firmin declaring his resolution to expatriate himself. He dared not face General Baynes when the question of Philip's patrimony should be taken up. At the doctor's instigation General Baynes, the only surviving trustee, had signed a paper authorizing, as he supposed, Firmin's bankers to receive Philip's dividends, but in reality giving the elder Firmin power to dispose of the capital sum. Expecting to replace it, he had embarked in speculations in which this sum and much more was lost. He added that the telegram was a mere pretext and that he should be heard from ere long from the place he meant to reach.

Examination proved that not everything had been told in

the letter and that all Philip would have left to call his own was two hundred pounds, for he declared he would starve before he would make old General Baynes suffer for his father's dishonesty. Philip now lived in his chambers at the Temple with a newspaper correspondent named Cassidy, who brought him to the notice of Mugford, owner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mugford was well disposed toward the young man, and Mrs. Mugford, whose nurse the Little Sister had been more than once, was very friendly likewise, having heard much in his praise from Nurse Brandon. The result of so much good-will was Philip's engagement to write for the *Gazette*. When his friends, the Pendennises, were spending their holiday at Boulogne he was asked to visit them, and as he landed at the pier he encountered the entire Baynes family who, after many days of anxious misery in which they looked constantly for a bailiff to arrest them on Philip's account, had, as result of many family councils, resolved to hide themselves somewhere on the Continent and had advanced thus far on their journey. Philip met the dismayed Bayneses with great cordiality, conducted them to a hotel, and the next day in an interview with General Baynes assured him that he had no thought of holding the soldier responsible for the money of which his father had deprived him; and thus the poor General and his wife were relieved of their terrible burden. Philip, for his part, thought no more of his kind action except to be happy that he could do it, and in the mean time had fallen deeply in love with the General's oldest daughter, Charlotte. It had been the intention of Mrs. Baynes, who, out of the field, was her husband's commanding officer, to establish her family at Tours, where her sister, the wife of Major MacWhirter, was living; but Colonel Bunch, chancing to pass through Boulogne at this time, gave such an account of a ball at the Tuileries which he and Mrs. Bunch had attended that Mrs. Baynes, moved by this and other considerations (such as her conviction that she and her children were quite as fit to go to court as the Bunches), fixed upon Paris as their residence. Accordingly the Bayneses established themselves at Madame de Smolensk's fashionable boarding-house there, and Philip was allowed to accompany them to Paris, where he presently secured employment as a correspondent for the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Charlotte was devoted to him, and as his duties as correspondent were light he spent a great deal of time with her. But Mrs. Baynes was an ambitious, domineering woman, and as her sense of gratitude to Philip weakened there was danger of her interfering with the course of true love if a better offer for her daughter should be made. She even quarreled with the other inmates of the house and made Madame de Smolensk's life a burden.

At Christmas Philip's own affairs took him to London, where he lodged at Mrs. Brandon's, and Mugford of the *Gazette* gave a dinner for his "Paris Correspondent." Not being of a tactful disposition, he managed to offend his great-uncle, Lord Ringwood, and thus all hopes of favor in that quarter were cut off, for my lord died of gout shortly after. Philip was back in Paris by that time, hard at work not only for the *Gazette* but at any literary task he could find. He began to save money and dressed shabbily, for which last Mrs. Baynes abused him roundly, while Charlotte defended him. "Do you know why Monsieur Philip has these shabby clothes?" she asked Madame de Smolensk. "Because he has been sending money to his father in America." And Smolensk said that Monsieur Philip was a brave young man, and that he might come dressed like an Iroquois to her house and be welcome.

Mrs. Baynes now began to go to evening parties, but felt ashamed of the shabby carriage which took her and Charlotte, and also of the shabby Philip, who sometimes put them into it. And with only an old coat and patched boots Philip could not attend them at these functions. Charlotte enjoyed telling her lover of these festivities, but she did not tell how every night her mother expatiated upon Philip's foibles and his shabby clothes, and compared him with the various attractive partners her daughter had had at the parties.

On the occasion of the Queen's birthday Philip attended the *fête* given by Lord Estridge in his shabby and tight dress-coat, and while he watched, without a spark of jealousy, Charlotte dancing with young Hely, his cousin Talbot Twysden, with his partner, jostled him rudely, sending him against the wall and irretrievably splitting the seams of the old coat. Supposing this an accident he was making his way into the garden when he overheard Twysden boasting to an acquaintance of the act,

whereupon Philip knocked him into the fountain. Mrs. Baynes, hearing of this encounter a day or two later, was furious, and not only abused Philip to his face but egged on her husband to condemn his conduct. She further declared that she would die sooner than allow her daughter to marry him. "Do you want my girl to go home to your lodgings and mend your clothes?" the General was at length urged on to exclaim, and Philip, who had just sent his father money and paid his old servants what was owing them, felt this stab keenly.

It was determined that the lovers should not meet, but Smolensk comforted Charlotte by going to Philip and assuring him of his sweetheart's entire faithfulness. About this time Dr. Firmin wrote his son suggesting that Philip should contribute correspondence to the New York *Emerald*, and Philip did so for a time, but in the end his father succeeded in getting hold of the sums received for this work. In the letter Dr. Firmin stated that he had drawn upon his son for one hundred dollars.

Mrs. Baynes's treatment of Philip led to serious consequences. When the General told his friend Bunch what had happened the other declared that it was a cowardly action to throw over the man who might have ruined them but had generously stayed his hand. Thereupon a quarrel ensued between the two men and a duel was arranged. Mrs. Baynes meanwhile had privately sent for her sister's husband, Major MacWhirter, intending that he should take Charlotte to Tours out of Philip's way, and perhaps persuade her to accept young Hely. But both MacWhirters appeared. General Baynes, intending that MacWhirter should be his second, related his story only to find his brother-in-law opposed to him and another quarrel entered upon while the sisters, knowing nothing of the hostile preparations on foot, quarreled violently between themselves. With some difficulty matters were presently righted and the General was convinced that he had been in the wrong. Mrs. Baynes submitted to defeat temporarily, but hoped to continue the battle at another opportunity.

Charlotte knew that her Aunt MacWhirter was her friend and willingly agreed to stay with her at Tours. Philip would have wished to accompany Charlotte, but his father had drawn heavily upon him, leaving him for the moment with but four

francs, and when the sympathetic Smolensk learned this she at once lent him a banknote for current expenses. After a fortnight of love-making at Tours he returned to his work in Paris, and some little time later General Baynes was taken so ill that Charlotte was sent for. The sick man refused to see his wife, but asked his daughter to pardon him for anything he had made her suffer, and died as she and Philip knelt at his bedside. Philip now went to London to plan a home for Charlotte, and through his various friends secured employment sufficient to warrant his so doing. The marriage took place in due time and for a while the affairs of the Firmins prospered, but Philip's hot temper and disregard of other persons' feelings got him into many scrapes and ultimately lost him his post on the *Gazette*, as well as the favor of various men whose friendship he could ill afford to lose. Before this event occurred, however, he had secured some fees as legal counsel in several cases, and as he thought but humbly of his abilities he was somewhat surprised at his success in this particular direction. But evil days came. Dr. Firmin forged his son's name, and Tufton Hunt, then in New York, secured the bill and came to London with the intention of making Philip pay its amount. Appearing at Mrs. Brandon's in order to obtain Philip's address she purposely misled him until she could inform Philip of the unwelcome visitor. Philip, in order to save his father from further disgrace, resolved to pay the bill, much to the Little Sister's indignation.

On Hunt's next visit he became insolent, and as he approached her she flung a door back against him so sharply that he fell to the floor bleeding. A bottle of chloroform was near, and she bathed his head with the liquid. She then took his pocketbook from him, extracted from it the bill with Philip's name and threw it in the fire, afterward replacing the pocketbook. This immediate danger was averted from Philip, but other misfortunes chanced and the Firmins came very near actual poverty. When things were at their worst the good-natured Mugfords appeared, ready to forgive anything in the past and with assurances of friendship in the future, and so Philip returned once more to his post on the *Gazette*. Dr. Firmin drew no further bills in his son's name and Philip was now spared further persecution from this quarter. The doctor pres-

ently announced his marriage with a wealthy lady of Norfolk, and three months later died of yellow fever on his wife's estate.

When Philip's mother had eloped with Firmin, Lord Ringwood, her uncle, vowed he would give her nothing; but liking Philip's independent and forgiving spirit he made a will bequeathing him a handsome legacy, though when Philip offended him he desired his lawyer to bring back this will. On receiving the document he placed it in a secret box in his traveling carriage, probably intending to revoke it on getting home, but died on the road before reaching his castle. He had made and canceled many wills, but this was the latest he ever signed. By a singular train of circumstances, culminating in an accident to the Ringwood chariot, the will was discovered, and by its provisions Philip was put beyond the reach of want. The Little Sister was greatly excited on hearing of Dr. Firmin's second marriage. "His second? his third!" she said. The delusion came over her that Philip was really her own child, and at her death she left all her little property to him.

# CLAUDE ANDRÉ THEURIET

(France, 1833–1907)

## A WOODLAND QUEEN

### (*La Reine du Bois*)

This story was the author's own favorite among his works of fiction, and was crowned by the French Academy in 1890.

ONSIEUR CLAUDE-ODOUART DE BUXIÈRES had died intestate; and his estate and comfortable property had reverted to a distant relative, Julien de Buxières. The deceased had been a man of unbridled freedom of life, though having many jovial and kindly qualities. For many years, his housekeeper, Manette, had had him under her influence, and her son, Claudet, a handsome, bold young fellow, a fine hunter, was a favorite of his father's and was openly acknowledged to be his heir. But M. Claude-Odouart had neglected to take the necessary legal steps to bring this about, and his sudden death had cut off mother and son without a penny.

Julien de Buxières was ignorant of these circumstances, never having seen his uncle. He was an orphan, and a young man of sensitive and retired nature, abhorring women and devoted to his books. He had been educated in a monastery, and had with difficulty been prevented from taking orders. He was hardly able to realize his sudden happiness, and went immediately to take possession of the château.

Traveling was not easy in that neighborhood, and driving late at night in an old cabriolet the driver lost his way, and the two were obliged to apply at a farm, called La Tuillière, for supper and accommodation. They were made welcome by the

servants and ushered into a wide, low kitchen. Everything betokened neatness, prosperity, and comfort.

"It's jolly here!" said the driver, smacking his lips. "I wish Ma'mselle Reine would arrive."

Just as he said this a mysterious falsetto voice repeated "Reine! Reine!"

"What in the world is that?" said the driver, puzzled.

Both looked toward the beams; at the same moment there was a rustling of wings and a magpie flitted by, to rest on one of the joists.

Immediately another voice, a human voice, childish and wavering, faltered "Rei-ne—Rei-ne!"

The driver seized the lamp, and proceeding to that part of the room still in the shadow they perceived a strange-looking being stretched in an easy-chair. His long white hair formed a frame for a face of bloodless hue, from which two vacant eyes stared fixedly.

Notwithstanding their apologies, the old man kept repeating, like a frightened child: "Rei-ne! Rei-ne!"

Suddenly the magpie flapped his wings and repeated, in his turn: "Reine, queen of the woods!"

"Here I am, papa, don't get uneasy!" said a clear, musical voice behind them.

Reine Vincart had suddenly entered. She wore on her head a white cape, or hood, and held in her arms an enormous bouquet of glistening leaves which seemed to have been gathered as specimens of all the wild fruit-trees of the forest, the different tints of which brought out the whiteness of her complexion, her limpid eyes, and the brown curls escaping from her hood. When she saw the two young men she exclaimed:

"What are you doing here? Don't you see that you are frightening him?"

She accepted their confused explanations hurriedly, and going to her father soothed him like a petted child, and then prepared a simple supper for him from the saucepan on the stove. After this, excusing herself, she turned to the visitors once more.

"You have probably come," she said, "on business connected with the château. Is not the heir of Monsieur de Buxières expected soon?"

"I am that heir," replied Julien, blushing.

"You are Monsieur de Buxières?" she exclaimed in astonishment that so slender and melancholy a young man should be the successor of the portly, jovial Odouart de Buxières. Then, recovering herself, she made them welcome and insisted upon their remaining for the night, directing that two plates be laid for them at the long supper-table.

Julien watched furtively the pretty, robust young girl presiding at the supper. He thought her strange; she upset all his ideas. His theories pictured a young woman as a submissive, modest, and shadowy creature, only raising her eyes to consult her husband or her mother as to what she might do. Reine did not fulfil this ideal. She seemed hardly twenty-two years old, yet acted with the decision of a man, remaining a young girl while doing so. He was also astonished at the evident education she had had, as well as her adaptation of herself to the rough surroundings in which she was placed. On her part she examined him, the stiff, constrained young man, with astonishment, mentally comparing him with the alert young huntsman, Claudet.

When she discovered by questioning him that he did not hunt, drink wine, nor play cards, she shook her head and warned him prettily that he would find difficulty in dealing with his simple neighbors.

The next morning, when Julien came to an early breakfast before resuming his journey, he found Reine arranging the pillows in her father's corner. The magpie was hopping about, and called out again: "Reine, queen of the woods!"

"Why 'queen of the woods?'" asked Julien curiously.

"Ah," said the young girl, "it is a nickname the people give me because I spend all the time I can spare in our woods. I love them."

She told him simply of her education in the city, given by her mother, who had been a city girl, but of her true love of the country.

As his cabriolet came around he stepped into it, having finished the coffee she had given him. She gave him her hand in farewell and called out, "Good luck!" as the vehicle jolted away.

Julien experienced a pleasant sense of proprietorship as he

approached the château, noting the woods, the fields, and the numerous slate roofs of the old homestead. His native shyness came back, however, as they stopped before the door. Manette and her son were surprised at his coming so early. Julien took them for servants, and they waited on him, Claudet in a surly manner, Manette with a watchful slyness. She confided to her son that she understood the new master at a glance, and said that if they played their cards well they might remain there on the old terms. He acquiesced sullenly, and between the two everything was done to bewilder the new incumbent. The former master had kept his accounts in a haphazard, ignorant way, and Julien found himself entangled in all kinds of difficulties in collecting rents. He grew bewildered and unhappy, not understanding the unfriendly attitude of Claudet and the antagonism he felt growing up everywhere in spite of his efforts to be kind.

His bewilderment was enlightened by Reine, who came one day to pay a debt, and who told him with simple frankness of the relationship Claudet bore to the late Odouart de Buxières. This was a complete surprise to Julien, whose lack of knowledge of the world had prevented his suspecting such a thing. He thought the matter over, and came quickly to the decision of giving Claudet his moral share of the property, and announced this determination to the surprised young man.

This action procured the gratitude of Manette and the friendship of Claudet, who would gladly have initiated Julien into the forms of gaiety prevalent in the neighborhood. But Julien turned in distaste from the coarse revelry of these people and became more than ever introspective and taciturn. He regretted his inability to live as his neighbors did, and became more and more depressed. He was like a new vase cracked before it had served its use, and felt thoroughly ashamed of the weakness and infirmity of his inner self. Reine Vincart was the only being who seemed to him to have intelligence and attraction, and his thoughts often turned to her, although the fact that she was a woman roused doubts of her truth in his mind.

Once, after a scene of gaiety in which he had appeared very much at a disadvantage, he strayed in the direction of La Tuillière, and discovered Reine standing in the center of a courtyard, surrounded by myriads of birds, for which she was scatter-

ing grain. The novelty of the pretty sight attracted him, and when she talked in a lively and sympathetic manner of her little friends he was more pleased still, being reminded, in his religious way, of St. Francis of Assisi and his "little brethren."

Finishing her task, the young girl asked Julien to go with her to the clearing where they were felling trees. They walked silently through the woods at first. Suddenly, as if by enchantment, the fog which had hung over the forest became converted into needles of ice.

Never had Julien de Buxières been so long in *tête-à-tête* with a young woman. The extreme solitude, the surrounding silence, rendered this dual promenade more intimate and also more embarrassing to a young man who was alarmed at the very thought of a woman's countenance. It was natural that his walk across the fields should assume an exaggerated importance in his eyes. It was difficult for him to talk, and the conversation went by fits and starts, as Reine led it herself, criticizing him gently for his lack of effort to accommodate himself to the people among whom he was thrown.

As they proceeded farther Reine became silent, and Julien looked at her with an uneasy kind of admiration. She was walking slowly, grave and reverent as if in a church. Her white hood had fallen on her shoulders and her hair floated like a dark aureole around her pale face. Her luminous eyes gleamed between the double fringes of her eyelids and her mobile nostrils quivered with suppressed emotion. The brambles from the wayside intermixed with ivy caught on the hem of her dress and formed a verdant train, giving her the appearance of the high priestess of some mysterious temple of Nature. At this moment she identified herself so perfectly with her nickname, "Queen of the Woods," that Julien, already powerfully affected by her peculiar and striking kind of beauty, began to experience a superstitious dread of her influence. His Catholic scruples and education recalled to him certain legends of temptations to which the Evil One used to subject the anchorites of old, by causing to appear before them the attractive but elusive forms of the heathen deities. He wondered whether, like the Lamias and the Dryads of antiquity, this queen of the woods were not some spirit of the elements incarnated in human form

and sent to him for the purpose of dragging his soul down to perdition.

In this frame of mind he followed her until they reached the clearing, where the workmen were in the very act of felling one of the kings of the forest. They watched it, towering and apparently impervious to the strokes of the ax until suddenly the workmen fell back. There was a moment of solemn suspense; then the enormous trunk heaved and plunged down among the brushwood. A sound as of lamentation rumbled through the forest, and then all was still.

The men, with unconscious emotion, stood contemplating the monarch oak lying prostrate on the ground. Reine had turned pale; her dark eyes glistened with tears.

"Let us go," she murmured to Julien; "this death of a tree affects me as if it were that of a Christian."

As winter wore away, thoughts of Reine began to take complete possession of Julien's mind. His state of mind acted like witchcraft and alarmed him. What was she, this strange creature? A peasant apparently, but also a refined and cultivated being, different from the girls about her, though retaining the frankness of untutored natures.

The suspicion that she was not as irreproachable as she seemed came sometimes to his mind. He reflected on the easy standard of morals in the village, on the toleration of Odouart's irregularities, on Claudet's parentage, and the after-dinner conversations to which he had listened with repugnance.

The conflict of feeling wore on his spirits and health. Naturally he did not confide in Claudet. who was puzzled at a depression he did not understand, and who recommended that Julien amuse himself by a love-affair with some of the girls of the village.

He was in this contradictory state of mind when an event happened which opened his eyes as to Reine's true character.

A grand *fête* was to take place. The charcoal-burners had completed their new furnaces, and the opening was to be celebrated in the Ronces woods. All the peasants gathered there and made merry with songs, wine, and dances. Flower-crowned and gay, they did not indulge, contrary to the customs of the gentry, to excess.

Reine was queen of the *fête*, and at length skipped lightly up the steps to the top of the chimney and made ready to throw into the embers a votive offering to good luck.

Her graceful outline came out in strong relief against the clear sky, as one by one she took the embers handed to her by the charcoal dealer. The crackling fire was soon heard.

"Bravo, we've got it!" cried the charcoal dealer.

"Sing us a song, Reine," called the villagers. In her clear voice she intoned a popular song, with a rhythmical refrain, which set them all to dancing on the greensward. She, accompanied by Julien, stood near the forest watching the dancers till they disappeared. Then, as the day was hot, she proposed to him to enter the hut and rest. He accepted readily but was surprised that she, a young girl, should be the one to suggest it. Once more the spirit of doubt took possession of him. Annoyed at his taciturnity, she at last broke the silence.

"You do not speak, Monsieur Julien. Do you regret coming to the *fête*?"

"Regret it! No. I am overwhelmed with the beauty of the trees, and I sympathize with these simple people who live so happily. It is you who have wrought this miracle."

Astonished at his enthusiasm, she turned and looked at him and perceived that he was altogether transformed. He was no longer the sickly youth whose words froze on his tongue; his slender frame had become rounded and supple. She was moved and won by his enthusiasm, the first he had ever shown her, and replied gaily:

"As to the queen of the woods working miracles, I know none so powerful as these flowers." She handed him the bouquet of starry white woodruff from her corsage. "Do you know them?" she said.

He had carried the bouquet to his lips and was inhaling its perfume. She continued talking, while he fixed his eyes upon her.

"Let me keep these flowers," he implored in a choking voice.

"Do not thank me," she said, surprised at his emotion. He dared not reply that the fact that she had worn them was the reason of his feeling. As she had so readily granted this first favor, was she not encouraging him to ask for more? His gaze

became more steady. "Will you not give me your hand as well as these flowers?" he said.

After a moment's hesitation, she held out her hand. Hardly had he touched it when he completely lost control of himself, and drawing her toward him lightly touched her neck with his lips.

The young girl tore herself away, her eyes blazing, and exclaimed in a hollow voice: "If you come a step nearer, I will call those men!"

Julien did not explain to Claudet the mistake he had made with Reine, but in talking with him drew from him an assertion that she was of high character, and a confession of his own deep love for her. Julien then formed the quixotic resolve to tell her himself of Claudet's love, hoping that this proceeding would develop in some way the fact of her loving himself.

The young girl was taken unawares at this proposal by proxy. She had hoped that Julien's action at the charcoal-burning was due to a deep passion for herself, which was indeed the fact, but when he calmly offered her the hand of another she became convinced that it had proceeded from a brutal caprice. She therefore, although with a heavy heart, acquiesced, and promised herself to Claudet, for whom she could entertain no stronger feeling than that of comradeship.

After a time she realized that the sensitive and reserved Julien had won her heart, and was unable to return the raptures of Claudet, putting off his prayers for a speedy union, to his disquietude and perplexity. Julien, on the other hand, instead of relief at having affairs come to certainty, was convinced that his former unhappiness had been a mere shadow compared to his present sufferings.

The curé appeared to be horrified when Claudet asked him to perform the marriage ceremony, and a night of prayer and fasting followed, that the simple man might be prepared for this painful duty.

"My child," he said to Reine, after he had sought her at the farm and prepared her mind somewhat for his difficult piece of information, "you cannot marry Claudet. You are forcing me to violate a secret which has been confided to me."

"What do you mean?" asked Reine, pale and trembling.

"I mean," sighed the curé, "that you are Claudet's sister, not having the same mother, but the same father—Claude-Odouart de Buxières."

"Oh! you are mistaken! That cannot be."

"I am stating facts. It grieves me to the heart, my dear child, to have to reveal the confession made to me by your deceased mother, but—"

She appeared not to hear him. She had buried her face in her hands to hide the flushing of her cheeks, and sat motionless, altogether crushed.

It was impossible to soften the blow to Claudet. Not being able to reveal the truth to him, she was obliged to assume the rôle of a heartless coquette.

Claudet saw quite clearly that Julien and Reine loved each other, and at last talked freely with the former. He told him that to be refused by the only girl he had ever cared for was too discouraging, and that he intended to leave the country and enlist as a soldier. His bitterness increased at noting the half-hearted relief with which Julien received this, and it was not lessened at the forced coldness which Reine, fearing both herself and him, displayed at his farewell.

"No!" he exclaimed, between his set teeth, "she never loved me. She thinks only of the other man! I have nothing more to do but go away and never return."

Claudet did not return. He was killed in his first engagement during an action of rash bravery. At his funeral, which had been attended by the whole neighborhood, for the brave fellow had been well liked, Julien caught a glimpse of Reine's black dress through the trees. He hurried and joined her.

"Mademoiselle Reine," said he gently, "will you let me walk with you?"

"Certainly," she replied briefly. She felt a presentiment that he was about to say something decisive, and trembled.

"Reine," said he suddenly, "I have decided to speak frankly and open my heart to you. I love you, Reine, and have loved you for a long time. But I have been so accustomed to hide what I think, I know so little how to conduct myself in the varying circumstances of life, that I have never dared to tell you be-

fore. I must tell you this, although I know that Claudet's shadow, dead though he is, stands between us."

"I never have loved him in the way you suppose," she said.

A gleam of happiness, followed by an expression of doubt, showed on his face, as he glanced at her mourning garb.

"But you are lamenting his loss," he said.

She began to reflect that a man of his despondent and distrustful temperament would, unless the whole truth were revealed to him, be forevermore tormented by morbid and injurious misgivings. She knew he loved her and she wished him to love her in entire faith and security. She leaned forward and with tearful eyes and burning cheeks whispered the secret of her close relationship with Claudet.

The sun was shining everywhere; the woods were as full of verdure and blossoms as on the day when the young man had manifested his passion with such savage violence. Hardly had the last words of her avowal expired on Reine's lips when Julien de Buxières threw his arms around her and fondly kissed away the tears from her eyes.

This time he was not repelled.

# DANIEL PIERCE THOMPSON

(United States, 1795–1868)

## THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS (1840)

In this Vermont classic, which covers the periods of the controversy with New York, and the Revolution, certain incidents historically separated by one or more years are woven together for the sake of unity of design. The author, as he says in the preface to the first edition, obtained much of his material from private papers, and from aged participants in the scenes described. The work has passed through more than fifty editions, and has been translated into several foreign languages. The original of "Warrington" was Seth Warner; of "Selden" Colonel Samuel Herrick; of "Captain Hendee," Captain Jehiel Hawley of Arlington; "Sherwood" is a composite character; "Prouty" stands for one of three justices who dared to accept office from New York; Munroe, Skene, Reed, and McIntosh figure under their own names; but the last never was actually a belligerent. Ann Story was a local character, and her cave played a part during the contest.

ONE April day in 1772 five men, bound northward to avenge the wrongs of some settlers, halted at Lake Dunmore, on the western side of the Green Mountains. The leader, Captain Warrington (who had been outlawed by the New York Government), and his friend Selden, showed by their language and manners familiarity with refined society.

At nightfall these "Green Mountain Boys" were warned that Munroe, a "York" sheriff, was in pursuit. The information, brought by a young Indian, Neshobee, came from a Mrs. Story, a widow living not far away. The posse, guided by Jacob Sherwood, a spy, and the secret agent of New York land-jobbers, surrounded a cave in which all the Vermonters were supposed to be concealed, and the surrender of the "kenneled dogs" was demanded. Munroe's supporters, by no means valorous, were suddenly alarmed by the scream of a catamount, and by the sight of fiery eyes in the thicket above

the cave. They wasted their ammunition on the beast, and then, thinking they saw him leap, and dreading his fury when wounded, fled, stumbling in the darkness. The Vermonters, springing from cave and underbrush, easily bound Munroe and two others, and threw them into the lake. The spy was captured later by Pete Jones, the humorist of the party, who had created the "catamount" out of dry grass, his fur cap (serving as the head), and "fox-fire." Sherwood, after a "beech-sealing," or, to use another localism, "a chastisement with the twigs of the wilderness," took to his heels.

The Vermonters retreated from the lake, Warrington and Selden to spend the night at Mrs. Story's. Unable to sleep, Warrington strolled out, and was astonished to hear, though faintly, someone singing. The voice recalled a certain woman, but one who could not possibly be in that region. His noisy efforts to discover whence the sounds proceeded caused them to cease. Mrs. Story, next morning, evaded his questions unsuccessfully; suspicion became belief, and finally admitting that "a rosebud" she would gladly see him gather was indeed in that wilderness, she showed him an underground room, termed by her "t'other world," a place of refuge in time of danger. The singer had been secreted there, but was now far away, and the hedge was too high for his leaping, at present.

At a late hour next day Munroe and his band appeared; but Mrs. Story, a veritable Amazon, with rifle pointed, prevented them from searching her house; professed ignorance of Warrington's whereabouts, and by galling references to a beech-sealing he had once given Munroe caused the sheriff to depart.

Colonel Reed, commander of a regiment of Highlanders under Wolfe, on leaving the army bought from New York land-jobbers a tract on the lower falls of the Otter, where Vergennes now stands. He evicted the settlers, holders under New Hampshire patents, erected a log fort, established a garrison of his veterans, under Sergeant Donald McIntosh, and returned to Canada. An attempt to take the fort had failed; but Warrington, his force now slightly increased, was determined to succeed.

The garrison, notified by Sherwood, met the enemy in the open, taking advantage of some scattered piles of logs. A run-

ning but bloodless fight ensued, the Highlanders firing and then scampering from ambuscade to ambuscade, finally falling back to the gate of the fort. Meanwhile, Warrington and Selden, reconnoitering in the rear of the fort, had discovered the only occupants to be two young women, one of whom held a rifle. They succeeded in getting over the stockade and, after a bullet had narrowly missed Selden, in quieting the panic-stricken pair —Jessie Reed, the Colonel's daughter, and Zilpah, her half-breed servant.

Disregarding Warrington's command to surrender, and dismayed to find foes behind him, McIntosh commanded his men to reload. With a rush the Vermonters disarmed them, or, grappling, threw them, but the Scotchmen did not yield until they saw their leader bound. He, however, protested that he would not call himself a prisoner "wi'out first settling the conditions o' the surrender." The victors humored him; he marched his men into the stockade, marched them out, grounded arms, and pronounced himself and them prisoners of war, to depart on parole. Miss Reed was taken by Selden to the house of friends of hers at Skenesboro. Her charms impressed him deeply, and, growing confidential, he told her he was ignorant of the names of his parents and birthplace. Falling into mercenary hands in childhood, he had suffered and wandered much, and finally been taken to England, where a nobleman had befriended and educated him. Weary of Europe, he had returned to his native country, and, fancying frontier life, had come to the Grants.

Warrington, with a part of his force, went southward to Snake Mountain opposite Crown Point (called *Carillon* when the French held it). Here lay lands belonging to him, and strolling alone he discovered well-tilled fields and substantial buildings. As he gazed upon the landscape framing Lake Champlain, he heard the splash of oars. A man landed and stealthily crept toward the edge of the clearing. Then came the alarmed cry of a woman, followed by the entreating tones of the man; then a scream that sent Warrington leaping to the spot. The assailant fled, and Warrington stood face to face with Alma Hendee, one long loved and long lost. On recognizing her deliverer, she addressed him as Mr. Howard, and

told him yonder was her home, doomed, she feared, to a visit from "that terrible ruffian Warrington" and his band. She vainly urged "Howard" to renew his acquaintance with her father. He addressed her as her lover, but she discouraged him; someone she would not name had come between them; still, she would grant another interview, but only in her father's presence. She left him repelled but not despairing. Several years previously, Warrington, as "Mr. Howard," had journeyed into New York in the secret interests of his fellow-patriots. He had met the Hendees accidentally, nursed Captain Hendee, a retired officer, through an illness, and made progress on the path to Alma's heart. But suddenly and without explanation they had disappeared. Now they were unwittingly occupying his lands, under a York title.

The ruffian Darrow, whom Warrington foiled, on escaping informed Sherwood that "the outlaw" was paying Alma visits, and the spy, with double purpose, laid a plot. John, Jacob Sherwood's father, years before this, mismanaged (profitably) property belonging to Captain Hendee. He also induced Gabriel Hendee, the Captain's brother, to add a codicil to a will and make him legatee in the event of the death of the Captain's little son. The boy soon disappeared and was given up as dead. Sherwood came into the estate, but, professing great friendship for the Captain, paid certain debts that the latter had contracted, and enabled him to buy the lands on the lake. Jacob was now Alma's suitor, favored by her father, who hoped that Gabriel's estate would thus return to the family.

"Mr. Howard" walked in one evening, to receive a hearty welcome from the Captain, who, however, was ignorant of his chivalrous rescue of Alma. Neshobee, their servant, recognized him, but said nothing. The Hendees' sudden flight, years before, was explained as an escape from unnecessarily aggressive creditors. A note left for Howard had miscarried. Soon another visitor entered—one whose great stature and lionlike features marked him as no common mortal. He puzzled them by declaring: "For the month of May, my name is Smith." By cautious questions he learned that Hendee was no friend to the King, and then, with deep emotion, said that American blood had just been shed at Lexington.

"Are we of the Green Mountains to remain idle?" he asked. "By all the thrones of Heaven and Hell, *no*!"

When he rose to leave he asked Warrington to accompany him as guide; but the Hendees would not part with their friend. At that moment the tramp of men was heard, and Alma, recognizing Darrow's voice, drew Warrington into another room. Soldiers from the fort entered, being obliged, as Darrow apologizing said, to ask for hospitality. He recognized in Smith a greater prize, alive or dead, than even Warrington, but decided to defer action until both were asleep. Smith, though in a predicament, dissembled, captivated the company by his droll stories, and finally called on Hendee to bring out spirits at his expense; they would drink health to the King and confusion to all enemies.

Alma, meanwhile, had learned that "Howard" was Warrington, but she had not condemned him. If he escaped that night he must not risk his life again, and Warrington at last discovered that Sherwood was both rival and foe. At her request he joined the others and found Smith to be the most maudlin of the group. It was time to retire, and Smith insisted that his military friends should take the few spare beds. He would sleep in the barn, and compel that scurvy fellow (Warrington), who would not drink like a gentleman, to share the hay with him. They would leave their rifles in the house—and at these words Darrow congratulated himself. Smith was dragged, staggering, to the barn and pitched into the hay, where he was joined by Warrington. As soon as they were alone, Smith said:

"Charles, see if you can pull off my plaguey boots: there is more than a quart of whisky in them."

He had, it appeared, buttoned his high-collared coat over his chin and had dashed every glass down his bosom. Now Neshobee stole upon them, bringing their rifles, sent by Alma. The guard having gone in to drink, the friends were soon in the heart of the forest. Smith said he had come to that locality to ascertain the sentiments of the settlers opposite Crown Point, for something daring was afoot.

They repaired to a secret rendezvous near the middle falls of the Otter, whither next day came Selden and Jones, escorting one Prouty, who had just accepted the office of justice of the

peace from the New York Government. They lured him by insisting that important business required his attention; that they were "on the right side" (he had asked the question); and that they hoped Sherwood would be present. To his horror, his journey ended at a forest covert filled with Green Mountain Boys, headed by Smith—none other than the great Ethan Allen.

Another prisoner was brought in, a York surveyor; and Allen, after reading the evidence against them, asked "the minions" whether they knew any reason why they should not be "viewed," a cant phrase, signifying the punishment of offenders. The surveyor protested against being tried by any but a court acting under the authority of New York. Prouty was compelled to sentence him and then to execute the sentence, which was a lashing. Allen threw a rod at the surveyor's feet, saying that if he felt the sentence to be unjust he must avenge the injury. Prouty's birch rod fell feebly until quickened by threats of a lynching, then so cruelly that the surveyor caught up his own rod, swearing that he would punish the squire for suffering himself to be made the tool of a mob. Prouty soon shrieked for mercy, and the men were released; the Squire to be dismissed with a warning, the surveyor to be taken to the New York line, across which he was propelled by a kick from Jones.

One night, not long afterward, a number of settlers assembled in a barn near Middlebury. Warrington, on his way to join them, was dogged by Darrow, Sherwood's emissary, who attempted to shoot him and got away unpunished. Each man, on entering the barn, which was dimly lighted by one candle, gave the watchword "Carillon." The company bound itself not to divulge the proceedings and the consequent measures. Warrington and Remember Baker, another "outlaw," rehearsed eloquently the wrongs the Vermonters had suffered, and the necessity for continued resistance. Ethan Allen brought the growing enthusiasm to a climax, by appealing to them as men who never were born to be slaves, either to little tyrants at home or to great ones abroad, and who had drunk in liberty from the very air of those green hills, to aid in avenging the murder at Lexington.

"Follow me," he cried, "and I will lead you to deeds that shall cover the Green Mountain Boys with imperishable glory!"

He then disclosed his project, the capture of the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. "Ethan Allen forever!" rose in one convulsive shout, and they were instructed to assemble at Castleton a few days later, to be mustered in.

Sherwood informed Captain Hendee that he was harboring a branded villain, whose aim was the seduction of Alma and the seizure of his property. A stormy interview between father and daughter followed, and the girl took advantage of the painful situation to visit Mrs. Story, her aunt. She now heard Warrington's praises sung and Sherwood's villainy made clear. The young Captain, happening to call, renewed his attentions, and was accepted.

The dispute at Castleton between Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen was happily settled by Warrington, who persuaded Arnold not to ruin the enterprise by insisting on his right to command. "Old Ti" fell; but owing to delay in obtaining boats Warrington did not arrive until after the surrender. Allen consoled him with the promise that he should lead the expedition against Crown Point, and the stone castle of Major Skene, a Tory. Warrington objected that Selden was the man to take the castle, for Miss Reed was a visitor there; and to this Allen laughingly agreed.

The Hendees heard the cannonading, but knew not what it signified until a horseman dashed by, spreading the news. Toward sunset they saw bateaux full of armed men bearing down on Crown Point. Alma, through a glass, made out the features of the leader. They saw the British flag fall from its staff, and soon Neshobee came to announce that the "young Cappen you call Misser Howard" was in possession of the fort. Hendee's pride in Warrington's achievement was tempered with resentment. What if Sherwood's charges were untrue? However, things must remain as they were; he had been compelled to borrow money from Jacob. He was unaware that Pete Jones, Cupid's seven-foot messenger, had already brought Alma a note entreating her to elope, and that she had refused, being unwilling to marry unless openly. Not many days later Miss Reed wrote that she was Selden's captive for the second time.

Warrington, now stationed at Crown Point, repeated his

visits, which Alma's neighbors commented on banteringly, yet with ominous warnings, for they knew Sherwood only too well. A strolling tinker visited the house one day, and in a casual conversation with him Alma learned that he had known the captor of Crown Point from childhood. The only thing to his discredit was his desertion of his wife in Connecticut. Overwhelmed by this revelation, the girl impetuously wrote, breaking the engagement. Warrington, *en route* to Canada, had no time to reply.

Alma now received Sherwood's addresses somewhat indulgently, thinking he might have been maligned. A penitent note was sent by the tinker, saying that he had been bribed by a man whose name he would withhold, and had lied to her. Sherwood, on his next call, was repelled as "the instigator of the assassination of a supposed rival." Captain Hendee, on Alma's disclosure of the facts and her attachment to Warrington, their magnanimous friend, ordered the spy from the premises. Other disappointments followed. John Sherwood died, after willing back the Hendee property. A remorseful letter, making important revelations, was secured by Jacob and burned, but the attorney could not be bribed to surrender the will. Darrow reported that he had seen at Crown Point a young officer so closely resembling the long-lost Edward Hendee as to make it probable that they were identical.

Burgoyne was now moving down from Canada, and an allied band of Tories and Indians under Sherwood, who had been made a captain, was ravaging northern Vermont. The Hendees, accompanied by Miss Reed, now their guest, deserted their home and fled, but were captured and carried to a Tory encampment; Alma being confined in a separate house. There Sherwood visited her, to say she could free herself and her friends only by marrying him at once—a clergyman was within call—and if she would not a worse fate than death awaited her; he would return in two hours for her decision. A terrific thunderstorm added to her terrors, and a mysterious sound in the chimney seemed to indicate the approach of some new enemy. A flash of lightning revealed the intruder, Neshobee. The guard had sought the other side of the house for shelter; by following him back, up the chimney, she could escape; but, fearing that

the light color of her dress would betray her, or that she could not survive a night of exposure, she bade him leave her to her fate. He could save the others by hastening to Ticonderoga. No sooner had he gone than another lightning flash revealed Sherwood returning, and she sank in a swoon.

Warrington was only three miles away with the rear-guard of St. Clair's army. Neshobee, while threading the dripping forest, learned this fact, chancing to discover a British encampment and to overhear two sentries discussing a projected attack on the Vermonters. The boy, finding Warrington, reported the plight of the Hendees and the British plans, and Selden set out to rescue his friends.

Sherwood had his hand on the door when Darrow came striding after, to say that Neshobee had escaped. They must march at once, or Warrington would fall upon them. The captives were hurried forward until danger from pursuit was believed to be over, when a halt was called for a hasty meal. They had hardly finished it when a peal of musketry was heard; the battle of Hubbardton had begun. Leaving a guard under Darrow, Sherwood led his band to coöperate with the army when needed. From a wooded cliff the prisoners watched the contest and at last saw the redcoats break and scatter. Suddenly Selden's force came charging upon their captors, killing some and forcing others to leap headlong from the cliff. A war-cry rose from below; Sherwood was returning; but the fugitives, thanks to Selden's intervening rifles, gained a distant ravine that sheltered them from discovery.

The battle opened anew, Riedesel and his Hessians having arrived. Their coming had been made known to Captain Hendee through the boasts of one of his captors, and Selden, hearing the news, had reported to Warrington. At the moment the firing began, he galloped back, accompanied by a soldier with two horses. Instant flight was imperative, or they would fall into the hands of a brutal soldiery. Regaining the recesses of the forest, the friends reached unhindered the nearest place of safety, and at sunset came to the bank of Otter Creek, opposite Mrs. Story's.

The good woman paddled over in her canoe, which was quickly filled, so full, Alma declared, that she must wait till the

second crossing. If danger came, what mattered it? Selden told Mrs. Story, astonished at this remark, that the soldier with him had seen Warrington fall on the field. She yielded, however, and none too soon, for the sound of firing, not far away, showed that Jones and his men were being driven in. They, too, reached the other bank, but hardly in advance of the pursuers, who now began to cross, some using the horses Selden had abandoned, the Indians swimming. The women took refuge in the cellar of the house, and then, by a secret passage, in an excavated room communicating with Mrs. Story's "t'other world."

The heavy logs of which the house was built, soaked by the rain of the night before, promised to withstand continued shots, and loopholes in them gave opportunity to return the fire that was directed at intervals from the woods. Attempts to batter down the door and to fire the roof having been foiled, the enemy heaped combustibles against the house and set them ablaze. The flames and smoke compelled the besieged to join the women in the underground rooms, but Selden and Jones crept out by a well-concealed exit to reconnoiter. The walls of the house now fell in, and Sherwood stood aghast. Darrow, however, maintained that their foes must have escaped by some subterranean passage. The two men darted forward to discover the trail, and came upon Selden, with whom they grappled, drawing knives. Jones, rushing to the spot, hurled Sherwood against a tree, and with his clubbed rifle knocked Darrow senseless. Rallying cries compelled the Vermonters to leave them unkilled and to regain the cave, the exit from which was soon discovered, but was barred from entrance by heavy timbers and aggressive bayonets.

A hollow sound, given back to trampling feet, revealed the main hiding-place, and the roof began to shake, while strokes of fast-driven stakes mingled with triumphant yells. Earth and stones began to fall. One resource was left, and, at Captain Hendee's suggestion, was availed of. In a recess stood some casks of powder, stored there by settlers. They were drawn out, and the women were sent into the remotest corner. Selden laid a train of dry powder from the opened casks across the room under the excavators, and Jones prepared a slow match.

Two excavations had been made above, and their foes were about to leap down, and also to rush in through a passage that had been forced. The match hissed, and with a concussion that threw the besieged off their feet, the earth yawned; distorted and writhing human forms, trunks of trees, rocks, earth, shot upward in the flaming mass; the returning shower of ruins thundered down, and a deathlike silence succeeded.

Venturing out next morning, the patriots beheld an appalling scene of death and destruction. They were hastening from the spot when they discovered a man, living but horribly maimed, who proved to be Darrow. He cursed Sherwood, who had escaped and in the hope that he (Darrow), who "knew too much about the Sherwoods," had perished. Between his paroxysms he confessed that he was their tool in the abduction of Edward Hendee, who, if still alive, was standing by Captain Hendee. The proof would be two crossed arrows he had pricked into one of the boy's arms, before selling him to an Indian. All gazed, astonished at Selden, obviously the one referred to. His face lighted; he held up his bare arm, exultingly; and father, son, and daughter were folded in a long embrace. With a muttered "Revenged on the destroyers of my soul and body!" Darrow expired.

At that moment horsemen dashed up, headed by Warrington. He was retreating to Manchester, and having guessed at the course his friends had taken, had followed them. The party proceeded, unmolested, to one of the older settlements.

About a year later a company assembled at Captain Hendee's to celebrate two weddings. Selden came in from Albany, whither he had been to make himself known to John Sherwood's attorney and to receive acquittances from Jacob, who had thrown himself on his mercy. The guests were amused by a letter from Colonel Reed, who confessed himself checkmated and regretted that he could not be present to drink his stoup on the merry occasion. Pete Jones, insisting that two weddings were not enough, rather abruptly proposed to Ruth, Alma's faithful maid, who was no longer young but coy. Ethan Allen, who arrived unexpectedly, after his long imprisonment, aided in bringing Ruth to terms, and next persuaded the willing but doubting Zilpah to cast in her lot with that of only too willing

Neshobee. Four couples being ready, Allen cried: "Now, parson, do your duty!"

Warrington and Selden returned to the army, to win distinction. When the war ended they returned to the Green Mountains to receive substantial rewards from their grateful fellow-countrymen. Sherwood joined his Tory brethren in the South, and at the close of the Revolution sought refuge in Canada, where he died in poverty and disgrace.

# LYOF NICOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOI

(Russia, 1828)

## WAR AND PEACE (1865)

Tolstoi began a novel, *The Decembrists*, in which he purposed to treat of those concerned in the conspiracy of 1825, an important episode in Russian history, but, after writing three chapters, his attention was irresistibly drawn to the events that led up to the conspiracy. The result was the abandonment of the novel and the production of *War and Peace*. This colossal work presents an intimate view of Russia during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Every grade of Russian life is pictured, from court circles to pot-house gatherings of peasants, from councils of state to filthy military dungeons. Thirty-five of the characters that figure conspicuously in the development of the story are historical. They include Alexander, the Emperor, Kutuzof, the general who commanded the Russian army at Borodino and during Napoleon's Moscow campaign, as well as Napoleon himself. A great part of the work is devoted to the Napoleonic wars, which are treated historically and from the point of view of fatalistic philosophy. Indeed, fatalism is the strong undercurrent throughout the work, and its application to Napoleon makes many chapters read as if Tolstoi held a brief to demonstrate that the French Emperor was contemptibly commonplace in his gifts, not a genius, either military or executive, but on the contrary a rather stupid creature of circumstances.

OUNT KIRILL BEZUKHOI, the richest man in Russia, died in 1805, leaving all his property to his illegitimate son, Pierre. Just before his death the Count petitioned the Emperor to legitimize his son, and, the petition granted, Pierre succeeded unopposed not only to the vast estates but to his father's title and position in the social world. Pierre was wholly unprepared for this change in his status. He had been well educated, was little more than twenty years old, and had returned to Russia from Western Europe considerably imbued with modern ideas regarding constitutional government, but with no training in the ways of society, no taste or capacity for business, no aim except to take life as he found it and gratify his sensual desires. For the latter there had always been money in abun-

dance, and now there was more than he knew what to do with.

Of course there was widespread disappointment when the contents of the old Count's will were known. There were legitimate relatives who had counted on sharing the property; but the more distant connections bowed to the inevitable and studied how they might gain sway over Pierre to their own aggrandizement, meantime amazing and bewildering him with manifestations of deference and affection; and the nearer relatives speedily found that they had no cause for complaint, for Pierre promptly made such disposition of his resources that all could live as luxuriously as if they had come into independent possession of a portion of the estate.

Among the distant connections was Prince Vassili Kuragin, whose fortune had been considerably impaired by extravagant living. He had two sons, both spendthrifts, and a daughter—all unmarried. It occurred to him that the best way to ease his disappointment would be to marry his daughter to Pierre. The Princess Elena was beautiful and willing. Such a thing as refusing the richest man in Russia was unthinkable. Her father invited Pierre to be his guest in St. Petersburg, ostensibly that he might be guided in his entrance to society, and Pierre accepted the invitation because he knew not what else to do. It was all a mystery to him, this huge fortune and the sudden adulation of those who formerly tolerated or ignored him altogether. When Prince Vassili vaguely spoke of the responsibilities of his position, Pierre had merely a troubled conviction that it must be so, but what the responsibilities were he could not imagine, for an army of agents looked after his property, and everything seemed to be done as it should be. Also, when Prince Vassili announced with affectionate solicitude that the next step should be marriage, Pierre assented, although he could not see why marriage should be the next step, or to what the step should lead. He did not love the beautiful Elena, but he did perceive after a time that he was expected to marry her. It was all very confusing and unsatisfactory. Why should he not marry her? Undoubtedly he would do so, for everything seemed to be prearranged for him. His property was thrust upon him, he had been hurled at society; but why should he marry her? How

could he confess love to her—that being, as he knew, the conventional procedure—when he felt no love?

The difficulty was solved for him at last by his good guide, Prince Vassili, who, having waited beyond endurance for Pierre to propose, suddenly gave the young man his blessing as if a formal proposal had been made. Pierre, who at the moment was talking awkwardly with Elena, stammered and blushed. Elena, taking the cue from her father, threw herself on Pierre's breast and babbled that she was his. And Pierre, for the life of him, could see nothing to do but take her. And so they were married.

Love did not follow on the heels of the wedding. Pierre faithfully tried to follow his wife's lead, and made himself exceedingly uncomfortable thereby. He was always dimly conscious of his false relationship to his surroundings, and that made him withdraw into himself, so that he appeared gloomy and morose. He supplied money to his wife without stint, and she took every possible advantage of her opportunity to dazzle the social world. For a time Pierre figured with her in brilliant functions at his St. Petersburg residence and accompanied her to the great houses of the capital; but as there was no love on either side, and as receptions and balls and endless dinners were boresome to him, he at last became little more than a shadowy figure in the background of his wife's magnificence. Elena lived her life without hindrance from her husband, and she tacitly granted him the retirement he preferred. While she continued to disport herself at St. Petersburg, he returned to his palace in Moscow.

Even there Pierre could not escape the obligations of his social position. He was without aim, he had no desires beyond those of the moment. He was one of the select few invited to the dinner at the English Club in honor of Prince Bagration after the campaign that culminated with Austerlitz. The enthusiasm of his friends failed to arouse him from his customary stolidity. He actually forgot to rise when the Emperor was toasted, and when his attention was called to his error he stood up quickly, blushing furiously.

There was a special reason for Pierre's unsociability on this occasion. Rumor for some time had been busy with the doings

of Elena, and some intimation of what was being passed from mouth to mouth had reached him. He had not been disturbed until that very morning, when one of those geniuses who confine their productions to anonymous letters had advised him to get better spectacles, that he might perceive what everybody else saw clearly, the conduct of his wife with Feodor Dolokhof. Even then Pierre cast the scandal from him. He did not love his wife, but he did respect her. It was impossible to think of her as other than upright. Nevertheless, the consciousness that whenever his friends greeted him they had the scandal in mind was oppressive; and when he found Dolokhof sitting opposite him at the dinner to Prince Bagration, he could not shake off his discomfort. His taciturnity piqued others besides Dolokhof, to whom it appeared to be purposely offensive.

In the course of the post-prandial exercises a waiter handed to the more distinguished guests copies of a cantata written for the occasion, and one of these was given to Pierre. Dolokhof seized it and began to read it. Pierre stared at Dolokhof; and that awful and ugly something that had been tormenting all through dinner now arose and overmastered him. He leaned his bulky frame toward Dolokhof.

"Don't you dare take it," he said.

Pierre's friends immediately tried to restrain him, begging him in whispers to be cautious.

"I will not give it back," replied Dolokhof insolently.

Pierre snatched the paper away. "You blackguard!" he hissed, "I shall call you to account for this," and he abruptly left the table.

Pierre now became convinced of his wife's guilt, and from that moment he hated her. The duel took place at daybreak the following morning. Dolokhof was a soldier and was celebrated for his skill both with sword and pistol. Pierre knew nothing of fencing and until that moment never had had a pistol in his hand. He went to the encounter with the greatest repugnance. It was not fear that stirred him, although he supposed he would be killed. The idea of making his domestic disgrace an issue of life or death to himself or another was intolerable. There was no reason in it. Every grain of sense and generosity in his nature revolted; but it had to be, like

everything else in his unsatisfactory life. Up to the very last moment the seconds believed that the encounter would be averted. Swords were driven into the snow ten paces apart to mark the limits to which each contestant was bound. They were to stand about forty paces apart and, at the word, approach the swords, firing at will. Pierre's second advised him that the affair was without sufficient reason.

"Oh, yes," admitted Pierre, "horribly foolish."

"Then allow me to offer your regrets," said the second. "The insult was not wholly on one side. Let me confer."

"No, there's nothing to be said," Pierre replied. "Is everything ready?"

"No apologies," said Dolokhof, when similar suggestions were made to him.

They went to their places, and the reluctant seconds gave the word only when the adversaries impatiently demanded it. Pierre strode forward, brandishing his pistol in a way that would have been comic if the occasion had not been so tragic. For a time it seemed that the seconds were in more peril than his adversary. All the time he was thinking how inexcusably absurd the proceeding was, and that was the meaning of the contemptuous smile on his face. "I can fire as soon as I please," he thought; "well, the sooner it's over, the better." With a hasty glance at Dolokhof, he pulled the trigger in the way he had been told to do, and jumped nervously at the report, which was much louder than he had anticipated. Then he heard a cry and saw Dolokhof stagger and fall. Impulsively he ran forward to help, but the seconds called to him not to pass the boundary, and Pierre, remembering that the other had a right to shoot, stopped at the sword. His second advised him to stand sidewise, but he would not budge. He kept his huge frame full front toward Dolokhof, who was struggling to rise. Dolokhof sank again, and greedily filled his mouth with snow. Again he tried to rise. In a half-recumbent posture he aimed his weapon. Pierre, with a smile of compassion on his face, looked anxiously at him. The seconds closed their eyes and turned away. The report followed.

"Missed!" groaned Dolokhof, and sank face down in the snow.

Pierre had not killed his man, but the wound was dangerous, and it was advisable for him to leave Moscow. He set out for St. Petersburg and on the way fell in with an aged man who interested him in Freemasonry. They talked long about the fundamental principles of the order at a post-house where they spent a night. The idea of brotherhood appealed to Pierre. He resumed his journey uplifted for the first time by an ambition: to make his own life pure. It was, for the moment, a passion that absorbed him.

As soon as possible after arriving at St. Petersburg, he became a Mason; but the fact of the duel made it quite as inadvisable to remain in the northern capital as in the southern. It was necessary for him to go into retirement until the sensation should blow over. He had estates in distant parts of Russia that he had never seen. He now visited these in turn, and, under the influence of his new convictions, ordered many reforms, few of which were executed by his agents, and Pierre succeeded in making the condition of his serfs rather harder than before.

In the broad matter of generosity he believed that he fulfilled his Masonic obligations, but he could not command his private life. He very soon slipped back to heavy drinking and the loose habits of his bachelor days. For years his chief interest was his Masonic work; he even traveled to other countries to learn more of the rites, and he attained a very high rank in the order; but he was vaguely conscious through it all that he had not gained from Masonry all that it promised, all that he had hoped.

Pierre's dearest friend was Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, only son of an eccentric and powerful nobleman who, years before, had been exiled from court and compelled to live on his own estate. The young men had seen little of each other since 1805, because Andrei had gone to the wars. He was severely wounded at Austerlitz, and thereafter had retired from the service and devoted himself to the management of his own property. His life, too, was unsatisfactory. War had aroused his ambition for glory. He had attained great distinction by heroic conduct, and his advice on military matters was respected, if not heeded, in the highest quarters; but the folly of war had been impressed upon him by his experience, and he felt the emptiness of glory.

Andrei had been married, but his wife died in giving birth to his son just after his return from Austerlitz. He believed that life had nothing more for him except such as duty to his son directed, and he seldom appeared in society, either at St. Petersburg or at Moscow. But circumstances connected with the routine affairs of his estate brought him into contact with the Rostof family, in which there was a daughter, Natalie, whose ingenuous gaiety and beauty stirred his heart as it had not been stirred even by the mother of his son. Prince Andrei was slow in yielding to his passion, but it was his fate to love Natalie, and at last he proposed to her.

Natalie loved him with all a girl's enthusiasm for a hero, and but for one circumstance the match would have been regarded as most fortunate. The Prince's aged father refused his consent except on condition that a year should intervene before the wedding. It was not legally necessary to have the father's consent, but Andrei felt that his father's wishes should be respected, and the Rostofs reluctantly agreed. It was plainly understood that Natalie should not consider herself formally engaged. She was to have liberty to break the agreement, or rather to regard it as non-existent, if at any time her love or faith wavered. Time passed very slowly for her. She loved eagerly and felt that the best year of her life was being wasted to gratify the whim of an irascible old man; but she was not conscious of the slightest wavering in her affection until, some months after Andrei's departure, she was visiting Moscow. Elena held her court there that winter, and Natalie's beauty, as well as her rank—for her father was a count of ancient lineage—gave her ready access to the gaieties of the season. Elena's disreputable brother, Anatol, conceived a vile passion for Natalie and planned deliberately to undermine her affection for Prince Andrei. In this he acted not only with the knowledge of Elena, but to a certain extent with her sanction. He called the affair a flirtation, and Elena thought it would be amusing.

The girl was very young and inexperienced, and, more than all, her mother was far away in the country. She would have confided freely in her mother, and from the very beginning of her acquaintance with Anatol she was conscious of the need of guidance. She felt herself slipping, and she tried with a cer-

tain tremulous horror to hold back, amazed at herself, fearing yet longing to meet the man whose very presence seemed to be the embodiment of ardent love. For Anatol was handsome, and adept in amours, and he pursued his campaign with passionate energy. Natalie wondered helplessly what had become of her love for Andrei. She shrank from contemplation of her fickleness, and yet she had to acknowledge that the former love was fled and that its place had been taken by a headstrong passion for Anatol. Her affectionate nature, pure as sunlight, had been turned irresistibly toward the presence of love, and away from the absence of it. The tangible object of affection displaced the intangible. It was not for her to know that Anatol already had a wife, a Polish girl whom he had been compelled to marry by an indignant father.

Anatol proposed elopement, and gave plausible excuses for secrecy. He would take her to a distant province and marry her there, and to that end he made arrangements with an unfrocked priest for a worthless ceremony. Natalie wrote a brief note to Andrei to inform him that she availed herself of the freedom allowed by their agreement, and made ready to slip from the house where she was visiting by a back door late at night, and join her lover. Anatol was at hand at the appointed hour with a troika (a three-horse covered sleigh); but the little maid's agitation had been observed by an anxious relative, who had discovered a letter from Anatol that betrayed the whole affair. It was accordingly frustrated, and Natalie was kept virtually a prisoner, protesting against interference with her wishes, and scorning to credit any aspersion on Anatol's character. It was not until Pierre, who had known her from childhood, assured her that Anatol was already married that she knew she had been deceived. To her Pierre was, as he was to numberless others, a paragon of goodness; she trusted him as a child trusts a good-natured uncle who always brings sweetmeats to his favorites. Pierre told her the truth, and she looked at him so piteously that her misery smote him to the heart.

He left her to find Anatol. For hours he drove to one rendezvous after another, and discovered him at last in his own house, where Elena was presiding over a brilliant function. Pierre stalked through the fashionable crowd as if he were a

police officer rather than the master of the house, and brusquely told Anatol to follow him. Elena contrived to warn her husband not to spoil her event with a sensational scene, but Pierre paid no attention to her. The two men went into the library, where Pierre caught Anatol by the throat and shook him back and forth much as a terrier shakes a rat. At last he let the chattering, blubbering scoundrel drop, and then he seized a great paper-weight and held it over Anatol's head. "I don't know what restrains me from killing you!" he said.

Then he laid the paper-weight slowly down, demanded every scrap of writing that Natalie had sent to Anatol, commanded him never to speak of the episode, and finished by giving the blackguard abundant money with which to take himself away from Moscow. Anatol was sufficiently impressed to leave the city at once.

It happened that Prince Andrei came to Moscow just after Anatol's departure. Pierre met him and found the Prince restrained, almost cold in his demeanor. He rebuffed Pierre's proffers of sympathy, and affected indifference in such frosty tones as showed how terribly he had been hurt. Pierre understood, and sadly complied with the one request the Prince made him: to convey to Natalie all the letters she had written to him. Natalie could hardly keep on her feet when Pierre called on this errand, for she had been shaken physically as well as morally by the episode with Anatol. She begged Pierre to say to Andrei that all she craved now was his forgiveness. Pierre spoke kindly to her; his heart warmed with compassion; he assured her that if ever she needed a friend's advice, or aid of any kind, that he could give, she should apply to him.

"Do not speak to me so—I do not deserve it," she sobbed. "My life is nothing but a ruin."

"Ruin!" he repeated. "If I were not myself, but the best man in the world, and if I were free, I would this very instant, on my knees, sue for your hand and your love."

Natalie, for the first time in many days, shed tears of gratitude; and, giving Pierre one look, she fled from the room.

Thus began a wonderful influence upon Pierre's inner life. He was consciously in love; more, he knew that this was a love that could expect and ask nothing for its own sake, that must

be content with the mere fact of love, and that must aim only for the complete restoration of its object to moral health, and, if circumstances would only so shape themselves, to happiness in union with another, Andrei, his best friend.

These events occurred just previously to Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. The national spirit was tremendously aroused, and under all the circumstances it was natural that Andrei should return to the military service. Pierre never had been in the army, but he took his proper part in the defense of his country in his capacity as a rich man. When the nobles and merchants of Moscow were assembled to confer on the state of the country, Pierre agreed to supply and equip an entire regiment, a prodigality of patriotism that few others in the empire could emulate. The work involved in this, however, was done by agents, and his own time was almost unoccupied. He called on Natalie frequently, and he was the only person she was always glad to see. She attributed his occasional diffidence to delicacy of feeling, and his uniform kindness contributed more than anything, except possibly time itself, to her restoration to health. Not once did Pierre breathe a word of love. That was his secret, too sacred to be entrusted even to her.

When he was by himself Pierre fell into a strange manner of calculation, convinced that some kind of catastrophe was impending, and wondering what would be his personal relation to it. One of his Masonic brothers had called his attention to the prophecy concerning Napoleon that was derived from the revelation of St. John. In the *Apocalypse* it is written: "He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast; for it is a number of a man; and his number is six hundred and sixty and six." The letters of the French alphabet, disposed in accordance with Hebrew enumeration, give the first nine letters the value of units, and the rest that of tens. For example, E is 5, K is 10, S is 90, and so to Z, which is 160. If the words *l'Empereur Napoléon* are arranged in this numerical cipher, the sum of the letters amounts to six hundred and sixty-six. Therefore Napoleon was the beast mentioned in the *Apocalypse*. A further divination after the same method showed that Napoleon's power would last until 1812.

Pierre was amazed at all this, and spent many hours working

over the cipher to discover what more it might reveal to him. After spelling his own name in the various forms permissible to the Russians of his day, and making it as similar as he could to the French form, he found that the letters of *l'Russe Besuhof*, converted into numerals, indicated six hundred and sixty-six. Precisely what this implied he could not discern at first, but eventually he became obsessed with the idea that his destiny was linked to that of Napoleon, and that it was his mission to destroy the beast. All Pierre's conduct from that time until the burning of Moscow was colored and directed by this.

He rode out to Borodino when the Russians held that place and contiguous villages against Napoleon, and remained on the battlefield all day long. By virtue of his rank he could go where ordinary civilians would have been forbidden; as it was, officers repeatedly urged him to retire, for he was not only in danger but in the way. Nothing persuaded him to leave. He spent most of his time on a hilltop where there was a battery in action, where he saw hundreds of men fall, where he was himself spattered with dirt thrown up by bursting shells; and whenever he found himself in the way of the soldiers, he smiled good-humoredly and apologized, and withdrew for a moment to one side, only to return again the next moment. He was in the thick of the confusion when the French charged the battery and began to turn its guns on the Russians; he was there still when the Russians recaptured the position and drove off the enemy with fearful slaughter. Through it all he remained an interested spectator, and that fortune spared him the slightest injury intrenched him more firmly in the conviction that his time for action was yet to come.

So, when all Russians who could command the means to go, deserted Moscow, Pierre remained in the city. He secreted himself in a mean house, put on a peasant's costume, and bought both a pistol and a dagger. The Rostofs were among the last to leave the city, and it happened that Pierre saw the train of their carriages when he was on his way to buy the weapons, and that Natalie recognized him. He walked along beside her carriage for a moment. She asked him what was the matter, and whether he was going to stay in the city. Yes, he told her in answer to the second question, and stammered unintelligibly

when she pressed the first. The train of vehicles moved on, and neither Pierre nor Natalie knew that in one of the several that Count Rostof had given to the use of wounded soldiers lay Prince Andrei, dying of a wound received at Borodino.

Moscow was burning on September 13, 1812, and on the morning of that day Pierre set forth on his mission of destruction. The beast was enthroned in the city; but just where to look for him Pierre knew not. He wandered through the streets, which were thick with smoke, fearing that his resolution would weaken, considering that he had no skill in using the pistol, and thinking it would be better to trust to his enormous strength and the dagger, and yet reflecting that a previous attempt to stab Napoleon had lamentably failed. He came upon many poor families dispossessed by the flames. There were scenes of distress at every hand sufficient to arouse patriotic desperation if his spirit should flag. A woman whom he saw was sobbing because, in her hurried flight from home, her baby had been left behind. She was surrounded by other of her children, and her frenzied husband could not be induced to go back for the missing little one. Pierre undertook the search. Guided by an elder sister of the baby, he came to the house. This was in flames, and French soldiers were busy in the neighborhood pillaging. Pierre dashed in at a rear door, found the infant asleep, and came forth with it in his arms, both unhurt. By then the sister had disappeared, and he carried the baby back to the place where he had seen the mother. She and the rest of the family were gone, and nobody could tell where. Others had taken their places, women sitting on the wrecks of their household goods, thieves, looting soldiers, idlers crowding around them. In the thick of the crowd was an Armenian family, an old man and woman, and a young woman, evidently their daughter, all richly dressed. Pierre saw a barefooted French soldier pull off the old man's boots, and another wrest his coat from him.

Despairing of finding the parents of the baby, he gave the child to a peasant with hurried instructions to look for them, and turned toward the Armenians. Just as he did so a soldier snatched the necklace from the young woman's throat. Pierre struck the soldier with his fist, laying him flat. The other sol-

diers drew their sabers and went to their comrade's relief. Then Pierre, disdaining or forgetting his pistol and dagger, laid about him with his fists and knocked the astounded Frenchmen this way and that before their cutlasses could be made effective, until the fracas was interrupted suddenly by the appearance of a file of Uhlans.

It was not so much discretion that induced Pierre then to desist from his mad fighting as the characteristic subsidence of his passion. He surrendered without resistance and was locked up with many others made prisoners on that day and charged by the French with incendiarism. Pierre would not give his name, would not admit that he understood French; but the latter fact was accidentally revealed, for he had no skill in deceit, and this, together with his native manner, and the evident belief of his fellow-prisoners that he was a noble, caused the captain who examined the suspects to doubt the advisability of treating Pierre like the common riffraff in the dungeon. The French maintained that the burning of Moscow was the work of the Russians themselves, who sought thus to make the city useless to its captors; and the edict had gone forth that an example must be made of enough natives to deter the rest from causing further conflagrations. After a night in the dungeon, Pierre was summoned forth with five others and examined by an officer. He still refused to give his name, but he denied that he was guilty of incendiarism. The officer was puzzled, and at length he gave an order in accordance with which the six prisoners were marched to an open space where a great crowd had assembled in view of a freshly made pit. Two of the prisoners were told off and stationed at the edge of the pit with their eyes blindfolded. Then a file of soldiers drew up and shot them. As soon as their bodies had tumbled into the pit, two others were told off and executed in the same way.

Pierre breathed heavily. There was battle in his heart, but he asked himself who was responsible for all this. And he read the same question in the faces of all around him, Frenchmen as well as Russians. Then came the last "example." To his stupefaction, Pierre was not led to the pit. The doubt in the examining officer's mind had saved him, though why he knew not. He saw his one remaining comrade struggle with the

soldiers who blindfolded him, heard his shrieks suddenly cease as the fatal moment came; and after the deafening report from the firing-squad, he saw the unfortunate prisoner writhing on the ground, saw the soldiers dump his still living body into the pit and begin to cover it with earth. Then Pierre was marched back to the dungeon.

With several score others he was kept confined until the French evacuated Moscow. After that came the toilsome march westward. Some of the prisoners escaped; but most of those who did so were recaptured and shot. Some perished from illness and exposure on the way. There was one, a common soldier, whose calm philosophy upheld him in spite of a dreadful disease, to whom Pierre became warmly attached, in spite of the fact that the poor fellow's ailment made him such a distressing object that often Pierre could not bring himself to go near him. This man became such a burden to the guards that one day they shot him rather than carry him farther. The best food the prisoners had was horse-flesh.

Napoleon's disastrous retreat, coupled with the waiting policy of the Russian general, Kutuzof, led to the organization of many bands of guerrillas that harassed the French column and took many detachments captive. Such a band fell early one morning on the force engaged in escorting the prisoners and a baggage-train, and killed or captured the entire number. So Pierre was released, and the commander of the guerrillas on that occasion was his former adversary, Dolokhof.

Pierre's huge frame had come to the point of exhaustion by the privations of captivity; but he managed to reach one of his country estates, where he lay ill for three months. When he recovered he learned that Elena was dead. He heard also how Natalie had discovered the presence of Andrei among the prisoners succored by her father, and how she had gone to her former lover with all her former love and nursed him through the lingering agonies caused by his wounds. Andrei knew her when first she appeared at his bedside. He had been dreaming of her, and she was the one person he wished to see. Theirs was a perfect reconciliation, and after the Prince's death Natalie returned to Moscow to live with Andrei's sister.

One day long afterward, when Pierre had recovered his

health, he learned that Andrei's sister was in Moscow, and he called upon her. He was wholly unprepared for seeing Natalie, and his confusion told at once the story of his love. He was like a boy experiencing his first passion—all humility, diffidence, worship; it actually required frank management on the part of Andrei's sister to prevent him from running away, so overmastering was his love and so unworthy did he regard himself. Happily, the deft management was there, and when, after the lapse of proper time, Pierre made open confession, he found Natalie a willing captive. She became his wife and from that time dominated the big man, much to the amusement of their friends, but entirely to the satisfaction of Pierre.

## ANNA KARÉNINA (1878)

This story, admitted to be the greatest of the author's works, first appeared during the years 1875–1876, in a Moscow magazine. It was well received by the conservative element of society, but severely criticized by the party which advocated greater freedom in the matters of marriage relations and divorce. The critics objected to it on the ground that it did not logically demonstrate the thesis propounded in the Scriptural quotation which serves as its motto, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," since the catastrophe was brought about not in consequence of Divine vengeance for evil-doing but by the unwillingness of Vronsky, and especially of Anna, to forego society and its conventions and accept the position to which the world assigned them.

CONFUSION reigned in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband, Prince Stepan, was too attentive to the French governess in their employ and declared that she could not live in the same house with him. Prince Stepan was a handsome, susceptible man of thirty-four, who no longer loved his wife Darya (commonly called Dolly), and only regretted that he had not succeeded in hiding his act from her. On the third day after the rupture he received a telegram from his sister, Anna Karénina, to say that she was coming from Petersburg. This meant that she intended to try to effect a reconciliation between Stepan and his wife. Prompted by the old nurse, he begged forgiveness. But Dolly was implacable, and slammed the door as she left the room. Nevertheless, although she went on packing, she was conscious that matters would be very bad for the children, as well as herself, and that possibly she loved Stepan even more than before.

Prince Stepan Oblonsky was President of one of the courts in Moscow, a post obtained through the good offices of his sister's husband, Alexei Karénin, one of the most influential members of the Ministry. Before he left his office that day Konstantin Levin came to see him to ask "an important question," which was: "What are the Shstcherbatskys doing?"

Stepan knew that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law, Princess Ekaterina Shstcherbatskaya. Levin, in fact, had come to Moscow from his country estate, for the express purpose of proposing to the young Princess, generally called Kitty. The Levin and Shstcherbatsky families belonged to the old nobility of Moscow and had always been on friendly terms. Now, at the age of thirty-two, Levin was deeply in love with Kitty; but although he had a handsome fortune, and might be regarded as an eminently eligible suitor, he had felt that her parents would think he had nothing to offer her that was worthy of her, and had fled to the country. After two months of solitude and meditation there he had decided that his love was not ephemeral and that he must put his fate to the test. Kitty seemed friendly, but her mother did not. Prince Stepan that night, while they dined at a fashionable restaurant, told him that Dolly had declared that her sister Kitty would become his wife. But he also warned him that he had a dangerous rival in the person of Count Alexei Vronsky, one of the finest specimens of the gilded youth of Petersburg, who was then in Moscow on recruiting service. The Count was immensely wealthy, handsome, with excellent connections; he was an Imperial Adjutant, and a fine fellow. People declared that he was in love with Kitty, and Stepan advised Levin to act quickly—the very next day, if possible.

The Princess Kitty was eighteen years old; she had made her appearance in society that winter and had been a brilliant success. Levin and Vronsky were the only two out of her throng of admirers who seemed to have serious intentions. Her mother favored Vronsky, her father Levin, in the many lively discussions they had on the subject. The elder Princess saw that Kitty was in love with Vronsky, but was afraid he was merely playing the gallant.

That same evening, after the dinner at the restaurant, Levin went to the Shstcherbatskys' and proposed to Kitty. Her answer was: "This cannot be! Forgive me!" He would have gone away, but Kitty's mother entered and, perceiving from their agitated faces what had happened, amiably detained him. At the reception he met Vronsky, saw plainly that Kitty loved the man, and that he possessed amiable and attractive qualities.

Vronsky never had experienced the joys of family life. His

mother had been a brilliant woman of fashion in her youth. Vronsky never had known his father, had been reared in the ultra-fashionable military Pages' Corps, and after his graduation as a brilliant young officer he had moved in the highest circles of Petersburg society. His acquaintance with Kitty had shown him, for the first time in his life, the charm of friendship with a young girl of good family; but he never had considered the possibility of marrying, or that his attentions to her would produce complications and unhappiness for her. The day after Levin's proposal, he went to meet his mother at the Petersburg train, and found Prince Stepan Oblonsky there waiting for his sister. It turned out that the two ladies had traveled in the same compartment, had conversed, and taken a liking to each other. Vronsky was greatly impressed with Madame Karénina.

Just as the four were about to leave the carriage, they learned that a train-hand had been killed on the track. Vronsky quietly went out and gave two hundred rubles for the widow (the station-master betrayed the fact), which added to the favorable impression he had already produced upon Anna. To her brother she said, almost weeping, that the accident was an evil omen. But on reaching the house she set about her task of reconciling the Princess Darya with her husband, whose conduct she did not try to palliate. Dolly declared that she was chained to Stepan by the children, but could not love him.

Anna spent the whole day with Dolly; she ordered her brother to dine at home, and was rewarded by hearing Dolly address him again as "thou," and by an evident reconciliation shortly afterward. After dinner Kitty Shstcherbatskaya came in, and was greatly fascinated with Anna, whom she persuaded to go to a great ball that evening. Anna, in turn, having heard the state of affairs from her brother, congratulated Kitty on the assumed engagement to Vronsky, recounting the fine deeds which his mother had narrated to her in the train. But as she was going up-stairs for an album during the evening, she heard Vronsky's voice in the hall, asking about a dinner which the men were to give for "a celebrity" (an actress) the next day, and a strange sensation of joy mingled with terror suddenly seized her heart. At the ball that night Kitty noticed that Anna ignored Vronsky's salutation, and that she was splendidly handsome

and elegant. At all the other balls of the winter Vronsky had asked Kitty for the mazurka, and, expecting it that night also, she refused five invitations, saying that she was engaged. But Vronsky danced the mazurka with Anna. She could see that Anna's face beamed with happiness, apparently but for one person, while Vronsky's face was bent toward hers as if he were ready to worship her, and his look expressed humility and passion. They themselves understood the peculiar meaning of their commonplace remarks as well as Kitty. "Yes, there is a terrible, almost infernal attraction about her," Kitty said to herself.

Anna had intended to remain two days, but returned to Petersburg the day after the ball. She said frankly to Dolly that matters had turned out peculiarly—she had thought only of helping on Kitty's match with Vronsky, but suddenly it had turned out exactly the other way, and possibly she had been unintentionally to blame. To which Dolly replied that if Vronsky could fall in love with Anna in a single day she would not be sorry if the match with her sister should fall through.

In the train, try as she would, Anna could not help thinking of Vronsky. At last, at one station, she went out on the platform to get fresh air despite the furious wind and snow. As she was about to reënter the carriage Vronsky stood before her and asked whether he could not be of service in some way. With irrepressible joy in her face, she asked him why he had come; and he replied that she knew, adding that he could not do otherwise, for which speech he apologized a moment later.

Anna passed a sleepless night, thinking of her home, her husband, and her son Serozha, eight years of age. Vronsky, sleepless also, was glad he had spoken; glad that she now knew his feelings and must think of him. On the platform in Petersburg he approached Anna and her husband; an introduction followed, and when Vronsky said that he hoped to call upon Anna the husband coldly invited him, mentioning their reception-day.

Toward the end of the winter the Shstcherbatskys had a consultation of physicians in regard to Kitty's health. It was feared that she had consumption. The family doctor, finding that his remedies were of no avail, ordered her to go abroad, telling the doctors in consultation that some mental cause was at the foundation of the trouble. The old Princess felt too

guilty in the matter not to affect indignation when Dolly told her that perhaps Kitty had refused Levin, but would not have done so had it not been for Vronsky, who had behaved so abominably. Dolly's argument to Kitty about her "disappointment"—"Who of us has not been through such experiences?"—did not appeal to the girl.

When Lent came Kitty and her mother went to Soden. Meanwhile, Anna Karénina had begun to frequent that circle of Petersburg society where she was sure of meeting Vronsky. At first she tried sincerely to persuade herself that she was angry because he insisted on forcing himself upon her; but one evening, when he failed to come to a house where she had expected to see him, she realized at last how her infatuation formed the ruling passion of her life. She saw him chiefly at the house of his cousin, the Princess Betsy Tverskaya, who was perfectly willing to help on the affair. One night at her house, after the theater, Anna sat apart from the company with Vronsky, telling him to go to Moscow and beg Kitty's pardon. But he replied with an ardent declaration of love for herself. She reprimanded him and forbade a repetition, but looked at him with love in her eyes. Karénin, entering, found nothing remarkable in his wife's seemingly confidential conversation with Vronsky, but saw that others were surprised. At home that night he warned her of the interpretation society might put on her imprudence. She professed not to understand him; but a new life began for them both from that moment, and Karénin understood that he was powerless to prevent a catastrophe. For nearly a year intimate relations went on between Anna and Vronsky, although outwardly their lives continued unchanged. Vronsky's mother was rather pleased until she found that the affair, instead of being a brilliant, fashionable flirtation, promised to turn out a tragedy after the style of Werther.

Besides his military duties and his infatuation for Anna Vronsky had another absorbing passion—horses. In the Krasnoë Selo races he was to ride one of his horses, which seemed to have a good chance for the prize. Just before the race he went to see Anna in her villa at Peterhof, and learning that she was again to become a mother, he insisted that she should put an end to their false position by leaving her husband and uniting

her life with his. When she refused Vronsky realized that her son was the obstacle—that she would not abandon him.

Agitated by this discussion, Anna went to the races with the Princess Betsy, and when Vronsky, just as he had almost won, made a false movement and broke his horse's back she gave a cry of horror, and her face displayed more lively symptoms of anxiety than was discreet. Her husband insisted on her returning home with him, told her that her conduct that day had been extremely improper, and requested her to behave in the future in such a manner as to disarm gossip. Anna in reply told him that she had been false to him, and that she feared and hated him. Karénin begged her to preserve outward appearances until he should decide upon a course of procedure.

Levin had returned to the country the day after Kitty refused him and devoted himself to his peasants and the work on his estate, which he loved. That summer Dolly and her family lived on an estate about thirty versts distant from Levin's, and Kitty, who returned from abroad quite cured, spent part of the time with her. Levin lent his side-saddle for her use, but did not take it over in person, as Dolly requested, and did not go to see her, in spite of Dolly's arguments and encouragement. But he told himself plainly that good as his simple, laborious life was he could not reconcile himself to it, because he loved Kitty.

Meanwhile, Karénin had decided, after much reflection, that he would not fight a duel with Vronsky, and that a divorce was out of the question, as the scandal involved would make him fall lower in public opinion than his guilty wife. The only way was to keep his wife under his protection, shield his misfortune from the eyes of the world, and try to break off the connection with Vronsky—which would, in his opinion, be acting in accordance with the law of religion. Accordingly, he wrote to his wife from Petersburg in this sense, and on her return thither he exacted as the one condition that she never should receive Vronsky in his house, and that she should so bear herself as to give the servants and the world in general no reason to talk. So the Karénins continued to live under the same roof, yet remained strangers to each other; while Anna met Vronsky outside and her husband knew it. All three believed the trying situation to be only temporary. At last Vronsky was appointed

to dance attendance for a week upon a foreign prince; and at the end of that time Anna wrote him to come to her—that her husband would be at the Council that evening. But Karénin had returned home early, and on his way out again to the opera he and Vronsky almost ran into each other at his front door. They saluted each other coldly. Anna reproached Vronsky for the things she had heard about his doings and the Prince's and then said that their frightful situation would not last much longer—she was going to die. It appeared that she had had a peculiar dream about a little, dirty peasant, who muttered to himself in French; and she had heard a voice saying: "You are going to die!" Vronsky had had a similar dream, but would not mention it, though he was greatly shaken.

The next morning Karénin secured some of Vronsky's and Anna's letters from her desk, while she sat by it, and told Anna he was going to Moscow, and would not enter that house again; his lawyers would tell her about the divorce which he had decided to procure; their son was to go to one of his relatives. After consultation with his lawyers he promised them a decision on his course of action within a week, and went to Moscow, on his way to an investigation in the provinces of a serious government question. In Moscow Prince Stepan insisted upon his dining with him, and they discussed the matter of the divorce with Dolly, who loved Anna like a sister. Levin, Kitty, and several others were present. Kitty was quite different from the last time Levin had seen her, and her joy at beholding him was so great that she almost burst into tears. During dinner Levin thought of nothing but Kitty; and in the drawing-room afterward he followed her to a card-table at which she had sat down and begun to scrawl on the cloth with chalk. Taking the chalk from her, he wrote the initial letters of the words in a complicated sentence. Kitty divined his meaning; and after some further interchange of thought in this manner Levin learned that her "impossible" had not meant for always, but only at that time when she could not answer differently, and that she wished him to forgive and forget.

Dolly's argument with Karénin was less successful. In vain did she implore him not to divorce Anna, and tell him how Anna had saved her own family life, when Stepan had been unfaithful

and she had wished to leave him. When he returned to his quarters he received a telegram from Anna saying that she was dying and begging him to come to her, that she should die more at ease if she had his forgiveness. Karénin (not quite certain that the illness was not a pretense) returned to Petersburg and found his wife delirious, all hope of her life having been given up by the doctors. In an interval of consciousness she begged his pardon, which he granted, as he knelt sobbing by her bedside. Vronsky came, and at the sight of her he covered his face with his hands; but Anna bade him lift his head and look at Karénin, who was a saint. Karénin had to remove Vronsky's hands and give his own hand to him at Anna's command, weeping as he did so. Afterward Karénin told Vronsky that he intended to remain with Anna (this was when hope of her life returned), and would send for him if she wished to see him. Vronsky was conscious of Karénin's grandeur and his own baseness, and he knew not what to do. He had not slept for three nights, and when he tried to do so on his return home he could not, and felt that he must be going mad. Thinking of what life without Anna would be, he realized that ambition, the world, the court, meant nothing to him; he understood then the reason why people commit suicide to avoid disgrace, and he shot himself, but missed his heart and recovered.

Karénin had forgiven and pitied both his wife and Vronsky. For the baby girl that came he felt more than pity—a real tenderness.

As Anna recovered her husband saw that she feared him and dared not look him in the face. Stepan came to Petersburg and prevailed upon Karénin to give Anna a divorce if she should ask for it, and he would take all the blame on himself and surrender his son to her, though he feared this would be pushing her over the precipice, as Dolly had declared.

Vronsky, on recovering from his wound, was given an honorable mission to Tashkend, and went to take leave of Anna, now convalescent but very weak. Anna declared that she would not accept her husband's generosity, that she wanted no divorce, but said she never could part with Vronsky again. A month later Karénin was left alone with his son, and Anna went to Italy with Vronsky, who had unhesitatingly refused the Tashkend mission.

During the first part of their stay in Italy, which extended over several months, Anna felt exuberantly happy and full of joyous life. Vronsky, who had an idea that he possessed artistic talent, discovered his mistake when he tried to paint. After a while both wearied of it all and returned to Russia, intending to live in the country. They passed a few days in Petersburg. Vronsky, well as he knew society, made the capital mistake of assuming that, while they could not be received at court, their relatives and friends would understand and treat them as before. But his own sister-in-law absolutely refused to call; and his cousin, the Princess Betsy, though she did call, made an insultingly brief stay and assumed an offensively patronizing air, very different from that of former days.

When Anna longed to see her son, and, fearing to write to her husband, wrote to the Countess Lidia Ivanovna (whom Karénin had formerly despised but who had now acquired a controlling influence over him with her scriptural quotations and sentimental sympathy), the Countess persuaded Karénin to refuse her a sight of the boy and herself wrote an insolent note. Nevertheless Anna went, saw the child, and met her husband at the door as she departed; but he did not speak, and she felt that she hated and scorned him, and was jealous because of her son. For her little girl she had not the hundredth part of her love for Serozha. The night before they left Petersburg, in a spirit of defiance provoked by the attitude of society toward her, Anna insisted upon going to the opera, against Vronsky's advice, in a conspicuous gown, with some of Vronsky's men friends and a relative of his, a Princess Varvara, who was universally scorned as an unscrupulous parasite. A former friend in the next box spoke to her in a way that insulted her. Her appearance was a public scandal and Anna quarreled with Vronsky over it when she returned home. But they were reconciled before they left for the country. There, on Vronsky's estate, they lived sumptuously, as Dolly saw, when she drove over to spend a day. She was staying with the happy Levin and Kitty, who had been married, and were delighted in their rural activities. Vronsky appealed to her to persuade Anna to write to her husband and ask for a divorce. Vronsky felt that he and Anna were united for life, but their daughter legally belonged to Karénin; and if they

should have a son the child would be legally a Karénin also. Dolly had little success. Anna admitted that not a day or an hour passed that she did not think of marriage with Vronsky; but even should she humiliate herself to ask her husband for the divorce he would not give her her son, and the boy would grow up to despise her.

So the rest of the summer and part of the autumn passed, and, still residing in the country, they took no steps toward getting a divorce. But Vronsky felt with ever-increasing force that he was chained, and he longed for freedom, especially as Anna was very jealous and made terrible scenes every time he was obliged to absent himself on business or went to the races. After she had summoned him home from the elections, on the pretext that the little girl was very ill, and he had told her that he should soon be obliged to go to Moscow on business, she declared that she would go with him; that things could not continue thus—they must live together or separate, and she would write to her husband. She wrote about the end of November, and as they expected every day to receive Karénin's reply and immediately afterward to secure a divorce, they set up their establishment in Moscow as if they were already married. Months passed and no answer came. Not a single woman but the grateful Dolly went near Anna. She reproached Vronsky on the flimsiest pretexts with neglecting her, of not loving her or appreciating her sufferings, and what she had renounced for his sake. Her brother Stepan, while in Petersburg on his own affairs, urged Karénin to grant the divorce; but Karénin, under the influence of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, refused.

Spring came. The life of Anna and Vronsky (who still lingered in Moscow, hot as was the weather) was insupportable, although no real ground of misunderstanding existed between them except that subtle irritation which led Anna to incessant attempts at explanation, which invariably developed into fresh quarrels, when Vronsky opposed to her passion an icy reserve.

Anna determined to return to the country; but they had several quarrels, for which she was chiefly to blame, over the day of their departure. She declared that she would not be a millstone about his neck, that he loved another; and she spoke disrespectfully of his mother. A day passed without a reconcilia-

tion, and Anna began to imagine all the things he might say to her. One night she dreamed again of the little dirty peasant muttering French. The next morning she threatened Vronsky that he "would be sorry for this," meaning nothing in particular; and Vronsky was frightened by her despairing tone. No sooner, however, had he set out for his mother's, to get her signature to a deed, than Anna sent a note after him, saying that she was to blame and begging him to come back. She telegraphed to him in the same sense, but briefly. Then, on receiving a telegram that he could not return until ten o'clock that night, and forgetting that he had not had time to receive his note, which she had despatched by a servant, she hastily set out for his mother's. On the platform of the little station her messenger met her and delivered Vronsky's answer, to the same effect as his telegram. Ordering the servant to return to Moscow, she said to herself, "No, I will not let you make me suffer so!" in reply to her torturing thought, rather than to Vronsky's note. Aimlessly she walked to the end of the platform, not knowing what to do next. Then suddenly she remembered the man who had been run over on the day she and Vronsky had first met, and she knew what was in store for her. She got down upon the rails, watched the train that was approaching, calculated when she must act, and threw herself under the wheels.

Vronsky, when he heard that an accident had occurred, felt a foreboding that the victim was Anna and went to the freight-house, whither they had carried her body. After that he never uttered a word for six weeks, never ate except when his mother urged him; and they had to watch him constantly, fearing that he might again attempt suicide. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out he volunteered and paid the expenses of a squadron of cavalry. All he could think of was Anna; all he could see was her face, haughtily announcing her threat of useless but implacable vengeance. Life was over for him.

## THE KREUTZER SONATA (1890)

This story is probably the most widely read of the author's writings, after *Anna Karénina*, owing to its controversial character. It was published shortly after Tolstoi became interested in the theories of the Shakers, and its strong denunciation of marriage for mere outward attractions, without intellectual union or sympathy, together with its advocacy of celibacy as the only remedy for the ordinary marriage, represents the backward swing of the pendulum from the doctrines advocated in the controversial book that preceded it.

IT was spring. Through passengers had passed two weary days and nights in the train. One of these was a man short of stature, fitful and nervous in his movements, and with curly hair prematurely gray, for he was not old. His eyes wandered rapidly from object to object, as he sat aloof from all the other passengers. From time to time he uttered peculiar sounds, resembling short coughs or laughter just begun and suddenly broken off. During the journey he sedulously avoided making the acquaintance of, or communicating with, his fellow-passengers. To all their attempts at conversation he gave curt and churlish replies, and began to read, to smoke, or to stare out of the window, or to draw forth his provisions and eat, or make tea for himself. His loneliness appeared, to one of the passengers, to oppress him; but this man's efforts shared the same fate as those of the others, until a discussion arose on the subject of divorce. One of the passengers, a lawyer, remarked that the question of divorce was now claiming and receiving the serious attention of the public throughout Europe; and that even in Russia the cases in which it was granted were growing more frequent. A tall, clean-shaven old merchant declared that the first and chief thing to be looked for in a woman is fear—the kind meant by the words: "And she shall fear her husband." A sad-looking lady retorted bitterly that those days were long since past and gone; and that if a woman did not love her husband, she would

not learn to love him. To the lawyer's query, what was to be done if a wife proved unfaithful, the old merchant replied that that need not be taken into account at all; one should always take measures to prevent it. A woman never should be allowed to have her own way from the beginning; and, in case of erring affections, she should be given a thoroughly good taming.

At this point the merchant left the train, and the sad-faced lady remarked that it was strange such people did not understand that without love marriage is not marriage at all.

Here the gray-haired, lonely man made his peculiar noise, and asked, apparently in great excitement, what kind of love she meant by the love that sanctifies marriage.

"Real, genuine love," the lady replied.

But the man insisted that she should define this love, which she did, as "the preference of one person for another, to the exclusion of everyone else."

"Preference for what period of time?" he demanded. "For a month? For two days? For half an hour?"

To her reply, "a long time, sometimes a whole lifetime," he objected that that happened only in novels, never in real life; and that every man felt that sort of love for every pretty woman. He also asserted that love could not be reciprocal. Even if it was admitted that a man could conceive a predilection for a certain woman, and that it could last all his life, it was highly probable that the woman's predilection would be for someone else. Marriage, in our day, he declared, is nothing but deceit; at the end of two months the man and the woman hate each other, and life becomes a terrible hell, from which they endeavor to escape by drinking themselves to death, blowing out their brains, poisoning and killing themselves and each other.

The lawyer, in order to put an end to the discussion, which was becoming too heated, remarked that critical episodes did occur in marriages. Whereupon the gray-haired man said quietly:

"I see you know who I am. I am Pozdnischeff, the person to whom occurred that critical episode to which you allude, the episode that consisted in killing his wife."

At the next station the sad-faced lady and the lawyer arranged with the guard to go to another carriage. The man who

had previously tried to relieve Pozdnischeff's loneliness, without avail, remained sitting opposite him but with his eyes closed, in feigned slumber. As soon as he opened them Pozdnischeff entered into conversation with him, offered him some tea, and suggested that he would narrate, if the friendly man wished, how he had been led by that very love to do what he had done. He began by saying that he was a graduate of the University, a landed proprietor, and had been, at one time, a marshal of the nobility. Before his marriage he had lived like everybody else, had considered himself moral, was proud of himself, and had kept carefully free from entanglements. Since the "episode" he had come to look upon these things in a totally different light. At the age of thirty he began to look about for a suitable wife, with whom he could settle down and lead the purest, most ideal family life conceivable, which always had been his ultimate intention. The young girl whom he selected was the daughter of a landed proprietor in Penza, who had once been wealthy, but at that time was ruined and in straitened circumstances. Like men in general, because she was beautiful he straightway decided that she was a paragon of wisdom and morality; and after a moonlight boating excursion he proposed for her the next day.

The girl, like other girls, entertained a lofty conception of the thing. When he showed her certain passages in his diary—particularly one about his latest "affair," fearing someone else might inform her—she was shocked, and he could see that she wished to break off with him. He had fallen in love, as all men do; but, in reality, the love was the result of the contrivances of the mamma, who knew that moral qualities had nothing to do with it, and of the dressmaker on the one hand, and of good dinners and inactivity on the other.

Pozdnischeff was wealthy, and flattered himself that he was an angel, because he was firmly resolved to be faithful to his wife. During the brief engagement they found almost nothing to say to each other. The honeymoon was irksome, miserable, and inconceivably wearisome; though he had held his peace at the time, he would say that frankly now. Three or four days after the wedding they quarreled, but made it up, after exhibiting positive hatred of each other. Before the month was out

a more bitter quarrel occurred, soon followed by a third and a fourth, all accompanied by the same manifestations of mutual hatred. Pozdnischeff clearly recognized that these quarrels were not the result of accident or misunderstanding, but the outcome of necessity; that it could not be otherwise; and that they would recur again and again. His heart froze within him at the prospect. He imagined that he alone lived with his wife in such continual discord; that other couples were more fortunate than they. But he came to believe that this was the common lot. In short, his marriage, instead of being a happiness, was a burden almost too heavy to bear.

Presently, after the birth of her first child, coquettishness, which had hitherto lain dormant in his wife, awoke; and Pozdnischeff began to be tortured with the agonies of jealousy, which never had given him a moment's rest, and now grew unbearably excruciating. Only when his wife was nursing her children (she bore him five in eight years) was he freed, for a single moment, from this maddening jealousy. Between that and the worry about the health, food, education, and so forth, of the children, not a moment was left for happiness. Even under the most favorable circumstances, he averred—that is, when in thriving health—children are a torment; but when they fall ill life is positively not worth living, it is simply a hell on earth. Moreover, the children served Pozdnischeff and his wife as a fresh pretext for quarreling, each having a favorite child.

In this manner they continued to live, their relations growing gradually more hostile, until at last it was no longer difference of views that produced enmity, but settled enmity that engendered difference of views. No matter what opinion his wife might put forward, no matter what wish she might express, Pozdnischeff always dissented in advance; and she treated him in the same way. In the fourth year of their marriage they tacitly came to the conclusion that there was no hope of their ever being able to understand each other, and so they ceased to make any further attempts to come to an agreement. They left the country and went to live in the city, where unhappy persons breathe much more freely and are constantly occupied with the social round as well as with the needs and education of the children. After they had lived in town three or four

years, Madame Pozdnischeff began to grow handsomer, more attractive, so that, wherever she went, she drew the glances of men, magnetized them, as it were. She began to worry less about the children, and would often maintain, half seriously, half in jest, that it is a pity to sacrifice one's youth for one's children, instead of taking one's own share of the joys of living. She began to pay much attention to her personal appearance, to her pleasures; sought to perfect herself in various accomplishments, and set herself again to practise music, having formerly played the piano with a certain technical skill and delicacy. Then it was that "that individual" appeared on the scene.

This man was a musician, partly a professional, partly a fashionable amateur, whose father was a neighbor of Pozdnischeff's father, who had ruined himself financially many years before. As a boy he had been sent to his godmother in Paris, where he studied in the Academy of Music, came out as a violinist, and took part in public concerts. When he returned to Russia, he called upon Pozdnischeff, and was inclined to strike up a tone of familiarity to the full extent that the circumstances seemed to justify. He was good-looking, though rather frail in physique, good-humored, and well dressed. When he made the acquaintance of the Pozdnischeffs, quarrels had grown very frequent between them, and they were unusually savage. Pozdnischeff declared that, had this man not come upon the scene someone else would have played his part quite as effectually. If one pretext for jealousy had not been forthcoming, another would have been unearthed. The state of affairs was such that, before the catastrophe which this man brought about, Pozdnischeff had several times been on the point of committing suicide, and his wife had more than once tried to poison herself. Something of this kind had taken place not long before that catastrophe. They had quarreled bitterly about a dog in the Exhibition, which one of them said had obtained a medal, while the other insisted that it was merely honorable mention. It ended in Pozdnischeff shouting:

"I wish you were dead like a dog!" and in his wife going to her sister's house.

During her absence Pozdnischeff went so far as to consider how he might best rid himself of her altogether, how he might

bring about a divorce and then marry another lovely woman. Nevertheless, his rage at her for not coming home that night alternated with fear lest something might have happened to her. The next morning her sister arrived as her envoy, said she was in a terrible state, asked what it was all about, and declared that things could not remain in that condition. Pozdnischeff vowed that he would not make the first advances; if they were to separate, let them separate. But when his sister-in-law had departed and he beheld the sad and frightened faces of his children, he was willing to take the first step. When she came home in the middle of the afternoon and said she had come to take away the children, as it was impossible for her to live any longer with him, another quarrel ensued. His wife rushed off to her room and took opium. And so it went on. Once Pozdnischeff applied for a foreign passport, but eventually he did not go abroad.

This was the kind of life the couple were leading when the musician, Trookhatschevsky, made his appearance. Pozdnischeff received him when he called, but took an intense dislike to him from the first moment, though they had been on terms of familiarity before the musician's stay abroad. Nevertheless, impelled by some strange, fatal force, he introduced Trookhatschevsky to his wife; whereupon the conversation turned at once upon music, and he offered to accompany Madame Pozdnischeff on his violin. She had been in the habit of hiring a musician from one of the theaters to accompany her, and therefore was delighted at the proposal. But as soon as she noticed that her husband was watching her narrowly, she altered the expression of her face. Pozdnischeff, instantaneously jealous, pretended to be delighted. "The mutual game of deception all round began," as Pozdnischeff expressed it. He invited Trookhatschevsky to visit them in the evening, to bring his violin, and accompany Madame Pozdnischeff, saying to himself as he looked at his wife: "Do not for a moment delude yourself with the idea that I am jealous of you"; and to the man, mentally: "or that I have any fear of you." His wife looked at him in astonishment, was fluttered and frightened, and tried to decline, saying that she could not play well enough. This refusal irritated Pozdnischeff; he insisted all the more strongly; and as he took leave of Trook-

hatschevsky in the anteroom, he insisted on his returning that same evening.

Trookhatschevsky came. He played magnificently, and after a few trials the music went well. Pozdnischeff pretended to be interested, but was suffering tortures from jealousy all the evening, quite convinced that his wife would be fascinated by the novelty of the man. In order to keep from yielding to his desire to kill the musician on the spot, Pozdnischeff treated him cordially and invited him to dinner on the following Sunday, saying that he would ask some of his musical friends for the evening, to hear him play with Madame Pozdnischeff.

Returning home from the Exhibition three or four days later, he found Trookhatschevsky playing arpeggios on the piano, while his wife stood by, engaged in conversation. They said they were discussing what music they should play on Sunday; but Pozdnischeff jealously believed that they were discussing something entirely different. It was his conviction that musical studies, prosecuted together, are responsible for far the greatest portion of all the wickedness that takes place in society. Plainly his embarrassment disconcerted the pair; but he pretended to approve all their suggestions, and on taking leave of Trookhatchevsky pressed his hand with unwonted warmth.

All that day he did not speak to his wife; he hated her so that he frightened himself. After dinner he went to his study and lay down; and presently his wife came to him, although she was not used to coming there at that hour. When she said that she saw he was annoyed because she was going to play on Sunday, he retorted with insulting remarks about the honor of the family being dear to him if it was not to her, and the like. Then he ordered her out of the room. She retorted that he had a character which made it impossible for an angel to live with him, and reminded him how he had once treated his sister. (He had lost his temper, and spoken very coarsely to his sister.) He ordered her to leave him, lest he kill her, and she was too terror-stricken to leave the room. Thereupon he seized a paper-weight and hurled it to the floor close to her feet, deliberately taking aim so as not to hit her. As she paused on the threshold, he snatched up various articles from the table—a candlestick, an ink-bottle—and flung them, also, on the floor. She went

away, and an hour later the nurse came and said that his wife was in hysterics. He found that she was not making believe, but was really ill. When she calmed down, and they made up the quarrel, Pozdnischeff told her that he was jealous of Trookhatschevsky; whereat, not at all confused, she laughed at the queer idea that such an attachment on her part for such a man should be deemed a possibility. She offered to refuse to see him any more, even on the appointed Sunday, though all the guests had been invited. The only objection to this was that she had too much pride to allow anyone, especially Trookhatschevsky, to imagine for a moment that he was dangerous.

Pozdnischeff knew that she believed what she was saying. So the Sunday musicale took place, and Pozdnischeff did his best to have everything as elegant as possible at the dinner that evening. The music selected was Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*. Apropos of its effect, and the effect of music in general, Pozdnischeff declared that music ought everywhere to be a state concern, as it is in China. For is it to be tolerated, in any country, that anyone who takes the fancy to do so may hypnotize anyone else, and then do with him whatever he has a mind to, especially if this hypnotizer be—Heaven knows who!—an immoral character, for instance? He considered music a terrible weapon in the hands of those who know how to employ it, and the presto of the *Kreutzer Sonata* furnished, in his opinion, a fitting illustration of his theory.

Trookhatschevsky and Madame Pozdnischeff, at the request of the guests, performed several other selections, and Pozdnischeff was cheerful and good-humored the rest of the evening. But his wife's aspect convinced him that she was undergoing the same experience as himself; that feelings new and never before experienced had been revealed to her. Trookhatschevsky, in bidding Pozdnischeff good night, said that he hoped, the next time he came, to renew that pleasure. As Trookhatschevsky was aware that Pozdnischeff was to leave for the country to attend the County Council in two days, Pozdnischeff inferred from this that the man did not deem it possible to visit the house during his absence; and this gave him satisfaction. As it was clear that Pozdnischeff would not return from his journey before Trookhatschevsky's departure from Moscow, they would not

see each other any more. The musician took a final leave of Madame Pozdnischeff, and their leave-taking seemed to the husband in the highest degree natural and correct.

Two days later Pozdnischeff departed for the country, in the calmest and happiest frame of mind. Two days later still he received a letter from his wife; and among the items of news she mentioned was, that Trookhatschevsky had called and brought the music he had promised. Pozdnischeff could not recollect that any music had been promised; the news was very disagreeable. He tried to suppress his jealousy. But the next morning he recalled the faces of his wife and the musician as they played the *Kreutzer Sonata*, and leaped to the conclusion that an understanding had already been reached between them then, and that he had been very foolish to leave the city. He said to himself that he was half demented, that that could not be. He set out early for Moscow, abandoning his work. An accident prevented his catching the express, so that he reached home toward one o'clock in the morning, instead of at five o'clock in the afternoon. By that time he had worked himself into a terrible state of excitement.

As he drove up he found the windows of his drawing-room and parlor brilliantly illuminated. From the lackey who admitted him he learned that Trookhatschevsky was there—no one else. Then his hatred metamorphosed him into a malignant, cunning, savage beast. He sent the lackey to the railway station for his trunk, which he had forgotten in his excitement; and, with the object of catching his wife and the musician, he went to the drawing-room where they were sitting, not through the parlor, but along the corridor, and through the nursery, walking on tiptoe. The sight of his children unnerved him, and stealing back to his study he flung himself on the sofa and sobbed aloud. But wrath soon got the upper hand. Taking off his boots, he went to the wall where his guns and daggers were suspended, and took down a curved Damascus blade that never had been used and was extremely sharp. Leaving the scabbard where it fell behind the sofa, he stole inaudibly to the drawing-room, and suddenly threw open the door. The moment the two beheld him an expression of mingled despair and terror was depicted on their faces. The man sprang from his

seat at the table, abject terror written on his countenance, and placed his back against a cupboard. It seemed to Pozdnischeff that the expression on his wife's face denoted disappointment, vexation at being disturbed, at having the happiness the man's society gave her broken in upon.

"And we were at our music," began the man.

"Well, this is a surprise!" said the woman.

They said no more. The insane frenzy that Pozdnischeff had felt a week previously, the same mania for destroying, took possession of him again, and he yielded himself up to it, body and soul. He flung himself upon his wife, still holding the sword concealed behind his back, lest Trookhatschevsky should hinder him from his intention. Notwithstanding this, Trookhatschevsky seized him by the arm, remonstrated, and called for help. Pozdnischeff freed his arm, and rushed upon the musician, who turned pale as a sheet, dived under the piano, and fled from the room. Pozdnischeff was rushing after him, when he felt a heavy weight suspended from his left arm. It was his wife. He struggled; but she effectually prevented him from moving. Striking backward with his left arm with all the force he could gather, he hit her in the face with his elbow. She released him and fell back on the couch, putting her hands to her bruised face, beseeching him to think of what he was doing, swearing that nothing was wrong between herself and Trookhatschevsky. In his frenzy, he tried to strangle her, and then stabbed her in the side. He knew very well what he was doing, and not for a single second did he cease to be conscious of it, he declared to his hearer. The nurse rushed in to her assistance, having been roused by the noise; and Pozdnischeff went to his study, where he took down his loaded revolver and placed it on the table. When the lackey arrived with his trunk, he bade him tell the house-porter to go and inform the police what had happened. Again he took up the revolver to commit suicide, but again in vain; and after sleeping for two hours he was summoned by his sister-in-law to his wife's deathbed. An expression of cold hatred was on his wife's face, and she declared that he should not have the children; she would give them to her sister; she hated him. Everything—his jealousy and his suspicions—seemed so trivial that he would have been glad to beg

her forgiveness, but he did not dare. She died at noon; but at eight that morning he had been taken to the police-station, whence he was removed to the prison. They let him see his wife in her coffin, and only then did he begin to view things in their true light.

He remained in prison awaiting his trial, eleven months. His wife's sister and brother took charge of the children (to whom he gave his fortune), because they considered him an insane person. When he told this story to the stranger in the railway carriage, he had been to see the children and was then journeying away from them.

## MASTER AND MAN (1895)

In view of the last sentiment conveyed in this specimen of Tolstoi's realism in literary work, it may be recalled that in 1901 he was formally excommunicated by the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church. Tolstoi replied to this edict by a clear enunciation of his religious and theological views. He denies the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and His vicarious atonement, the orthodox conception of the future life, and every kind of sacramentalism. He is substantially in the position of a modern spiritual Unitarian.

HE day after the festival of St. Nicholas, which comes in winter, Vasili Andreich Breckhounoff set out for a neighboring landowner's to buy a wood about which there had been a good deal of haggling. Vasili offered seven thousand rubles for it, but the young owner demanded ten thousand. The wood was worth more than twenty thousand. Vasili had heard that timber-merchants from another part of the province intended to bid for this Goriatchkin wood, and he wished to get ahead of them. As he was a churchwarden, as well as innkeeper, and a merchant of the second guild, he had to wait until the festival was over. He sent Nikita, his man servant, to hitch up the horse, for all the other servants were drunk. Nikita was an habitual drunkard, but had not touched a drop since Advent. He had sold his jacket and leather boots for drink before it, and then he had taken the pledge.

Nikita was fifty, a peasant, and had been in service nearly all his life. He was liked for his strength and industry, and especially for his good-nature; but he would lose a place because he got violently drunk two or three times a year, and was then very quarrelsome. Vasili Andreich had sent him away several times, but took him back again, because he was honest, kind to animals, and very cheap. He gave him only half what he was worth, paid him irregularly, and usually in goods (rated at their full value) from his shop. Nikita's wife, Marfa, did not wish

him to live at home, because she had been living for twenty years with a cooper; and besides, although Nikita was perfectly gentle when sober, she was much afraid of him when he was drunk. Vasili actually made her think he was very generous with her, when she came to get from him the goods, and a few rubles, for Nikita's services. Vasili had talked this until he almost believed it himself.

Nikita, with his bold, light step, went to the stable to harness the horse. Mouhorty, a strong, brown cob, with sloping haunches and a beautiful head, neighed a welcome. Nikita always talked to him as if the animal understood all he said.

"Were you dull, little fool? We must hurry, but you shall have a drink first, little fool. Heh, you little rascal! Have your fun," he said, as Mouhorty pretended he wished to kick Nikita, being very careful not to do so. After a good drink, the horse frisked, in his youth and liveliness, as he was led back and put into the shafts of the little sledge.

"Keep still, little one! You can't bite me." Nikita put some fresh straw into the sledge. "Now the sackcloth on top, and the rug over that, so that it'll be nice to sit on," he said to himself. Then he drove to the gateway.

It was three o'clock, and a gloomy, windy, frosty day; the snow whirling off the roofs, and twisting in spirals. Vassili Andreich came out with a cigarette between his lips, smiling so that his white teeth gleamed. He arranged the collar of his sheepskin-lined coat about his clean-shaven face, his felt boots squeaking on the trampled snow. The coat was girded in with a belt.

Vasili's pale wife, with a woolen shawl round her head, stood at the door. "I think you ought to take Nikita with you," she said timidly.

"Do you suppose I don't know the way?" he retorted consequentially.

"You've got money with you, and the weather isn't lifting any," she persisted. "I beg you to take him, for God's sake."

"I'm ready, Vasili Andreich," said Nikita cheerfully. "Why shouldn't you? Shall I come?"

"Well, I suppose we must satisfy the old lady," said Vasili Andreich, smiling and winking at Nikita. "Only you'll have

to put on something warmer." Nikita's ragged sheepskin jacket was torn and full of holes. "Hurry up."

"In a breath, my little father Vasili Andreich." Nikita rushed into the workmen's cottage. He took a miserable, worn caftan from off the stove, put it on, working his arms to fit into it tightly, took his gloves, hurried back, and squeezed into the front of the little sledge. Vasili Andreich in his two shoubas almost filled the low back. He gathered up the reins, and the horse stepped off briskly along the frozen road to the village.

They had not gone far when they found the wind stronger than they had expected, and the road was almost hidden by the snow. The Teliatinsk wood was only a dark mass through the powdery particles.

"I suppose you told your wife not to let the cooper get drunk," said Vasili Andreich, without reflecting that Nikita might not find the subject humorous.

"God be with them, Vasili Andreich. As long as she doesn't harm the boy, I don't meddle in that business."

Then Vasili Andreich began to talk about selling a horse to Nikita.

The wind blew on Nikita's side, and he turned up his collar. He shivered, and he breathed into his collar to warm himself. Vasili Andreich decided to take the shorter route, though the road was little used for driving, and had few sign-posts, or else hidden ones. He turned to the left when he got to an oak sapling, but after driving ten minutes he brought the steaming horse to a walk, and told Nikita, who had been dozing, that he couldn't see any post. Nikita got out, and walked about in the snow up to his knees to find the road.

"Go to the right," he said, when he came back.

Vasili did so, and they drove for some time. Neither the wind nor the snow abated. Suddenly Nikita said:

"Why, we're in the Zakharevevski field."

"It's a lie!" retorted Vasili Andreich, speaking in a common peasant voice, which was not heard in his home.

But at Nikita's suggestion he drove on. The horse suddenly sank into a ditch, and Vasili Andreich wished to stop; but Nikita said:

"Let him go! We've got in, and we've got to get out. Now

then, my pretty! Now, deary!" he said cheerfully to the horse, as he sprang out of the sledge. The animal gave a spring, and they came out on the frozen bank.

"Give him the rein. He will get somewhere," said Nikita, clambering in.

In fact, after a while the horse struck the road, and soon they came to a street. In a yard some frozen linen flapped dismally in the wind. They had arrived at Grishkino. Somebody gave them directions how to get to Goriatchkin, and they went on. The snow-storm was fiercer. They had hard work distinguishing the sign-posts, as the wind blew in their faces, and it was not long before they lost their way again. Vasili Andreich gave the reins to Nikita, because his hands, despite the warm gloves, were beginning to freeze. Nikita let the horse have his head, and the clever animal, turning one ear and then the other, finally began to turn round.

"He can do anything but talk!" said Nikita admiringly. "See him! Go on, my beauty. You know. So, so!"

Mouhorty brought them back to Grishkino, where they stopped at the house of Tarass and warmed themselves. Nikita was terribly chilled. He put the horse in the stable and went into the house. The samovar was hissing on the floor near the stove. As he came in the wrinkled old mistress was giving Vasili Andreich a glass of vodka. The smell of it was a sore temptation to Nikita, in his chilled, miserable condition; but he struggled with himself, and refused it when they offered him some. However, he had the comfort of swallowing five cups of hot tea. They were urged to remain for the night, and Nikita would gladly have done so; but Vasili Andreich, picturing somebody getting ahead of him in the purchase of the wood, decided to go on. Petroukha, a young man, drove ahead to guide them to the place where they should turn.

Then they went on, Vasili Andreich driving. Nikita let his head sink into his coat-collar to keep warm. At last they lost their way again, and Vasili Andreich gave the reins to Nikita. After a while the horse, which could hardly do more than walk, stopped short. Nikita jumped lightly out and went in front to see what was the matter, when his feet slipped, and he fell into a ravine. He tried to climb up, but had to go on

farther before he was able to do so. His master angrily asked where he had been, and declared that they must turn back. He again surrendered the reins to Nikita and soon the horse stopped once more, at another gully.

At last, after trying in vain to get anywhere, the horse flagged so that they got out and helped the sledge along. Soon the horse stopped, panting, and Vasili Andreich was so used up that he declared he could do no more, and sank in the sledge. The wind would increase, then die down a little, and they had to wait to be able to speak to each other.

At last, when a quieter moment came, Nikita took off his gloves and, breathing on his hands, began to unharness the horse.

"I've no strength left, and the poor dear is used up. He can't get anywhere." He pointed to the heaving, wet sides of the patient creature. "We must stay here all night."

"But we'll be frozen!" said Vasili Andreich.

"What then? Can we help it, if we are?" said Nikita.

He turned the sledge to face the wind, and tying the shafts together with the saddle-girths, raised them on end and fastened them to the fore part.

"If the snow covers us, good folks will see the shafts, and will dig us out," he remarked.

Vasili managed to light a cigarette; but he got only a few puffs before the wind blew the tobacco away. Nikita covered the horse with the rug. "Poor darling, he is in a sweat. Now, you'll be warmer, little fool."

"We would be warmer together," said Vasili Andreich, "but there isn't room for two in the sledge."

"I'll find a place," replied Nikita. "Let me have some of the sacking and the straw." He dug a hole for himself behind the sledge, put some straw into it, and, having pulled his cap down over his eyes, wrapped his caftan close, put the sacking over him, and sat down on the straw, with the sledge at his back for shelter.

In the sledge, Vasili Andreich began to wonder how they could have so lost themselves. Then he meditated about the wood he was to purchase, and what a success he had made by being energetic. He might become a millionaire! He wanted

someone to talk to about himself. Then he felt vexed for having listened to Nikita. They could have gone back to Grishkino. Ugh! How cold it was.

The moon had risen, and it was lighter. He looked back at the moujik. Nikita had not stirred. "He'll be frozen. What a fool I was to bring him." He tried to go to sleep. But he was so chilled and cramped that he could not get any comfortable position. Was it getting near morning? He managed to look at his watch, though he had difficulty in lighting a match. It was ten minutes past twelve.

What a long, cold night was before him! Then he heard a new sound. It was a wolf, and pretty near, too. He was now wide awake, and thoroughly upset in his mind. He did not know whether he was trembling from cold or from fear. He could not keep still. Suddenly, he thought: "What use in lying here and waiting for death? Better get on the horse and go. It's all the same to him"—he looked at Nikita—"whether he dies or not. But, thank God, I've got something to live for."

He got the horse close to the sledge, climbed on his back, and rested his feet in the long collar-straps. The shaking of the sledge roused Nikita, who mumbled something.

"This comes of listening to fools like you—to be lost without any reason!" Vasili Andreich yelled back at him, as he urged the horse in the direction where he thought the wood and the woodman's box must be.

Nikita had not moved until then from the time he had sat down. His whole existence had inured him to patient endurance of discomfort. The chill that possessed his body more and more meant death. But the Great Master who had sent him into life would look after him when he went out of life. Nikita thought of the sins of his life, sins which were the fruit of his nature. The Master would feel differently, because his life was pleasant, and he was not worn out with work and hardships. "I guess the dear man is sorry he came," he reflected. His thoughts became hazy, and he slept. The creaking of the sleigh had roused him, and he realized the situation. But he could make no effort to get away himself, for he had not the strength. He had asked Vasili to leave the rug, since he would not need it. But now he got into his master's place in the sleigh, and crouched in the

straw, shivering. Then he felt himself becoming unconscious. Well, if he was ever to wake up and go on, as he had been doing —His holy will be done. Should he awake in another world, fresh and joyous, where his mother would love him, and there would be games as in his childhood, and fine meadows and forests, and sledging in winter—His holy will be done. And Nikita lost consciousness.

Meanwhile, Vasili Andreich urged his horse on through the snow that blinded him, trying to keep his shouba tightly around him. The horse did his best to respond. At last, something dark showed through the snow, and Vasili Andreich's heart beat gladly at the thought that it was the wall of a house. But it was only a boundary-line of tall wormwood, bending beneath the tormenting wind. For some reason it made Vasili Andreich shudder, and he hurried his horse, not noticing that he had changed his direction. After a while he renewed the same hope, only to find that it was from the same wormwood. He noticed horse's tracks, and deduced from their freshness that they were those of his own horse, and hence that he had simply made a circle. "I shall be lost in this way!" he muttered, but urged his horse on again. Suddenly he heard a deafening cry, and everything seemed to shake beneath him. He clutched the horse's neck, and it was a few seconds before Vasili realized that it was only Mouhorty, neighing with all his might, perhaps to encourage himself, or possibly calling for assistance. Vasili Andreich cursed him for this fright, but still it was not dispelled. He was chilled, lonely, and all of a tremble. He gave up the idea of finding the woodman's box, or a village. Now his one thought was to get back to the sledge and not perish alone.

Suddenly the horse gave way beneath him, and began to struggle. Vasili Andreich jumped off. Mouhorty righted himself, sprang forward, and, neighing, disappeared in the snow-flakes. Vasili Andreich tried to run after him, but pulled up quickly, panting. "How can I leave them?" he thought, as his public houses, the shop, the wood, the farms, rose in his fancy. Was this horror a dream? And would he awake? He prayed to St. Nicholas. He promised a *Te Deum* and candles if the saint would save him. He felt that he must follow in the horse's tracks, and he ran, stumbling, picking himself up

and falling again. The tracks grew more indistinct. "I am lost!" he groaned. Then he saw something black. He went on. It was Mouhorty, and he was standing near the sledge. Vasili Andreich had fallen into the same ravine as before, and the place where he had got off the horse was not fifty paces from the sledge.

He fastened the horse to the cramp of the fore-carriage. As he was going behind the horse to arrange the rug over him something rose from the snow in the sledge. By a great effort Nikita had raised himself and was waving his hand in front of his nose, as if he were brushing away a fly. Vasili approached him.

"Are you saying anything?" he asked. "What is the matter with you?"

"I—am—dy-ing. That is what—it is," said Nikita, with difficulty. "Give my wages to the boy or to his mother—it's all the same."

"But what—are you freezing?" asked Vasili Andreich.

"I feel—death's coming. Forgive me, for Christ's sake," Nikita replied brokenly, still moving his hand before him.

Vasili Andreich stood a moment, motionless and silent. Then with the same determination with which he used to strike a good bargain, he tucked up the sleeves of his shouba, and with his hands began to dig the snow away from Nikita. When he had cleared it from the sledge also, he ungirded his shouba, and, pushing Nikita back, lay down on him, so that he covered him with his warm body, as well as the shouba, which he tucked in around Nikita. There he lay, listening for the other's breathing. Nikita soon sighed loudly and moved. He was getting warmer.

"And you talk of dying! Lie still and get warm, like this, and we'll—" But Vasili Andreich stopped, for the tears came to his eyes, and his jaw began to tremble. Somehow, this weakness seemed to give him a sort of glad feeling he never had known before. He wiped his eyes on the fur, and kept the shouba tight when the wind tried to wrench it away.

"Nikita!" he said.

"I'm all right and warm," came from the other.

"That's right, brother! I should have been lost, and you would have been frozen, and I—"

But his jaws trembled, and his eyes watered again. "Never mind," he thought. "I know about it myself," and he was silent. He felt no fear whatever now. He was warm from beneath from Nikita, and warm above from the shouba. But his hands began to freeze from catching back and holding down the shouba. He did not heed that, he was so intent on keeping the moujik warm. Then he had strange thoughts and blended fancies, and must have slept. Then he dreamed again—he was lying on his bed, and could not get up; but he had to, for somebody was coming for him. But he does not come; yet the waiting is both painful and joyful. Then it is only contented joy, for the one he awaited came. He is calling Vasili Andreich, and it is the same one that got him to lie on Nikita to warm him. "I'm coming!" he cries joyfully, and it awakes him.

But he is not as when he went asleep. He cannot move his hand, nor his foot, nor turn his head. He is astonished, but not grieved. He knows it is death; but is not grieved. Nikita is lying under him, warm and living, and it seems as if he were Nikita, and Nikita, he, and that the life is in Nikita. He hears the faint snoring of Nikita. "He is alive, and then I am alive," and something he never had known before came upon him.

When he recalls money, the shop, the house, the buying and selling and all that of the man Vasili Andreich Brekhounoff, he wonders at him. "Well, well, he didn't know what he was about! He didn't know; but I know now. There's no mistake, now. *I know now!*" And he hears the summons of the one who had called him before, and he says, "I come, I come," with his whole being, joyously and tenderly. And he feels that he is free, and that nothing can hold him back.

Vasili Andreich neither saw, nor heard, nor felt anything more in this world. The snow raged on, flying about them, and covering up the shouba of the dead Vasili Andreich, the shuddering Mouhorty, and the fast-disappearing sledge in which under his dead master Nikita lay warm.

The next day, about noon, peasants dug them out, and Nikita was kept in the hospital two months. Three of his toes had to be amputated, but he lived twenty years longer, and died sincerely rejoicing that he was relieving his son and daughter-in-law of the burden of him.

## RESURRECTION (1902)

This story, which Tolstoi wrote in the rough about the year 1894, was completed and published in 1899. After that he introduced corrections, and it appeared in 1902 in its final form. He has declared that one of the chief aims which he had in mind in writing the book, was to express his abhorrence of lust. The money that he received from it he gave to assist the migration of the Doukhobors from the Caucasus to Canada. The story was dramatized in English in 1905 and presented in England and the United States.

NE balmy morning at the end of April three prisoners were taken to the court in Moscow to be tried. One woman, as the chief prisoner, was conducted alone. She was about eight-and-twenty years of age, small, with curly black hair, sparkling black eyes, one of which squinted, and a full bust; and possessed a sort of attraction that made every man who saw her take a second look, or pay her some marked attention. Her story was a common one. She was the child of an unmarried village woman and a gipsy tramp, and was born in a cow-shed. One of the maiden ladies who owned the dairy farm took a fancy to the baby, and offered to be its godmother and to help the mother. Thus this child lived, instead of dying like the five that had gone before.

When the little girl was three years old her mother died, and the two ladies took her into their house and brought her up, so that she turned out half servant, half young lady. When she was sixteen, young Prince Nehludoff, then a university student, came to visit his aunts, and Katusha fell in love with him. Two years later, the Prince spent four days with his aunts, on his way to join his regiment, seduced Katusha on the last night of his stay, and went away, after giving her one hundred rubles. When she found that she was to become a mother she grew negligent in her work and rude to the ladies; then asked forgiveness, but begged them to let her leave. She filled two or three situations,

leaving them because the men of the house persecuted her. Then her baby was born, and it died immediately after being taken to the foundling hospital.

After several fruitless attempts to find safe employment, Katusha met at the registry office a much-bedecked woman who invited her to her house. After some experiences, this ended in her becoming a regular inmate of a notorious house kept by Carolina Kitaeva. In this manner she lived for six years, then that happened for which she was now put on trial.

About the same time that Katusha entered Kitaeva's establishment, Prince Dmitry Ivanitch Nehludoff left the army, being convinced that he had a talent for art, which proved to be a mistake; and when he was summoned to serve on the jury to try Katusha, he was pondering whether he should or should not marry Princess Mary Kortchagin. Everybody expected it, the match was unimpeachable; but the Prince could not make up his mind that the comforts of a home, children, the possibility of leading a moral life, would offset the loss of his freedom.

Katusha, who was known by her mother's surname of Maslova, was accused of murder. A merchant from Siberia had died in one of the hotels, and the local police doctor having certified that the death was due to rupture of the heart, caused by the excessive use of alcohol, the body had been buried. Three days later the dead man's fellow-townsman and companion had returned from Petersburg, and had declared to the authorities that the death was suspicious, and not due to natural causes; but that he had been poisoned by Katusha, Simon Kartinkin, and Euphemia Botchkova (the last two being employés of the hotel), who had stolen some money and a diamond ring, which the dead man had had in his possession, but had not been found. Katusha maintained that she had been sent by the merchant to his lodgings for money, had unlocked the trunk, taken out forty rubles, as the man had ordered her to do, no more, and relocked it, in the presence of Kartinkin and Botchkova; that he had given her the ring (which she had afterward sold to Botchkova), and that she had given him the powder (supplied by Kartinkin) in a glass of brandy, supposing it to be an opiate, not poison, as the examination proved it to have been.

While Katusha was giving her testimony, Prince Nehludoff

recognized her, and a fierce and complex struggle began in his soul. This strange coincidence brought everything back to his memory, and demanded from him the acknowledgment of the heartless, cruel cowardice that had made it possible for him to live those ten years with such a sin on his conscience. When Maslova (Katusha) was told that she might speak in her own defense, she said nothing, but broke out sobbing; and the Prince found himself on the point of sobbing also.

In summing up the case for the jury, the President of the court forgot to tell them that their verdict might be "Yes, guilty, but without intent to take life." Consequently, when they had become thoroughly fatigued and confused by their long discussion of the case, they only included "without intent to rob," so that, apparently, Maslova had poisoned the man without any reason. The President whispered to the two other members of the court that this absurd verdict meant penal servitude in Siberia, and the woman was innocent. One of the judges refused to allow it to be corrected, because the newspapers accused the juries of acquitting prisoners. So Maslova was condemned to be deprived of all property rights and sent to penal servitude in Siberia for four years, Kartinkin being similarly condemned for eight years, and Botchkova to be imprisoned for three years.

Nehludoff was stunned. He had longed, in the jury-room, to express his opinion that Maslova was innocent, but had feared to do so lest his relations with her should be discovered. He did not need Maslova's cry protesting her innocence to convince him of it. As soon as the court adjourned he spoke on the matter to the President, who advised him to speak to the lawyers and find a reason for an appeal. Before he left the building he entrusted the case to a famous lawyer. Then he went to the Kortchagins', where he was expected to dinner. He went in order to distract his thoughts; but everything about the house and the people, elegant as they were, was repulsive to him. He felt, with his whole being, that he could not marry Princess Mary, though he knew she expected it from his recent assiduous attentions. How could he atone for his sin against Katusha? He could not abandon a woman whom he had truly loved, and satisfy himself by paying money to a lawyer to save her from hard labor in Siberia. He frankly confessed to himself that he

was a knave and a scoundrel, and he realized that the aversion he had lately (particularly that day) felt for everybody was aversion for himself. He resolved, at any cost, to break the tie that bound him, to see Katusha, beg her forgiveness, and marry her, if necessary.

Maslova could not realize that she was a convict condemned to hard labor, though her rough companions in the prison plainly alluded to it. Kitaeva sent her three rubles, and she treated the woman prisoners to liquor; for she had long since taken to drink herself, and was always ready to share all she had with others. Nehludoff, who had told his housekeeper about the trial and Katusha (the housekeeper had known her at his aunts') the next morning, and had announced to her that he should no longer need her services or the house, frankly stated the case to the *Procureur* during an adjournment of the court, and asked permission to see the woman in prison. He had seduced her, and brought her to her present position, he said; she was what he had helped to make her. He wished to follow her and marry her. He also refused to serve longer on the jury, in view of the way matters were conducted. He got the necessary permit, but did not manage to find her that day. Nevertheless, he wrote in his diary that his resolution had set his soul at peace. On Sunday he got his interview.

Katusha had not recognized him in court; she never recalled to mind her youth and her love for him; it would have been too painful, and she never thought of him now. He told her that he wished to redeem his sin, he asked her forgiveness; he told her that he knew she was innocent, and that he had already spoken to an advocate. She merely asked him for ten rubles; and he felt that he could do nothing with her, she was dead. But he persisted, and promised to come again. He had thought that when she knew of his intention to serve her, she would be pleased and touched, and would be Katusha again. To his astonishment and horror, he found that Katusha, the innocent, loving girl, no longer existed, and that in her place was Maslova, the hardened evil-doer.

The lawyer told Nehludoff that there was no valid reason for an appeal. They might try to get the case quashed in the Senate, and, that failing, might appeal directly to the Emperor,

all which involved some maneuvering behind the scenes. When he took the petition to the prison, for Maslova to sign, Nehludoff was allowed to speak with her in the office. That day he asked her to marry him, but she positively refused him.

"I feel that it is my duty before God to do it," he said.

"What God have you found now?" she retorted. "You ought to have remembered God then. You go away. I am a convict; you are a prince. You wish to save yourself through me. You've got pleasure out of me in this life, and wish to save yourself through me in the life to come. You are disgusting to me. Go! It will never be. I'd rather hang myself. I don't want anything from you. That's the plain truth." She added, "Oh, why did I not die then!" and began to cry.

He insisted that he meant still to go on serving her, and almost wept, which surprised her greatly. And he promised to come again the next day, if possible.

Nehludoff knew that she had been drinking, and made allowance. He bade her think the matter over. When she reached her prison, she lay down on the plank bedstead, with her eyes fixed on a corner of the room, and lay there until evening. A painful struggle was in progress in her soul. Nehludoff's words had brought back to her memory that world in which she had suffered, and which she had left without understanding it, but hating it bitterly. She had now been awakened from the trance in which she had been living, but to live with a clear memory of what had been was impossible; it would have been too great torment. So, in the evening, she again bought some of the vodka (strictly prohibited, but always smuggled into the prison, and readily obtainable), and drank with her companions.

Meanwhile, Nehludoff on his way out was handed a note from a political prisoner, Vera Douhova, a medical assistant, whom he had helped to complete her studies, years before, and who now asked him to call on her in prison. He obtained the necessary permit, and though he did not see Maslova on that visit (she was drunk and violent), he interviewed some persons whom she had recommended to him as innocent, though they were accused of arson, and got numerous views of prison life and treatment. Douhova did not appeal to Nehludoff for her-

self, but for a girl friend named Shoustova, who did not belong to the revolutionary party, but had been arrested five months previously, and imprisoned in the Petropavlovsk fortress for having in her possession some prohibited books and papers which she was keeping for other people. She asked his intercession, also, for another person: and she advised him to get Maslova removed either into the political prisoners' ward, or into the hospital, to help nurse the many sick people.

Nehludoff entrusted these matters to his lawyer, and succeeded in righting the wrongs of one hundred and thirty peasants, who had been detained for months in prison because their passports were overdue. When he next saw Maslova she was quiet and timid, but as obstinate as before in her refusal to marry him. This time, on returning to her prison room, she was thoughtful, and refused to drink liquor with the others. Nehludoff said to himself, as he went away, that she was quite a different being; and after all his former doubts, he now felt something he never before had experienced—the certainty that love is invincible.

Another resolution which Nehludoff had reached was, to give his land to the peasants. On one estate he managed to arrange a more even distribution of matters, although this seriously reduced his income. On the estate of his late aunts, now his, where he had known Katusha, he found her aunt, and learned that his child really had died. He also saw much suffering for the lack of sufficient land, and from other causes, which it was not easy to remedy. The peasants were distrustful of his most disinterested offers. On his return to Moscow he was so utterly out of sympathy with his former life that he hired two small, not over-clean rooms, in a lodging-house near the prison, and left his housekeeper to put things away and care for his big house until his sister should come and take possession of it. Soon, as his lawyer expressed it, he "turned into a spout through which all the complaints of the prison were poured." But there seemed to him now no other interest in life equal to this. He found Maslova had been transferred to the hospital ward. She still persistently refused him, but her face shone with joy, contradicting her words; and Nehludoff wondered whether she were putting him to the test. When he was gone

she thought over the past, and all her old bitterness against him awoke again.

The next day Nehludoff went to Petersburg, where he had three matters, in addition to Maslova's case, to attend to. To accomplish his just ends in these cases, he resorted to his influential relatives and friends, in a degree, but felt no longer at home in their society. The Senate refused to repeal Maslova's sentence (legal cause was lacking); but he succeeded in securing the release of Shoustova. On his return to Moscow he went to the prison, and found that Maslova had been sent from the hospital to the prison again, "for coquetting with the medical assistant." He had had a joyful idea of the change that, as he imagined, was going on in her soul, and he was keenly pained. Nevertheless, he hunted her up, to sign the petition to the Emperor, which was their last resource. He looked cold and hard; seeing which, she blushed and cast down her eyes, which seemed to him confirmation of the accusation against her, and he would not offer her his hand, as heretofore. He even repelled her when she began to allude to the hospital matter; so she let him go without telling him that the medical assistant had been pursuing her, and she had done nothing wrong. The head doctor had happened to enter just as Maslova, filled with the aspirations toward a new life with which Nehludoff had inspired her, had flung the persecuting assistant from her, and he had crashed into some glassware. The doctor, knowing her history, had put his own construction upon the half-seen episode. She still tried to persuade herself that she had not forgiven Nehludoff; but in reality she loved him again—loved him so that she involuntarily did all he wished her to do, left off smoking, coquetry, drinking, and had entered the hospital because she knew he wished it. That he was perhaps still thinking that she had done wrong there, tormented her more than the news that her sentence was confirmed.

The gang of convicts among whom was Maslova was to set out on July 5th, and Nehludoff arranged to go on the same day. The day before, his sister and her husband came to town to see him. His sister, Natasha, was much interested in his proposed marriage and in his giving away his land to his peasants, of both which matters everyone was talking. Her husband had begun

seriously to think of putting Nehludoff under legal guardianship, and demanded that his wife should speak seriously to him about his strange intentions. Natasha secretly admired her beloved brother for the resoluteness he displayed about the marriage, while she was horrified at his wishing to marry so dreadful a woman. The discussion, especially as to the property and the justice of the law, left her husband (who was a judge) much offended.

The gang of convicts was to leave Moscow at three P.M. Nehludoff meant to set out on a train two hours later, and to be at the prison to see them off. The weather was unbearably hot. The prisoners had been on foot since four A.M., as there were nearly seven hundred of them to be counted, inspected, and properly delivered to the officials. Nehludoff was not certain that he caught sight of Maslova in the procession; but when the last of the baggage-carts had passed him, he drove off to overtake them, to see whether he recognized any of the men, and to find Maslova and ask her whether she had received the things he had sent. The sergeant requested him not to speak to her until they should reach the railway station. To occupy the time he went into an eating-house, and having made a vain effort to write a letter to his sister, he got into his carriage again. Presently, he found a convict collapsed with sunstroke, and allowed them to take his cab to transport the man to the station-house. The man died, as did four others from the same cause. At the train, Maslova thanked Nehludoff, with a glad smile, for the things he had sent, and he tried to be helpful to the convicts in the train, but without much success. While he was waiting in the station for his own train, his sister arrived. This was some comfort, as they had always been devotedly attached to each other; but the way in which her face lighted up when he told her that one estate would go to her children, in case of his death, as he had not given it to the peasants, made him sad; because he saw that she was no longer the sister he had loved. Her view of life, which until lately had been his also, was utterly selfish.

He traveled third class, with the husband of one of Maslova's prison friends, who was going into voluntary exile to be with his wife. The wife had tried to kill him when, at the age

of sixteen, he had married her; but had afterward come to love him greatly when she had been released from prison on parole, for the needs of the short-handed household in harvest-time. The car was very hot and uncomfortable, but he was interested in talking to the passengers. Not until the convicts reached Perm did he succeed in getting permission for Maslova to travel with the political prisoners. This rendered her position much more bearable in every way.

Among this party was Simonson, a dark-haired young fellow, on his way to exile in the Yakoutsk district. The acquaintance with him, and with several of the others, exercised a decided and most beneficial influence on Maslova's character. In spite of hard conditions, life among them seemed very good to her, after the six years of depraved, luxurious life she had led in town, and the several months' imprisonment. Simonson loved Maslova platonically at first. He had been a village schoolmaster, after rejecting aid from his father in the government service, on principle, and had first been arrested for things he taught the peasants. Afterward, in exile in Archangel Government, he had formulated a religious teaching, which had at its basis the conviction that it is wrong to destroy life. Through his disinterested love for Maslova (he was an advocate of celibacy), he had influence over her, because he loved her just as she was.

On the two occasions when Nehludoff managed to see her before they left Perm, she answered his questions as to her wants and comfort evasively and bashfully. His feeling for her gradually changed to one of pity and tenderness (he had discovered the wrong done her about the hospital affair). Altogether his feelings were so stimulated during the journey that he could not help being attentive and considerate to everyone, from the convoy soldiers to the prison-inspectors and governors. He came to change his opinion of the political prisoners in general, and grew attached to some of them. Finally, at one of the halting-places, Simonson asked an interview of Nehludoff, and said to him frankly that, knowing his relations to Maslova, he felt himself bound to explain his own. He wished to marry her. She would not come to any decision without Nehludoff—that is, until Nehludoff would acknowledge that he thought as she did about the proposed marriage. Nehludoff, while insisting that

he felt himself bound, but that she was free, admitted that he would consider it good for her to marry Simonson. All that Maslova would say, when Nehludoff spoke with her, was:

"What sort of wife can I be—I, a convict? Why should I ruin Vladimir Simonson too? Let me alone. There is nothing more to be said."

When they reached the town where the Governor of the District resided, Nehludoff donned town attire and made his call. He had been promised that the news concerning Maslova's fate, in reply to her petition to the Emperor, should be sent to him that month, at that place. He asked that she might be allowed to remain there until the reply should arrive. The Governor promised an answer that afternoon, and Nehludoff left him to go to the post-office. There he found a letter from an influential Petersburg friend, enclosing a copy of the order commuting Maslova's sentence to exile in the less distant parts of Siberia. The original had been sent to the place where she was imprisoned before her trial, and would, probably, be forwarded thence promptly to the principal government office in Siberia. The Governor scorned this copied document, and merely permitted Nehludoff to inform Maslova that a mitigation of sentence had arrived for her. He said she would be notified and released as soon as he received the direct order. When he went to the prison to tell her, he found she already knew it from the jailer; and she said:

"Where Vladimir Simonson goes, there I shall follow."

Whether she loved the man, she would not say; and Nehludoff concluded that she either did not require the sacrifice he was making, or that she still loved him, and was refusing him for his own sake, and putting an end to the matter by marrying Simonson.

"What a good woman you are," he said.

"I, good?" she said, through her tears; and a pathetic smile lighted up her face.

Thus they parted; and Nehludoff knew, by the strange look of her squinting eyes, and the smile with which she said not "Good-by," but "Forgive me," that of the two reasons that might have led to her resolution, the second was the real one—she loved him, and thought that by uniting herself to him she

would be spoiling his life. She thought that by going with Simonson she would be setting Nehludoff free, and she felt glad that she had done what she meant to do, and yet she suffered at parting from him.

Nehludoff felt that he was not wanted, and this made him sad and ashamed. But his other affairs troubled him more than ever, and insistently demanded his activity. He could see no possibility of conquering all the horrible evil that he had beheld and learned to know in those awful prisons. But after a while he found the answer, through reading the Gospels: Each man must reform himself, and forgive others an infinite number of times; because, since all are guilty, there are none who have a right to punish or reform. The plain confirmation of his thought he found, in particular, in the five laws that are contained in the Sermon on the Mount.

A thoroughly new life dawned for Nehludoff that night; because everything he did after that night had a new meaning for him.

# ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE

(United States, 1838–1905)

## A FOOL'S ERRAND: BY ONE OF THE FOOLS (1880)

The power of this book—dated 1880, but really appearing in the late autumn of 1879—was promptly recognized by an Ohio paper, which declared: "If it does not thrill the American people, nothing ever will." The author, whose personal experiences and observations were the basis of the book, had been seventeen years in North Carolina, where his sturdy patriotism, his influence in the Constitutional Convention, his experience as a lawyer and a judge of the Superior Court, and his codification of the State laws, had given him high place. He had already published a romance of Southern life before, during, and after the war, entitled *Toinette* (since enlarged and renamed *A Royal Gentleman*), and he was negotiating with his publishers a Northern story of the same period, entitled *Figs and Thistles*. While talking of his Southern experiences he recounted some of the facts in this book, and said that he meant to write them out some time and call the tale of useless Northern emigration *A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools*. The publisher urged him to do this immediately, and in six weeks the *Fool* was ready and the two books were issued together—*Figs and Thistles* under the author's name, and *A Fool's Errand* anonymously. Both sold largely, but *A Fool's Errand* took a deep hold on the public interest, and had a marked effect in 1880 in the election of Garfield to the presidency. The public voracity for "best sellers" in fiction was then undeveloped, but *A Fool's Errand* far outstripped all other books of that day; and, while its truthfulness to facts was unimpeachable, Judge Tourgée within a year or two of its issue put forth a supplement entitled *The Invisible Empire*, giving a mass of specifications concerning the Kuklux outrages, compiled from the Congressional Reports on that matter, which has since then been incorporated with *A Fool's Errand* proper.

OMFORT SERVOSSE was a young lawyer in Peru, Michigan, with a pretty wife, a fair business, and good prospects. In his twenty-seventh year occurred the battle of Bull Run, at the opening of the Civil War. Despite his wife's tears, even in face of an expected little one, he entered the army. During the four years he took his share of toil, march, battle, imprisonment, and wounds; and after that, with impaired health, he determined to go South and in that genial clime seek renewed strength.

With slavery ended, and the liberal treatment of the defeated Southern soldiers by Grant, he supposed good feeling would grow, emigration would bring Northern capital and energy, manufactures would arise, and the South would be the pleasantest part of the country.

But he committed the folly of forgetting that the habits and thoughts of centuries could not be changed by physical conquest, and that mental differences that had ripened into war could not be eradicated by military defeat. He took his Northern ideas, his money and his family to the South, near a pretty village in North Carolina, purchased the beautiful but dilapidated Warrington place, and there settled, with his wife and their little daughter Lily. They arrived in mid-October, and with repairs to the old mansion, newly ordering the grounds, riding over the picturesque country, and getting generally acquainted, the first winter of Colonel Servosse, his wife Metta and little Lily, was delightful. They found in Verdenton, a neighboring town, one of those colored schools that had sprung up in the South, fostered by a missionary association of the North, and six earnest, cultivated young women as teachers. Naturally, they invited the girls—a merry, cheerful group—to dine with them on Thanksgiving Day. They had already made some agreeable acquaintances among their Southern neighbors, and their first experience of differences of view came from the friendly visit of Squire Hyman shortly after the Thanksgiving dinner. The old fellow in some embarrassment explained that it was not considered respectable to associate with "niggers" or with "nigger-teachers." And another neighbor came on the same kindly errand. To both the Fool expressed his mind distinctly, claiming the right to choose his friends; and, while glad to be friendly with his neighbors, resenting their right to dictate as to his associates.

He not only asserted the fine quality of those young ladies in their noble work, but soon established a colored Sunday-school in a grove near his home; he sold all of Warrington but a hundred acres, in little lots, to colored men, erecting log cabins for them and selling on easy time. Hoping to do some good, to set an example, and to see prejudice wear away, he helped the negroes to purchase horses and aroused their enthusiasm for the

new opportunities. Meantime, during the winter and spring he got Warrington into tidiness. He was straightforward about all this, and little was said at the time.

In midsummer he attended a political meeting near Verdenton; although no politician, he was curious to see and hear, for general conditions were likely to be discussed, especially the future status of the freedmen. The question agitated was, whether the freedman should testify in courts of justice, especially where white people were involved. This was violently opposed by all the speakers. Servosse was called on to speak, and this he unwillingly did, protesting that if they heard what they did not like it was their own fault.

He assumed that all the questions discussed were already decided; and that, while negro suffrage was also inevitable, they still had power to enfranchise the freedmen gradually, by classifications of intelligence, property, or whatever; but that if they hesitated to do this voluntarily he felt sure the General Government would enfranchise all the freedmen at once: this, not as what he thought *should* be, but what he was convinced *would* be.

As the crowd separated, and the Fool rode homeward, he was warned by Uncle Jerry, a crippled old negro, that on the road down to the ford his horse was to be stopped by a grape-vine strung across the road in the woods, and he was to be whipped with hickories. He thanked the old negro, and getting to the top of the hill before the horseman that was detailed to watch his route, he cut a hickory sapling and waited in the woods till the horseman appeared. Spurring after him, the Fool thrashed the man and his horse till the frightened animal ran wildly down the steep road, tripped over the grape-vine set for Servosse, and plunged headlong down the bank. The conspirators decamped, while Servosse descended, found the horse dead, and the man, luckily thrown on a clay-bank, badly hurt, but alive. Uncle Jerry and other negroes came along in a wagon—anxious about "de Kunnel"—and removed poor Tom Savage to Warrington, where he was nursed to wholeness and became the Fool's fast friend.

Servosse was now a marked man. The neighbors met him civilly, but coolly; he was regarded as an incendiary. When his

negro settlers began harvesting their crops and owning horses and houses, ruffians attacked the settlement, beat some of the men, took some horses and mangled others. And the Fool found a notice, wrapped in black cloth on which were traced in white paint a skull and cross-bones, declaring that "no nigger could own no hoss nor run no crop on his own account," and advising him to leave for the North.

He promptly published the notice (as an advertisement) in the *Verdenton Gazette*, with a short answer, saying that he was minding his own business and expected other people to mind theirs. Then he built a stockade for the horses and gave the colored men arms. Soon after this he received many letters, some of respectful yet earnest warning, but others as earnestly commending him. One of the former was from Thomas Denton, a lawyer, who explained that while the *fact* of slavery was destroyed, the *right to enslave* was believed in as firmly as ever by Southerners; while he was encouraging the negroes in two things more sacred than any others to the Southern mind—*to buy and hold land* and *to ride their own horses*. "You cannot understand this," he said, "because you were never submitted to the same influences; yet your surprise is incredible to them and pitiable to me." He offered to aid in punishing the offenders, but as they were unknown this was only a friendly proffer.

Two letters from Southern women to Metta begged her to urge her husband to depart, before outrage should be visited on them. But the Fool remained, and Metta sustained him.

About this time Servosse was invited to a meeting of the Union League—an organization during and since the war for mutual helpfulness among the negroes and Union men, both Southern and Northern. Here he met many of his own negro tenants and friends and a few white men. Among the latter was John Walters, a slender, wiry-looking man, who had been an outspoken Unionist during the war and a member of the "Red Strings"—rather a set of signals than a society, among Union men. He had joined the League because its meetings helped educate the negroes in citizenship, and he remained among his threatening neighbors because of the Northern men who had come in.

The war had stripped the South, and the double gloom of

defeat and poverty oppressed the people. The freedmen, inured to deprivation, suffered less than their former owners. The problem of restoring the South to prosperity without losing the proper results of the war was difficult. There were several plans. One, which the Fool heartily approved, was to reorganize the States as territories, under National control, until time had healed the scars and passions of war, new agriculture and commerce had arisen, and the freedmen had been trained to civil rights and self-protection, being advanced to voting power on showing fitness. Another, which the wise men of Congress put into effect, was a compromise, born of opposition to President Johnson and consolidation of the power of the ruling party. Recognizing the political results of the war, it ignored the feeling of the Southerners toward the recent slaves and the unfitness of the blacks for civil administration. It enfranchised the four million negroes, under the superstition that "the ballot" would protect and educate them amid the five or six million whites who appreciated them as servants but scorned them as equals, while the Reconstruction of the States shut them out from Federal protection or interference. Since the whites were practically united in resenting this, regarded as an intentional insult and degradation, the small proportion likely to coöperate with the colored people were those willing to be martyrs in a good cause —always few; self-seekers ready to do anything for gain—more plentiful; and such knaves or fools from the North as disregarded human nature.

Thus, on one side were the *ante-bellum* rulers and leaders, with those who had followed them into the war; on the other were the "niggers," the "scalawags" (native whites accepting the situation), and the "carpetbaggers" (Northern residents in the South who favored the "Reconstruction"). Even of the Union men in the South, there were few who accepted the new order of "the bottom rail on top," especially as many had lost their slaves without compensation, despite their brave sufferings in the Union cause.

The Fool did not approve, but, in his situation as a loyal man in the South, his only possible course was coöperation. Under the Reconstruction Act, delegates were elected to a Constitutional Convention, one of whom was Servosse. He issued

a circular, declaring what he should favor, and, since the first item was "Equal civil and political rights to all men," he became thenceforward a social outlaw. The Convention did its work. The State was admitted with others; new officers were chosen; representatives were sent to Congress; the presidential election had taken place, and the Republican party had achieved a great success. Now all was over; Reconstruction was secured. The slave had been freed and armed with the ballot; the Nation could now leave him to care for and protect himself.

There had been in the air for some months rumors of a mysterious organization spreading over the Southern States called the "Kuklux Klan," originated to frighten the superstitious negroes from political activity and undue industrial success. Bands of ghostly horsemen, in horrible disguise, appeared on moonlight nights, and with warnings and threats alarmed the simple "darkies." One day in the winter of 1868–1869 some colored men inquired of the Fool about this. He made light of it until Bob Martin, an industrious and skilful blacksmith, stripped off his shirt and showed the horrified Colonel his back, gashed from the neck to a point below the waist by livid crisscross furrows made with a whip, scientifically laid on. The man had been a slave forty-three years, and never had been whipped before; but now, having earned his own shop and the best trade in the neighborhood, he had been called out at night, his baby crushed in the bed by their staving in the door, his wife and daughters stripped and abused, and he bound and frightfully whipped—because he had refused to do more work for men who systematically refused to pay him. Bob had escaped in the war, had fought in the Federal army, was an industrious and thriving citizen; but he was a "nigger," and must not do better than his indolent white neighbors. As there was no way of identifying the aggressors, nothing could be done.

Soon Servosse began getting letters from friends in various counties telling of similar Kuklux doings. Moreover, he received warnings that his own life was in danger; but these he sturdily disregarded, except to put his home in condition for effective defense.

The next marked occurrence was the murder of John Walters, the radical politician, who was decoyed into an empty room

in the court-house after a political meeting, and actually in sight of his own house, in front of which he saw two of his children playing, was strangled and had his throat cut, the body being stuffed into a woodbox. Walters had been the effective political organizer in a county that had a decided colored majority.

The murderers were publicly named by old Uncle Jerry Hunt, the crippled negro, who in one of their Saturday night prayer-meetings went into a trance condition, to which he was subject under excitement, and gave a vivid depiction of the murder of Walters, naming the men who had taken part. The following Saturday night the town was held in terror by a visitation of martial horsemen in ghostly habiliments, who sentineled every corner; and next morning the crippled limbs and lifeless body of Uncle Jerry swung in the Sabbath-morning breeze, as the respectable folk of the town passed it to the worship of some deity in a so-called Christian church.

The Fool at last wrote to one of the wise men, declaring that more than a thousand such occurrences had taken place in his district, while not one of them ever had been punished. The answer coolly said that now the State must protect its citizens, the Nation had done all it could; and the Fool's private letter was published by the wise men in the newspapers. The reading of this by his neighbors exasperated them intensely; a public meeting denounced him, and he was formally called upon to affirm or deny the letter. He replied, affirming it explicitly, and giving a far stronger statement of the unrebuked outrages than before, while saying that he did it in expectation of the fate of John Walters.

But cries became so clamorous and from so many sources that the wise men of Congress at last appointed a committee of investigation. The thirteen octavo volumes in small type give sworn testimony of tens of thousands slain, whipped, mangled, mutilated—men despoiled of manhood, women gravid with dead children, bleeding backs, broken limbs, dwellings and churches burned—always the poor, the weak, being the victims, always the same intangible power the doer of the deed—well named "The Invisible Empire"! And this new Rebellion was successful. Before the Government had acted these operations had practically nullified the negro-enfranchisement of the Re-

construction acts, and, the point being gained, began to slacken and subside.

Meantime the years went on, and Lily Servosse had become a young woman. Anxious living had matured her quickly, and, with careful home training of mind, Lily now possessed an attractive personality, a wealth of golden hair, fine, fearless skill in riding and the use of firearms, and was a piquant and charming maiden. Despite their social ostracism, the family retained some Southern friends, among them a lady in Pultowa County, whom Lily visited and at whose home she met Melville Gurney, son of General Marion Gurney, a noted Confederate soldier. General Gurney respected Servosse, though deprecating his politics, while young Melville became fascinated with Lily.

Mr. Thomas Denton had been elected a judge of the State courts and had been active against the Kuklux, thus incurring their hostility. He one day telegraphed Servosse to meet him at Verdenton and accompany him to his home, seven miles from Glenville, the nearest railroad station, and beyond a river crossed by a long wooden bridge.

Metta drove to Verdenton with her husband, who there took the train for Glenville, while she returned. Meantime, Lily was the "only white person on the lot." At sunset a lad rode a fine gray horse up to the gate, with a letter for her father, marked "Read at once." Lily knew neither the lad nor the horse; but the letter was an anonymous warning to Servosse not to meet Judge Denton, as a raid of K. K. had been decreed, to tie the Judge in the middle of the river-bridge and fire it at both ends. "If possible," it said, "give him warning." At first paralyzed with horror, Lily soon awoke. She ordered out Young Lollard, a high-spirited thoroughbred of her father's, scrawled a note for her mother, put a revolver in the belt of her riding-habit, and spurred across country for Glenville, hoping to prevent Judge Denton and her father from leaving the station.

The powerful horse carried Lily fast and far. Arrived at about three quarters of the distance to be traversed, where the road forked into four, she stopped in the edge of the woods to consider, when a shrill whistle sounded from the left, another in front, another on the right. She was at the rendezvous of the troops. From the shadow she heard their talk and the question

argued whether Servosse, not in the decree, should be included in the execution. She learned the true road, and, during the excited discussion among the leaders, cautiously made her way out, while a branch pulled off her hat, letting her hair down over her shoulders. Before she reached the road, a horseman halted her. Instantly she gave Young Lollard the spur and dashed out into the moonlight, her hair streaming behind her.

"My God!" cried the astounded sentinel. She fired, his horse swerved, and she dashed toward Glenville. She heard shouts, shots, and hoof-beats behind her; but now she laughed, and as she crossed the last hilltop saw the horseman returning.

When the sentinel reached the troop he said that a rabbit crossed the road and frightened his mare, so that his pistol went off, grazing his arm. And he left the company to have the wound attended to.

The train had left Glenville when the foam-flecked horse dashed up and the young girl shrieked: "Judge Denton?" The agent waved his hand toward a carriage just disappearing. "Papa! Papa!" she called as she swept on. Servosse heard, and in an instant was standing in the road. "Ho, Lollard!" he shouted. The horse veered to one side and stopped, while Lily sank insensible into her father's arms.

He soon gathered from her the facts, and they returned to the hotel at Glenville. In the morning a countryman brought in Lily's hat. John Burleson, the young man who had boldly opposed the inclusion of Servosse, and indeed the killing of anybody, had accompanied the wounded sentinel; they had come to the same hotel. When Burleson saw the hat he laughed aloud, and said:

"Well, now, Mel Gurney, I understand the rabbit-story," and he praised the girl's wonderful pluck. As he talked he got excited over the increasingly evil doings of the Kuklux; for like all the rest he had joined the raid not knowing what was to be done until told by the leaders. He finally declared that, while he would not betray others, he should clear his own skirts, publish the raid and its failure, and glorify the girl. And he did. He went down, saw Judge Denton, and amid the crowd of loungers loudly congratulated him, said he should answer for his part in the raid, and should make every effort toward its being the last.

The rumor spread that Burleson had "gone back on the Klan," and the little town was almost deserted in an hour.

Convinced of Burleson's sincerity, and rather expecting a night attack, Servosse took him and Judge Denton with Lily back to Warrington, but not till the story of the sentinel and the hat had been told, and Servosse had allowed Gurney to return the hat to Lily, while amazed that both Melville and General Gurney had been members of the Klan.

The word about Burleson spread rapidly, and in the evening at Warrington a man came in and made full confession to Judge Denton of his own participation in the Klan. Then other alarmed men came, and before morning Denton and Servosse had recorded testimony concerning all the ramifications of the Klan in that and adjoining counties. In truth, "the bottom had fallen out." The next day Denton set the law in motion, and many confessions, arrests, and sudden emigrations followed.

Yet the pulpit kept silent and the press excused; the State Legislature promptly passed acts of amnesty for all who had committed violence in obedience to orders from societies; indeed, they pardoned not only members of the Kuklux Klan, The Invisible Empire and similar organizations, but also those of Union Leagues, Red Strings, and other secret societies—pardoned the victims as well as the perpetrators of the outrages!

As time passed the relations between the Fool and his neighbors improved. True, they said, he was a "Radical," but not so bad a man after all; while he saw something of his own folly in believing that the leopard might change his spots while the Ethiopian retained his dusky skin. So there was peace at Warrington. One day Melville Gurney asked Colonel Servosse for permission to pay his addresses to Miss Lily. His parents indeed objected, but he was of age and determined to win the girl. Upon consideration, Servosse granted his request. Overtaking Lily in the woods on horseback, the young man approached, when she noticed the gray horse he rode and learned that it was his father's favorite, ridden only by General Gurney, Melville, and his younger brother. This told Lily that General Gurney had sent by his son the warning that saved her father's life.

Melville's love-story was told and sweetly received; but Lily refused to marry him while his father was opposed, and that,

because she loved *her* father. He could get no other explanation, although she willingly promised to marry no other man.

Soon after this Lily, riding Young Lollard, came upon a pack of hounds on a hot trail and gave the eager horse his head. They made a splendid run, and as the chase ended a tall, haughty-faced man on a powerful gray horse dashed in, rescued the dead fox from the dogs, and hung it at Lily's saddle-bow as her trophy for a gallant ride. He complimented her and her horse, and this led to mutual recognition of General Gurney and the daughter of Colonel Servosse. They talked of Melville too, and she told why she had declined to marry him without his father's consent.

Within a few days the Servosse family left Warrington, to be gone a year; Lily to study in New York, her mother with her, the Colonel attending to business affairs. Young Gurney went to New York soon afterward. He did not approach Lily but she soon knew of his presence; and they patiently waited.

In a talk with his old college president, Dr. Enos Martin, Servosse summed up his whole Southern experience thus: "We presumed that, by the suppression of rebellion, the Southern white had become like the Northern man in thought and sentiment, and that the slave by emancipation had become a saint and a Solomon. So we tried to build Northern communities at the South. It was a fool's errand."

The year had nearly passed. Servosse had returned to Warrington before his family, when he was smitten with yellow fever and died before his wife and daughter could arrive with Melville Gurney. The Fool's funeral was attended by a great concourse of whites and colored people, and many kindly words were spoken of him. His tombstone bore the inscription he himself dictated in his last illness, the letters "C. B." meaning "Carpet-Bagger."

HIC JACET

C. B.

*He followed the counsel of the Wise,*

*And became a Fool thereby.*